### The Face of the Book, Unmasked.

Ere, th' Universe in Natures Frame,
Sustain'd by Truth, and Wisdomes hand,
Does, by Opinions empty Name,
And Ignorance, distracted stand:
Who with strong Cords of Vanity, conspire,
Tangling the Totall, with abstruct Desire.

But then the Noble Heart infir'd,
With Rayes, divinely from above,
Mounts (though with wings moist and bemir'd.)
The great Gods glorious Light to prove,
Slighting the World: yet selt renouncing, tries,
That where God draws not, there she sinks, and dies.

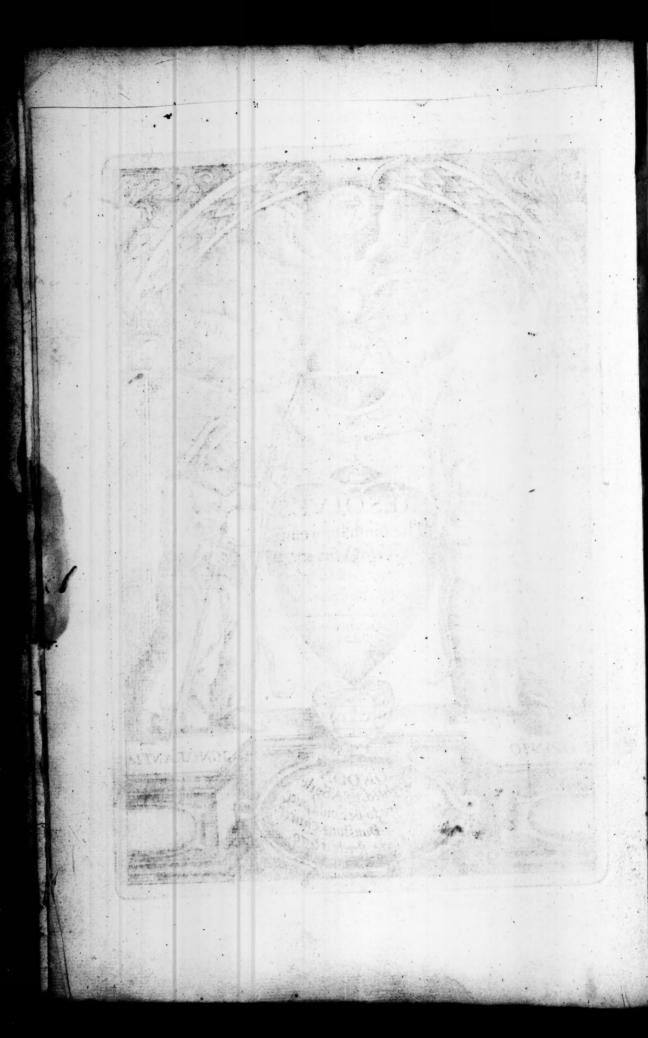
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Most Humbly These

TO THE

### RIGHT HONOR ABLE

My most Honored Lady, the Lady

# MARY

Countels Dowager of THOMOND.

Let it please you (Madam) to believe,

Hat it is not out of the opinion of any worth, that all or any of these ensuing Pieces, can be capable of; but out of the sense of Duty, that they have here aspired, to the Pa-

tronage of your Name, and Dignity. Being (most of them) Composed under the Coverture of your Roof, and so born Subjects under your Dominion; It would have been the incurring of too apparent a Premunire, against Equity and fusice, to intitle any other, to their owning or Protection; or to set up any forein Power, to be Supreme and Paramount, to that of your Ladiships, over them.

And yet (Madam) you have further Prerogative, whereby, with me, you may challenge a

A 2

higher

### The Epiftle Dedicatory.

higher Command; and that is, your Native Ingenuity, which, with those of your Acquaintance, so prevails upon their fudgment and Estimations; that you seem to have an Empire of Affection, destind, to that vivacity of spirit, which renders your Conversation grateful to all that have the Honour to know you.

These, and many other Obligations, that are upon me to your Ladiship, with the desire I have, to leave to Posterity, some Memorial of my Thank sulness (though in it self, not worthy of your Merit, or the World) have emboldned me into this Dedication: and the humbly begging of your pardon, for the breaking out of this Presumption, in

(MADAM)

Your most obedient,

and most humble

Servant,

OWEN FELLTHAM.



## To the READER.



He Reader may please to be informed, That the latter part of these Resolves, formerly Printed as the first Century; the Author, upon their perusal, could not himself be satisfied with them. For, however all seem'd to pass currant, and did arise to several Im-

pressions: yet, being written when he was but Eighteen, they appear'd to him, to have too many young weaknesses, to be still continued to the World: though not for the Honesty;

yet, in the Composure of them.

If any shall alledge their general Acceptation. That, to him, is no prevailing Argument; for, the Multitude, though they be the most in number, are the worst and most partial Judges. And that hath made him, in this Impression, to give them a new Frame, and various Composition; by altering many, leaving out some, and adding of others new. That now, upon the matter, they quite are other things. And that they, and the rest, which shall be found in this Volume, are now Publisht, bath the same Reason which at first was given. They were not written so much to please others, as to gratise and profit himself. Nor does he plead the importunity of Friends, for the Publication of them. If they be worthy of the common view, they need not that Apology: If they be not, he should have but show'd, that he had been abus'd, as well by his friends as himself.

The truth is, He hath not the vanity to expect from others, any great applause. He hath often us'd to say, They were written to the middle sort of people. For the wisest, they are not high enough; nor yet so flat and low, as to be only fit for

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#### To the Reader.

fools: whosoever pleaseth only these, is miserable. He writ, as did Lucilius, mention'd by the Orator, Scripta sua, nec ab Doctissimis, nec ab Indoctissimis, legi voluit. Too profound,

or too shallow, he holds not proportionate to the Work.

Sure it is, the Invitation be had, to write and publish them, was not so much to please others, or to shew any thing he had, could be capable of the name of Parts; but, to give the world some account, bow he spent his vacant hours: and that (by passing the Press, they becoming in a manner Ubiquitaries) they might every where be as Boundaries, to hold him within the li-

mits of Prudence, Honour, and Vertue.

The Poems, the Character, and some of the Letters, he looks upon as sports; that rather improve a man by preserving him from worse, than by bringing otherwise any considerable profit. As they were his own Recreations, so he wishes they may prove to others. Other things are left to themselves, and all to every mans just liberty, to approve or dislike as he pleases. And however it be, the Author shall not much be troubled; since he believes, No man can lightly have a lesser esteem for them, than dwels with him that writ them: who yet will be best pleased, if any man by them shall find but any benefit; and admit him (though but tacitely) in the number of those friends he prays for.

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# RESOLVES:

Divine, Moral, Political.

1. Of Sudden Prosperity.

Rosperity in the beginning of a great Action, many times undoes a Man in the end. Happiness is the cause of mischief. The fair chance of a treacherous Dye, at first flatters an improvident Gamester, with his own hand, to throw away his wealth to another. For while we expect

all things laughing upon us, like those we have pass'd; we remit our care, and perilb by neglecting. When a rich Crown has newly kils'd the Temples of a gladded King, where he findes all things in a golden stream, and kneeling to him with auspicious reverence; he carelelly waves himself in the swelling plenty: Layes his heart into pleasures, and forgets the future; till ruine seize him, before he can think it. Felicity eats up Circumspection; and when that guard is wanting, we lie fread to the shot of general danger. How many have lost the victory of a Battel, with too much confidence in the good fortune, which they found at the beginning? Surely, 'tis not good to be happy too foon. It many times undoes a Noble Family, to have the Estate fall to the hands of an Heir in minority. Witty Children oft fail in their age, of what their childhood promised. This holds nor true in temporal things only, but even in spiritual. Nothing slackens the proceedings of a Christian more, than the too-early applause of those that are groundedly Honest. This makes him think he now is far enough, and that he may rest, and breath, and gaze. So he slides back, for want of friving to go on with increase. Good success in the midst of an action, takes a man in a firm fettledness: and though he finds the event alter; yet custom before, will continue his care for afterwards. In the end, it crowns his expectation; and incourages him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the fequel answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much rain as soon as the feed is fown: which does rather mash it away, than give it a moderate rooting. How many had ended better, if they had not begun so well? Pleasure can undo a man at any time, if yielded to. 'Tis an inviting gin to catch the Woodcock-man in. Crafus counsel'd Cyrus, if he meant to hold the Lydians in a flavery, that he should teach them

them to fing, and play, and drink, and dance, and dally; and that would do it without his endeavour. I remember Ovids Fable of the Centoculated Argus; The Devil I compare to Mercury, his Pipe to pleasure, Argus to Man, his hundred eyes to our care, his sleeping to security, so to our soul, his transformation to the curse of God. The Moral is only this; The Devil with pleasure, pipes Man into security, then steals away his soul, and leaves him to the wrath of Heaven. It can ruine Anthony in the midst of his Fortunes, it can spoil Hannibal after a long and glorious War: but to meet it at first, is the most danger; it then being aptest to finde admission; though to meet and yield the worst at last: because there is not then a time left for recovery. If the action be of worth that I take in hand, neither shall an ill accident discourage me, nor a good one make me careles: If it happen ill, I will be the more circumspect, by a heedful prevention to avoid the like, in that which in sues. If it happen well, my fear shall make me warily vigilant. I will ever suspect the smoothed stream for deepness; till we come to the end. Deceit is gracious company; for it alwayes studies to be fair and pleasing: But then, like a thief, having train'd us from the Road, it robs us. Where all the benefit we have left is this: that, if we have time to fee how we were cozened, we may have so much happiness, as to dre repenting.

# II. Of Resolution.

That a skein of ruffled filk is the uncomposed Man? Every thing that but offers to even him, intangles him more, as if, while you unbend him one way, he warpeth worse the other. He cannot but meet with variety of occasions, and every one of these, intwine him in a deeper trouble. His wayes are strew'd with bryers, and he bustles himself into his own confusion. Like a Partridge in the nex, he masks himself the more, by the anger of his fluttering wing. Certainly, a good Resolution is the most fortifying Armour that a discreet man can wear. That, can defend him against all the unwelcome shuffles that the poor rude world puts on him. Without this, like hot Iron, he hiffes at every drop that findes him. With this, he can be a Servant, as well as a Lord; and have the same inward pleasantness in the quakes and shakes of Fortune, that he carries in her foftest smiles. I confess, biting Penury has too strong talons for mud-wall'd Man to grasp withal. Nature is importunate for necessities: and will try all the Engines of her wit, and power, rather than suffer her own destruction. But where she hath so much as she may live: Resolution is the only Marshal that can keep her in a decent order. That which puts the loose moven minde into a whirling tempest, is by the Resolute, seen, slighted, laughed at : with as much honour, more quiet, more safety. morla world has nothing in it worthy a man's ferious anger. The best way to perish discontentments, is either not to see them, or convert them to a dimpling mirth. How endless will be the quarrels of a cholerick man, and the contentments of him, that is resolved to turn indignities into things to make sport withal? 'Tis sure, nothing but experience and collected Judgment can make a man do this: but when he has brought himself unto it, how infinite shall he finde his case: It was Xantippe's observation, that she ever found Socrates return with the same countenance that he went abroad withal. Lucan can tell us,

Opposita virtuie, minas.

All Fortunes threats be loft, Where Vertue does oppose.

I wish no man so spiritles, as to let all abuses press the dulness of a willing shoulder: but I wish him an able discretion, to discern which are fit to be stirred in, and those to prosecute for no other end, but to shew the injury was more to vertue, and dear natures justice, than to himself. Every man should be Equities Champion: because it is that eternal pillar, whereon the World is founded. In high and mountain'd Fortunes resolution is necessary, to insafe us from the thefts and myles of prosperity: which sleal us away, not only from our selves, but vertue: and for the most part, like a long peace, softly delivers us into impoverishing war. In the wane of Fortune, Resolution is likewise necessary, to guard us from the discontents that usually assail the poor dejected man. For all the world will beat the man whom Fortune buffets. And unless by this, he can turn off the blows, he shall be sure to feel the greatest burthen, in his own sad minde. A wise man makes a trouble less, by Fortitude: but to a fool, 'tis heavier by his flooping to't. I would fain bring my self to that pass, that I might not make my happiness depend on anothers judgement. But as I would never do any thing unhonestly: so I would never fear the immaterial winde of censure, when it is done. He that steers by that gale, is ever in danger of wrack. Honesty is a warrant of far more safety than Fame. I will never be asbam'd of that which bears her seal: As knowing 'tis only Pride's being in fashion, that hath put honest Humility out of countenance. As for the crackers of the brain, and tongue-squibs, they will die alone, if I shall not revive them. The best way to have them forgotten by others, is first to forget them my self. This will keep my self in quiet, and by a noble not-caring, arrow the intenders bosom: who will ever fret most, when he findes his defigns most frustrate. Yet, in all these, I will something respect custom, because she is magnified in that world, wherein I am one. But when the parts from just reason, I shall rather displease her by parting; than offend in her comCENTII.

pany. I would have all men set up their rest, for all things that this world can yield: Yet so, as they build upon a surer foundation than themselves: otherwise, that which should have been their foundation, will surely cross them; and that is, GOD.

#### III.

### A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.

Will take heed both of a speedy Friend, and a flow Enemy. Love is never lasting, that flames before it burns. And Hate, like wetted Coals, throws a fiercer beat, when fire gets the Mastery. As the first may quickly fail; so the latter will hardly be altered. Early fruits rot soon; As quick wits have seldome sound judgements, which should make them continue: so friendship kindled suddenly, is rarely found with the durability of affection. Enduring Love is ever built on Virtue: which no man can see in another at once. He that fixeth upon her, shall finde a beauty that will every day take him with some new grace or other. I like that Love, which by a soft aftension, does degree it self in the soul. As for an Enemy that is long a making : he is much the worse, for being ill no sooner. I count him as the actions of a wife State, which being long in refolving, are in their execution sudden, and striking home. He hates not but with cause, that is unwilling to hate at all. If I must have both, give me rather a friend on foot, and an enemy on horseback. I may perswade the one to flay, while the other may be galloping from me.

# IV. Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.

Tertue and Vice never differ so much, as in the end; at least, their difference is never so much upon the view, as then. And this, I think, is our reason, why so many judgements are seduced in pursuit of ill. They imagine not their last Act will be Tragical; because their former Scenes have all been Comedy. The end is so far off, that they see not those stabbing shames, that await them in a killing ambush. If it were nearer, yet their own dim sight would leave them undiscovered. And the same thing that incourageth Vice, discourageth Vertue. For, by her rugged way, and the resistance that the sindes in her passage: she is oft persuaded to step into Vice's path: which while she findeth smooth, she never perceiveth slippery. Vice's Road is paved with see; Inviting by the eye, but tripping up the heel, to the hazzard of a mound, or drowning. Whereas Vertue's is like the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, a work of a tyring toyl of infinite danger. But once performed, it lets him into the Worl's garden, staby: and withal, leaves him a fame as lasting, as those which he

did Conquer, with his most unused weapon of War, Vinegar. Doubtless the World hath nothing so glorious as Vertue: as Vertue when she rides triumphant. When like a Phaebean Champion, she hath routed the Army of her enemies, flatted their strongest Forts, brought the mightiest of her Foes in a chained subjection, to humour the motions of her thronged Chariot, and be the gaze of the abusive world. Vice, at best, is but a diseased Harlot: all whose commendation is, that she is painted.

Sed locum virtus habet inter aftra,
Vere dum flores venient tepenti,
Et comam filvis hiemes recident,
Vel comam filvis revocabit aftas.
Pomaque Autumno fugiente cedent,
Nulla te terris rapiet vetuftas.
Tu Comes Phæbo, comes ibis aftris.

But Vertu's thron'd among the Stars,
And while the Spring warms th'infant bud,
Or Winter balds the shag-hair'd wood:
While Summer gives new locks to all,
And fruits full ripe in Autumn fall,
Thou shalt remain, and still shalt be,
For Stars, for Phabus, company.

Is a rapture of the lofty Tragedian. Her presence is a dignity, which amazes the beholder with incircling rayes. The conceit of her Attions, begets admiration in others, and that admiration both infuseth a joy in her, and inflames her magnanimity more: The good honour her, for the love of the like, that they finde in themselves. The bad, though they repine inwardly, yet shame (which is for the most part an effect of base Vice) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other side, what a Monster, what a Painters Devil is vice, either in her bared skin, or her own enforded rags! Her own guilt, and the detestation which the findes from others, fet up two great Hells in her one little, narrow heart; Horror, Shame; and that which most of all doth gall her, is, that she findes their flames are inextinguishable, Outwardly, sometimes she may appear like Vertue: For all the several Jemmes in Vertue, Vice hath counterfeit stones, wherewith she gulls the Ignorant. But there be two main reasons which thall make me Vertues Lover: for her inside, for her end. And for the same reasons will I hate Vice. If I finde there be a difference in their wayes; I will yet think of them, as of the two fons in the Goffel; whereof Vertue faid he would not go to the Vineyard, yet did: And Vice, though he promised to go, defisted.

# Of Puritans.

Finde many that are called Puritans; yet few, or none that will own the name. Whereof the reason sure is this, that 'tis for the most part held a name of infamy, and is so new, that it hath scarcely vet obtain'd a definition: nor is it an appellation derived from one mans name, whose Tenents we may finde digested into a Volume: whereby we do much erre in the application. It imports a kinde of excellency above another; which man (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men which would be Puritans: but indeed not any that are. One will have him one that lives religiously, and will not revel it in a Another, him that separates from our Dishoreless excess. vine Assemblies. Another, him that in some tenents only is peculiar. Another, him that will not swear. Absolutely to define him, is a work, I think of Difficulty; some I know that rejoyce in the name; but fure they be fuch, as least understand it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a Church-Rebel, or one that would exclude order, that his brain might rule. To decline offences; to be careful and conscionable in our several actions, is a Purity, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well do, without a fullen fegregation from all fociety. If there be any Priviledges, they are surely granted to the Children of the King; which are those that are the Children of Heaven. If mirth and recreations be lawful, fure fuch a one may lawfully use it. If wine were given to chear the heart, why should I fear to use it for that end? Surely, the merry foul is freer from intended mischief than the thoughtful man. A bounded mirth, is a Pattent adding time and happiness to the crazed life of Man. Yet if Laertius reports him rightly, Plato deserves a Censure for allowing drunkenness at Festivals; because, sayes he, as then, the Gods themselves reach Wines to present Men. God delights in nothing more, than in a chearful heart, careful to perform him fervice. What Parent is it, that rejoyceth not to see his Childe pleafant, in the limits of a filial duty? I know, we read of Christs weeping, not of his laughter: yet we see, he graceth a Feast with his first Miracle; and that a Feast of joy: And can we think that such a meeting could pass without the noise of laughter? What a lump of quickened care is the melancholick man? Change anyer into mirth, and the Precept will hold good still: Be merry, but fin not. As there be many, that in their life assume too great a Liberty; so I believe there are some, that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use, Ignorance is an ill Steward, to provide for either Soul, or Body. A man that submits to reverent Order, that sometimes unbends himself in a moderate relaxation; and in all, labours to approve himself, in the serenenels of a healthful Conscience: such a Puritane I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the

grave Authority of the Church, and out of a needless nicety, be a Thief to himself, of those benefits which GOD hath allowed him: or out of a blinde and uncharitable Pride, censure, and scorn others, as reprobates: or out of obstinacy, fill the World with brawls, about undeterminable tenents: I shall think him one of those, whose opinion hath severed his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Solomon, than in a thousand Dutch Parlours of such Opinionists. Behold then; what I have seen good! That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travelleth under the Sun, the whole number of the dayes of his life, which GOD giveth him. For, this is his Portion. Nay; there is no profit to Man, but that he eat, and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labour. For, he that saw other things but vanity, saw this also, that it was the hand of God. Methinks the reading of Ecclefiaftes should make a Puritan undress his brain, and lay off all those Phanatick toyes that gingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the World hath not better men, than some, that suffer under that name: nor withal, more Scelestick villanies. For, when they are once elated with that pride, they so contemn others, that they infringe the Laws of

# VI. Of Arrogancy.

all humane society.

Never yet found Pride in a noble nature: nor Humility in an unworthy minde. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet Vertue, should ever dwell with Honour: and that such an aspiring fume as Pride is, should ever sojourn with a constant baseness, 'Tis fure, we seldom finde it, but in such, as being conscious of their own deficiency, think there is no way to get Honour, but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather than want fame, they would with a rude asfault, deflowre her: which indeed, is the way to lose it. Honour, like a noble Virgin, will never agree to grace the man that ravisbeth. If the be not won by courtefie, the will never love truly. To offer violence to so choise a beauty, is the way to be contemn'd, and lose. that has nothing else to commend him, which would invade mens good opinions, by a misbecoming-sawciness. If you search for high and strained carriages, you shall for the most part, meet with them in low men. Arrogance, is a meed, that ever grows in a dunghil. 'Tis from the rankness of that soil, that she hath her height and spreadings: Witness Clowns, Fools, and Fellows that from nothing are lifted some few steps upon Fortunes Ladder: where, seeing the glorious repre-sentment of Honour, above; they are so greedy of imbracing, that they strive to leap thither at once: so by overreaching themselves in the way, they fail of the end, and fall. And all this happiness, either for want of Education, which should season their mindes with the

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generous precepts of Morality; or, which is more powerful, Example: or else, for lack of a discerning Judgment, which will tell them, that the best way thither, is to go about, by humility and defert. Otherwise, the River of Contempt runs betwixt them and it: and if they go not by these passages, they must of necessity either turn back with shame, or suffer in the desperate venture. Of Trees, 1 observe, GOD hath chosen the Vine, a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall: Of all Beafts, the foft and patient Lamb: Of all Fowls the milde and gall-less Dove. CHRIST is the Rose of the Field, and the Lilly of the Valley. When GOD appeared to Mefes; it was not in the lofty Cedar, nor the sturdy Oake, nor the spreading Plane; but in a Bufb, an humble, flender, abject fbrub. As if he would by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of Man. Nothing procureth Love, like Humility: nothing Hate, like Pride. The proud man walks among daggers, pointed against him: whereas the humble and the affable, have the people for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our Superiours, is duty; to our Equals, courtesie; to our Inferiours, nobleness. Which for all her lowness, carries fuch a Iway, that the may command their fouls. But, we must take heed, we express it not in unworthy Actions. For then leaving Vertue, it falls into disdained baseness: which is the undoubtable badge of one, that will betray Society. So far as a man, both in words and deeds, may be free from flattery, and unmanly cowardife; he may be humble with commendation. But furely, no circumstance can make the expression of pride laudable. If ever it be, 'tis when it meets with audacious pride, and conquers. Of this good it may then be author, that the affronting man, by his own folly, may learn the way, to his duty, and wit. Yet this I cannot fo well call Pride, as an emulation of the Divine Justice; which will alwayes vindicate it self upon presumptuous ones: and is indeed faid to fight against no fin, but Pride.

#### VII. Of Reward and Service.

Hen it lights upon a worthy nature, there is nothing procures a more faithful fervice, than the Masters liberality: nor is there any thing makes that appear more, than a true sidelity. They are each of other, alternate parents; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised, great men need not so o'ten change their Followers: nor would the Patrons be abandoned by their old Attendants. Rewards are not given, but paid, to Servants that be good and wise. Nor ought that blood to be accounted lost, which is outletted for a noble Master. Worth will never sail to give Desert her bayes. A liberal Master, that loves his Servant well, is in some sort a god unto him: which may both give him blessings, and protect him from danger. And believe it, on the other side, a diligent and discreet Servant, is one of the best friends that a man can be bless with

He can do whatfoever a Friend may: and will be commanded with leffer hazzard of lofing. Nay, he may in a kinde, challenge a glory above his Master: for, though it be harder to play a Kings part well, than 'tis to act a Subjects; yet natures inclination is much more bent to rule than to obey: service being a condition, which is not found in any Creatures of one kinde, but Man. Now, if the Question be, when men meet in these relations, who shall the first begin? The lot will furely fall upon the fervant: for he is tyed in duty to be diligent; and that ever bindes without exception. The Lord is tyed but by his honour: which is voluntary, and not compulfive; Liberality being a free adjection, and not a tye in his bargain. Tis good sometimes for a Lord to use a servant like a friend, like a companion: but 'tis alwayes fit for a fervant to pay him the reverence due to a Master. Pride becomes neither the commander nor the commanded. Every family is but a several plume of Feathers: the meanest is of the self-same stuff; only he that made the plume, was pleased to set the Lord highest. The power of commanding is rather political, than from equal nature. The fervice of man, to man, followed nor the Creation, but the fall of man: and till Noah curs'd his Son, the name of fervant is not read in Scripture. Since, there is no absosolute freedom to be found below, even Kings are but more splendid servants, for the common body. There is a mutuality between the Lord and Vassals. The Lord serves them of necessaries; and they him, in his pleasures and conveniences. Vertue is the truck liberty: nor is he free, that stoops to passions: nor he in bondage, that serves a noble Master. When Demonax saw one cruel in the beating of a Servant: Fie (sayes he) forbear; lest by the World, your self be taken for the servant. And if we have any faith in Claudian, we may believe, that

Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat Quàm sub Rege pio.

He knows no bondage, whom a good King swayes; For freedom never thines with clearer rayes, Than when brave Princes Reign.

Imperiousness turns that servant into a slave; which moderation makes as an humble-speaking Friend. Seneca begins an Epistle with rejoycing, that his friend lived familiar with his Servant. Neither can have comfort, where both are uncommunicable. I confess, the like countenance is not to be thewed to all. That which makes a wife man modest, makes a fool unmannerly. Tis the sawcy servant that causes the Lord to shrink his descending favours. Of the two, pride is the more tolerable in a Master. The other is a preposterousness, which solomon saw the earth did groan for. Hadrian sent his inferiour Servant a box on the ear, for walking but between two Senatours. As I would not serve to be admitted to nothing, but to high commands: So I think, whos'ere is rudely malepert, blemishes the discretion of him-

self, and his Lord. As there ought to be equality, because Nature has made it; so there ought to be a difference, because Fortune has set it. Yet cannot the distance of their Fortunes be so much, as their nearness in being Men. No Fate can fright away that likeness. The other we have found in motion, in variance; even to rare and inverted mutations. Let not the Lord abuse his servant; for 'tis possible he may fall below him: Let not the servant neglect his Master; for he may be cast to a meaner condition. Let the servant deserve, and the Master recompense: and if they would both be noble, the best way is for those that be subject to forget their services; and for those that are Commanders, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their generous worthiness; the world shall strew praises in both their paths. If the servant suppose his lot to be hard, let him think, that service is nothing but the free-mans calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himself well.

#### VIII. Of Reprehension.

O reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of Friendsbip. Who is it, that will either not merit a check, or endure one? Yet wherein can a friend more unfold his love, than in preventing dangers, before their birth; or, in reducing a man to fafety, which is travelling in the way to ruine? I grant, the manner of the application may turn the benefit into an injury: and then it both strengtheneth Error, and wounds the Giver. Correction is never in vain. Vice is a miery deepness: if thou strivest to help one out, and dost not; thy stirring him, finks him in the further. Fury is the mad-When thou chidest thy mandering friend, do it der for his chain. secretly; in season, in love: Not in the ear of a popular convention: For many times, the presence of a multitude, makes a man make up an unjust defence, rather than fall in a just shame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked Sun: not does the wound but rankle more, which is vanned by the publick air. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the Vulgar his Confessor: for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened Earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions: and with spattering those abroad, they befinear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a Proclamation. Open rebukes are for Magistrates, and Courts of Justice: for Stalled Chambers, and for Scarlets, in the thronged Hall. Private, are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offenders blushes, are blinde, and deat, and dumb. We should do by them, as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secresie. Publick reproof, is like striking of a Deer in the Herd, it not only wounds him, to the loss of inabling Blood, but betrayes him to the Hound, his Enemy: and makes him, by his fellows, be pusht out of company. Even conceal-

ment of a fault, argues some charity to the Delinquent: and when we tell him of it in secret, it shews, we wish, he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in season, neither when the brain is misted, with arising Fumes: nor when the minde is madded, with un-reined passions. Certainly, he is drunk himself, that profanes Reason so, as to urge it to a drunken man. Nature unloosed in a slying speed, cannot come of with a sudden stop.

Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere Nati Flere vetat? non hoc ulla monenda loco est.

He's mad, that dryes a Mothers eyes full tyde At her Sons Grave: There'tis no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the smoothest Poet. To admonish a man in the height of his passion; is to call a Souldier to Councel, in the midst, in the heat of a Battle. Let the combat flack, and then thou mailt expect a hearing. All passions are like rapid torrents: they swell the more for meeting with a dam in their violence. He that will hear nothing in the rage and rore of his anger, will, after a paule, enquire of you. Seem you to forget him; and he will the sooner remember himself. For it often falls out, that the end of passion, is the beginning of repentance. Then will it be easie to draw back a retiring man: As a Boat is rowed with less labour, when it hath both a winde and tide to drive it. A word feafonably given, like a Rudder, fometimes steers a man quite into another courfe. When the Macedonian Philip was capring in the view of his Captives: fayes Demades, -Since Fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you show your self like Therfites? And this chang'd him to another man. A blow bestow'd in the striking time, is better than ten, delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in Time, which whofoever findes, may promife to himfelf success. As in all things, so in this; especially if he do it as he ought, in love. It is not good to be too tetrical and virulent. Kinde words make rough actions plaufible. The bitterness of Reprehension, is insweetned with the pleasingness of Compellations. If ever flattery might be lawful, here is a cause, that would give it admission. To be plain, argues honesty: but to be pleasing, argues discretion. Sores are are not to be anguith't with a ruftick preflure; but gently stroked with a Ladied hand. Physicians fire not their eyes at Patients: but calmly minister to their diseases. Let it be so done, as the offender may see affection without arrogancy. Who blows out Candles with too strong a breath, does but make them stink, and blows them light again. To avoid this, it was ordain'd among the Lacedemonians, That every Transgressor, should be, as it were, his own Beadle: for, his punishment was, to compass an Altar, singing an Invective made against himself. It is not consonant, that a member so unboned as the tongue is, should smart it with an Iron last. Every man that adviseth, assumes as it were, a transcendency over the other; which

which if it be not allayed with protestations, and some self-including terms grows hateful: that even the reprehension is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others; that not knowing his grounded Vertues, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions. Nor can he be a competent Judge of anothers crime, that is guilty of the like himself. 'Tis unworthily done, to condemn that in others, which we would not have but pardoned in our felves. When Diogenes fell in the School of the Stoicks; He answers his deriders, with this Question: Why, do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selves do retrograde your lives? He is not fit to cure a dimmed fight, that looks upon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others. And, if we please them with praising some of their Vertues they will with much more ease, be brought to know their Vices. Shame will not let them be angry with them, that so equally deal both the Rod, and Laurel. If he be much our Superiour, tis good to do it sometimes in Parables, as Nathan did to David: So, let him by collection, give himself the censure. If he be an equal, let it appear, affection, and the truth of friendship urging it. If he be our inferiour, let it seem our care, and desire to benefit him. Towards all, I would be fure to thew humility, and love. Though I finde a little bluster for the present, I am consident, I shall meet with thanks afterward. And in my absence, his reverend report following me. If not: the best way to lose a friend, is by feeking, by my love to fave him. 'Tis best for others, that they hate me for vice; but if I must be hated, 'tis best for my self, that they hate me for my goodnefs: For, then am I mine own antidote against all the poylon they can fit upon me.

# IX. Of Time's continual speed.

IN all the actions that a Man performs, some part of his life passeth. We dye with doing that, for which only, our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and slies as sast in idleness, as in imployment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the Sun posteth, and the Sand runs. An hour of Vice is as long as an hour of Vertue. But the difference which follows upon good actions, is infinite from that of ill ones. The good though it diminish our time here, yet it layes up a pleasure for Eternity; and will recompense what it taketh away, with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with Vertue, we do but buy pleasure with expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time, as an exchange. Or as a man sows his corn, he is content to want it a while, that he may, at the harvest receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we do here, do not only rob us of so much time; but also be-speaka torment

torment for hereafter: and that in such a life, as the greatest pleasure we could there be crown'd withal, would be the very act of dying. The one treasures up a pleasure in a lasting life: the other provides us torture in a death eternal. Man, as soon as he was made, had two great Suitors for his life and Soul: Vertue, Vice. They both travell'd the world with trains, harbengers, and large attendance: Vertue had before her, Truth, running naked, valiant, but unelegant: then labour, cold, hunger, thirst, care, vigilance; and these but poorly arrayed. and the in plain, though clean attire. But looking near, the was of such a self-perfection; that she might very well embleme whatsoever Omnipotency could make most rare. Modest she was: and so lovely; That who foever look't but stedfastly upon her, could not, but infond himself in her. After her, followed Content: full of Jewels, Coins, Perfumes, and all the massy riches of the world. Then Foy, with Masquers, Mirth, Revelling, and all Essential Pleasures. Next, Honour, with all the ancient Orders of Nobility, Scepters, Thrones, and Crowns Imperial. Lastly, Glory, shaking such a brightness from her Sunny Treffes, that I have heard, no man could ever come so near, as to describe her truly. And behinde all these, came Eternity, casting a Ring about them; which like a strong inchantment, made them for ever the same. Thus Vertue. Vice thus: Before her, First went Lying, a smooth, painted huswife: clad all in Changeable, but under her garments, full of Scabs, and ugly Ukers. She spoke pleasingly, and promised, whatsoever could be wisht for, in the behalf of her Mistriss, Vice. Upon her, wit waited: a conceited fellow, and one that much took Man with his pretty tricks and gambals. Next Sloth, and Luxury, so full; that they were after cheaked with their own fat. Then (because the could not have the true ones, for, they follow Vertue) the gets Impostors, to personate Content, Joy, Honour, in all their wealth, and royalties: After these, she comes her self, sumptuously apparell'd, but a nasty surfeited Slut; whereby, if any kist her, they were fure by her breath to perish. After her, followed on a sudden, like enemies in ambush, guilt, horror, shame, loss, want, forrow, torment. These charm'd with Eternities Ring, as the other. And thus they wood fond Man; who taken with the subtil cozenages of Vice, yielded to lye with her: where he had his nature so impoyson'd, that his feed was all contaminated, and his corruption even to this day, is still Conduited to his undone Posterity. It may be Virgil knew of fuch a story when he writ,

> Quisquis enim duros casus virtutis amore Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque decusque parabit: At qui desidiam, luxumque sequetur inertem: Dum sugio oppositos, incauta mente, labores, Turpis inopsque simul, miserabile transiget avum.

Man that Love-conquers Vertues thorny wayes, Rears to himself a fame-tomb, for his praise.

But

### RESOLVES.

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But he that Lust, and Leaden Sloth doth prize, While heedless he, opposed Labour flyes; All, foul and poor, most miserably dies.

'Tis true, they, both spend us time alike: nay many times, honest industry spends a man more, than the ungirthed solaces of a sensual Libertine: unless they be pursued with inordinateness, then they destroy the present, shorten the future, and hasten pain. Why should I wish to pass away this life ill, which to those that are ill, is the best? If I must daily lessen it, it shall be by that, which shall joy me with a suture Income. Time is like a Ship, which never Anchors: while I am aboord, I had better do those things, that may advantage me at my landing; than practise such, as shall cause my commitment, when I come to the shore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it, when it is done. If good, I will go on to sinish it. If bad, I will either leave off, where I am; or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrist sells away the Inheritance, while it's but in Reversion: But Vertue, husbanding all things well, is a Purchaser. Hear but the witty Spaniards Distich;

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi, vir bonus, hoc est Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

He that his former well-led life enjoyes, Lives twice: fo gives addition to his dayes.

# X. Of Marce and Eagerness.

He too eager pursuit of a thing, hinders the injoyment. For, it makes men take indirect wayes, which though they prosper fometimes, are bleffed never. The Covetous, because he is mad upon ricehs, practifeth injurious courses, which God cursing, bring him to a speedy Poverty. Oppression will bring a Consumption upon thy gains. wealth snatch't up by unjust and injurious wayes, like a rotten sheep, will infect thy healthful flock. We think by wrong to hide our selves from want, when 'tis that only, which unavoidably pulls it on us. Like Thieves, that hooking for clothes in the dark, they draw the Owner, which takes, and then imprisons them. He that longs for Heaven with fuch impatience, as he will kill himself, that he may be there the fooner, may by that act, be excluded thence; and lie gnafbing of his teeth in Hell. Nay, though we be in the right way, our haste will make our stay the longer: He, that rides all upon the driving four, tyres his Horse e're his journey ends: so is there the later, for making such unwonted speed. He is like a giddy messenger, that runs away without his errand: fo dispatches less for his nimbleness. When God hath laid out Man a way, in vain he seeks a near one. We see the things we aim at, as Travellers do Towns in hilly Countreyes; we

judge them near, at the eyes end; because we see not the valleys, and the brook in them, that interpose. So, thinking to take shorter courses, we are led about, through ignorance, and incredulity. Surely God that made disposing Nature, knows her better, than impersect man. And he that is once persuaded of this, will rather stay the leasure of the Deity, than follow the chase of his own delusions. We go surest, when we poalt not in a precipitation. Sudden risings, have seldom sound foundations. We might fixeat less, and avail more. How have I seen a Beef-brain'd-fellow (that hath only had impudence enough to thew himself a fool) thrust into discourses of wit, thinking to get esteem : when, all that he hath purchased, hath been only, the his of the wife, and a just derision from the abler judgments. Nor will it be less toylsome, then we have already found it, incommodious. What jealous and envious furies gnaw the burning breast of the ambitious fool? What fears and cares affright the starting sleeps of the covetous? Of which if any happen, they crust him, ten times heavier, than they would do the minde of the well-temper'd man. All that affect things over-violently, do over-violently grieve in the disappointment. Which is yet occasioned, by that, the too much earnestness. Whatsoever I wish for, I will purfue easily, though I do it assiduously. And if I can, the hands diligence, shall go without the leaping bounds of the heart. So if it happen well, I thall have more content :as coming less expected. Those joyes clasp us with a friendlier arm, that steal upon us, when we look not for them. If it fall out ill, my minde not being set on't; will teach me patience, in the sadning want. I will cozen in, with carelessness, and plump my joyes, by letting a surprize me. As, I would not neglect a fudden good opportunity; fo I would not fury my self in the fearch.

#### XI. Of the trial of Faith and Friendship.

Aith and Friendship, are seldom truly tried, but in extreams. To finde friends when we have no need of them, and to want them, when we have, are both alike easie, and common. In Prosperity, who will not profess, to love a man? In Adversity, how sew will shew that they do it indeed? When we are happy, in the Spring-tide of Abundance, and the rising flood of Plenty, then, the world will be our servant: then, all men flock about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but shifteth, to another stand: Then, men look upon us at a distance; and stiffen themselves, as if they were in Armour; lest (if they should comply us) they should get a wound in the cloze. Adversity is like Penelope's night; which undoes all, that ever the day did weave. 'Tis a misery that the knowledge of such a blessedness, as a friend is, can hardly be without some sad missortune.

For

For we can never throughly try him, but in the kick of malignant Chance. And till we have try'd him, our knowledge can be call'd but by the name of Hope. What a pitiful plight is poor dust-temper'd-man in, when he can neither be truly happy without a friend; nor yet know him to be a true friend, without his being unhappy? Our Fortunes, and our felves are things fo closely link'd, that we know not, which is the cause of the love, that we finde. When these two shall part, we may then discern to which of them affection will make wing: When they are covered together, we know not, which is in pursuit. When they rife, and break, we shall then see, which is aimed at. confess he is happy, that findes a true friend in extremity: but he is happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus the trial of friendship, is by finding, what others will do for us. But the tryal of Faith, is, by finding what we will do for God. To trust him for estate, when we have the Evidences in our Iron Chest, is easie; and not thank-worthy. But to depend upon him, for what we cannot fee; As 'tis more hard for Man to do; fo 'tis more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that act, we make confession of his Deity. know not in the flows of our contentedness, what we our selves are; or, how we could neglect our felves, to follow God, commanding us. All men will be Peters in their bragging tongue: and most men will be Peters, in their base denial. But sew men will be Peters, in their quick repentance. When we are well, we swear we will not leave him, in our greatest sickness; but when our sickness comes, we forget our to let go our hold of God, or our selves: Then we see, to which our fouls will cleave the fastest, And, of this tryal, excellent is the use we may make. If we finde our Faith apon the Test, firm; it will be unto us, a perpetual banquet: If we finde it dastardly starting aside, knowing the weakness, we may strive to smew it, with a stronger nerve. So that it ever is, either the affurance of our happiness, or the way whereby we may finde it. Without this confidence in a power that is alwayes able to aid us, we mander, both in trouble and doubt. Infidelity is the cause of all our woes, the ground of all our fins. Not trusting God, we discontent our selves with fears and solicitations: and to cure these, we run into prohibited paths. Unworthy earthen worm! that canst think God of so un-noble a nature, as that he will suffer such to want, as with a dutiful endeavour do depend upon him. It is not usual with Man, to be so base. And can't thou believe, that most Heroical and Omnipotent Infiniteness of his, will abridge a follower of fuch poor toyes, as the accoutrements of this life are? Can a Deity be inhumane? Or can he that grasps the unemptied provisions of the world in his hand, be a niggard to his fons, unless he sees it for their good and benefit? Nay, could'st thou that readest this (whatsoever thou art) if thou hadst but a Sereptan midows Cruse of Gold, could'st thou let a diligent and affectionate servant, that ever waited on thee, want necessaries? Could'st thou endure to see him shamed

in difgracing raggs; nipt to a benumming, with the Icy thumbs of Winter; complaining for want of sustenance; or neglected in the times of sickness? I appeal to thy inward and more noble acknowledgement; I know, thou could'it not. O perverse thought of perverted man! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canst want such things as these from so unbounded a bounty as his is? Serve him, and but believe; and upon my foul, he will never fail thee, for what is most convenient, Omy God! my Refuge, my Altar, and my fouls Anchor: I beg that I may but ferve thee, and depend upon thee: I need not beg supply to the other two, thou givest that without asking. Thou knowoft, for my felf, my fouls withes are not for a vast abundance. If ever I should wish a plenty; it should be for my friends, not me. I care not to abound in abounding; and I am perswaded, I shall never want; not necessaries, not conveniencies. Let me finde my heart dutiful, and my faith upon trial stedfast: and I am sure these will be ground enough for fufficient happiness, while I live here.

#### XII.

#### That a wife Man may gain by any Company.

As there is no Book so poorly furnished, out of which a man may not gather something for his benefit; so is there no company so savagely bad, but a wise man may from it learn something to make himself better. Vice is of such a toady complexion, that she cannot chuse but teach the soul to hate: So loathsome, when the's seen in her own ugly dres: that, like a man faln in a pit before us, she gives us warning to avoid the danger. So admirably hath God disposed of the wayes of Man; that even the sight of Vice in others, is like a Warning-arrow shot, for us to take heed. When she thinks by publishing of herself, to procure a train; God, by his secret working, makes her turn her meapons against her self: and strongly plead for her Adversary, Vertue. Of which take Balaam for a type: who intending to curse the Israelites, had enforced blessings, put in his dissenting tongue. We are wrought to good by contraries. Foul acts, keep Vertue from the charms of Vice. Sayes Horace,

——Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quaque notando.
Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi ipse parasset:
Nonne vides, Albi ut malè vivat filius? utque
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
Quum deterreret, Sectani dissimilis sis.
——Sic me

Formabat puerum dictis.-

D

-Thus



\_\_\_\_

Thus my best Father taught
Me to flye Vice; by noting those were naught
When he would charge me thrive, and sparing be,
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:
See'st not how ill young Albus lives? how low
Poor Barrus? Sure, a weighty Item, how
One spent his means. And when he meant to strike
A hate to Whores; To Sectan be not like.
—thus me a childe

He with his Precepts fashion'd -

I confess, I do not learn to correct faults in my self, by any thing more, than by feeing how uncomely they appear in others. Who can but think what a nasty Beast he is in drunkenness, that hath seen how nøysome it hath made another? How like a nated sop, sponged, even to the cracking of a skin? Who will not abhor a cholerick passion, and a famely pride in himself; that sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those, that are infested with them? Why should I be so befortedly blinde, as to believe, others should not spy those vices in me, which I can see, when they do disclose in them? Vertue and Vice, whenfoever they come to act, are both margin'd with a pointing finger; but in the intent, the difference is much: when 'tis fet against Vertue, it betokens then respect and worth: but against Vice, 'tis set in scorn, and for aversion. Though the bad man be the worse, for having Vice in his eye: yet the good man is the better, for all that he fees, is ill. 'Tis certain, neither example, nor precept, (unless it be in matters wholly religious) can be the absolute guides of the true wife man. 'Tis only a knowing, and a practical judgment of his own, that can direct him in the maze of life: in the buftle of the world; in the twitches and the twirls of Fate. The other may help us something in the general; but cannot be sufficient in particulars. Mans life is like a State, still casual in the future. No man can leave his Successor rules for severals; because he knows not how the times will be. He that lives alwayes by Book-rules, shall shew himself affected, and a fool. I will do that which I fee comely, (so it be not dishonest) rather than what a grave Philosopher commands me to the contrary. I will take what I fee is fitly good from any: but I think there was never any one man, that liv'd to be a perfect guide of perfection. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things I may go beyond him. We feed not the body, with the food of one dish only: nor does the sedulous Bee, thyme all her thighs from one Flowers fingle vertues. She takes the best from many; and together, the makes them ferve: not without working that to honey, which the putrid Spider would convert to poyson. Thus should the wife man do. But, even by this, he may better learn to love the good, than avoid that which is offensive. Those that are throughly arted in Navigation, do as well know the Coasts, as the Ocean: as well the Flaws, the Sands, the Shallows, and the Rocks;

as the secure depths, in the most unperillous Channel. So, I think, thole that are perfect men (I speak of perfection since the fall) must as well know bad, that they may abtrude it; as the good, that they may embrace. And this knowledge we can neither have so cheap, or so certain, as by seeing it in others, with a pitiful dislike, Surely we shall know Vertue the better, by seeing that, which is not she. If we could pass the world, without meeting Vice: then the knowledge of Vertue only were sussicient. But 'tis not possible to live, and not encounter her. Vice is as a God in this world: whither can we go to fly it? It hath an ubiquity, and ruleth too. I wish no man to know it, either by use, or by intrusion: but being unwittingly cast upon it, let him observe, for his own more safe direction. Thou are happy, when thou mak'st another mans vices steps for thee, to climb to Heaven by. The wife Physitian makes the poyson medicinable. Even the mud of the world, by the industrious Hollander is turned to an useful fuel. If I light on good company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirm me in my liked old. If I light on bad, I will, by considering their dull stains, either correct those faults I have, or shun those that I might have. As the Mariner that hath Sea-room, can make any wind ferve to fet him forward, in his wished voyage: so a wife-man may take advantage from any company, to set himself forward to Vertues Religion. Vice is subtil, and weaving, for her own preferment: why should not Vertue be plotting for hers! It requires as much policy to grow good, as great. There is an innocential providence, as well as the Aynels of a vulpine craft. There are vices to be difflac'd; that would stop us, in the way of our Rife. There are parties to be made on our side; good Memento's, to uphold us when we are declining, through the private lifts of our unjust maligners. There is a King to be pleafed; that may protect us against the shock of the envious Plebeians: the reigning humours of the time, that plead custom, and not reason. We must have Intelligencers abroad, to learn what practices, Sins, (our Enemies) have on foot against us: and beware what suits we entertain, lest we dishonour our selves in their grant. Every good man is a Leiger here for Heaven: and he must be wise and circumspect, to vain the fleek navations of those, that would undo him. And, as those that are so for the Kingdoms of Earth, will gain something from all Societies that they fall upon : So, those that are for this higher Empire; may gather something beneficial, from all that they shall converse with; either for prevention, or confirmation: either to strengthen themselves, or confound their opposers.

#### XIII.3

#### Of Man's unwillingness to dye.

Hat should make us all so unwilling to dye, when yet we know, till death, we cannot be accounted happy? Is it sweetness

we finde in this lifes folaces? Is there pleasure in the lusbious blood? Is it the horrour, or the pain, that dort in Death affright us? Or, is it our fear, and doubt of what shall become of us after? Or, is it the guilt of our mif-guided fouls, already condemning us, by the preapprehension of a future punishment? If I found Death terrible alike to all, I should think there were something more in Death; yea, and in life too, than yet we do imagine. But, I find one man can as willingly dye, as another man can be willing to dine. Some, that can as gladly leave this world, as the wife man, being old, can forbear the Court. There are, to whom Death doth frem no more than a bloodletting: and these, I finde, are of the fort of men, which we generally do esteem for wife. - Every man, in the Play of this world, besides an Actor, is a Spectator too: when 'tis new begun, with him, (that is, in his youth) it promiseth so much, that he is loth to leave it : when it grows to the middle, the Act of virility, then he fees the Scenes grow thick, and fill, he would gladly understand the end: but, when that draws near, and he findes what that will be; he is then content to depart, and leave his room to succeeders. Nay, many times, while before this, he considers, that 'tis all as it were deluson, and a dream, and passeth away as the consumed dem, or as the found of a Bell that is rung; he then grows weary with expectation, and his life is entertain'd with a redious diflike of it felf. Oh the unfeeled conceit of Man! that seeking after quiet, findes his unrest the more: that knows neither what he is, nor what he shall be! We are like men benighted in a wilderness: we wander in the tread of feveral paths: we try one, and presently finde another is more likely: we follow that, and meet with more, that cross it: and while we are distracted about these various wayes, the fierce Beast, Death, devours us. I finde two forts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of Death. One lives in a full joy here: he fings, and revels, and pleasants his spleen, as if his harvest were perpetual; and the whole worlds face fathioned to a posture, laughing upon him. And this man would do any thing, rather than dye: whereby he tells us. (though his tongue express it not) that he expects a worfe estate hereafter. Another lives hardly here, with a heavy heart, furrowing of a mournful face: as if, like the Beaft, he were yeared into the world, only to act a fad mans part, and dye: and this man feeks Death, and misses him; intimating, that he expects a better condition by Death: for tis sure, Natura semper in meliorem tendit: Nature ever aims at better; nor would she wish a change, if she did not think it a benefit. Now, what do these two tell us? but that there is both a misery, and a joy attending Man, when he is vanish thence. The like is shewed by the good man, and the bad: one avoiding what the other would wish; at least not refuse, upon offer. For the good man I must reckon with the wife; as one that equally can dye, or live. He knows, while he is here, God will protect him; and when he goes hence, God will receive him. I borrow it from the Father:

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Non ita vixi, ut me vixisse pudeat : nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum. I have not fo liv'd, as I should be afframed: nor fear I to dye, for God is merciful. Certainly, we are never at quiet, in any thing long, till we have conquered the fear of death. Every freetacle of Mortality terrifies, Every cafual danger affrights us. Into what dump, did the fight of Cyrus Tomb, ftrike the most noble Alexander? It comes, like an arrest of Treason in a Follity: blasts us, like a Lightning-flash, and like a Ring put into our Nofes, thecks us in the frisks and levaltoes of our dancing blood. Fear of death kills us often, when Death it felf, can do it but once. I love therefore, the faying of the dying Emperour Julian, He that would not dye when he must, and he that would dye when he must not, are both of them Cowards alike. That which we know we must do, once; why should we be afraid to do it at any time? What we cannot do till our time comes, why should we feek to do it before? I like the man that can dye willingly, whenfoever God would have him dye; and that can live as willingly, whensoever God would have him not to dye. To fear Death much, argues an evil man; at best a man that is meak. How brave did Socrates appear, when he told the Athenians they could do nothing; but what Nature had ordain'd, before them, condemn him to dye? How unmovedly did he take his poylon? as if he had been drinking of a Glory to the Deity. Into what a trepidation of the foul, does fear decline the Coward? how it drowns the head in the intrembled bosom? But the Spanish Tragick tells us.

Qui vultus Acherontis atri,
Qui Styga tristem, non tristis videt,
Audet que vita ponere sinem,
Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.
He that smiling can gaze on
Styx, and black-wav'd Acheron;
That dares brave his ruine; he
To Kings, to Gods, shall equal bc.

'Tis a Fathers sentence, Nihil est in morte quod metaamus, si nihil timendum, vita commist: Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. He that hath liv'd well, will be seldom unwilling to dye. Death is much facilitated, by the vertues, of a well-led life. To say the good man sears not God, I think may be good Divinity. Faith approaches Heaven with considence. Arisippus told the Saylers, that wondered why he was not, as well as they, afraid in the storm; that the odds was much: for, they seared the torments due to a wicked life; and he expected the rewards of a good one. Vice draws Death with a horrid look, with a whip, and slames, and terrours. It was cold comfort Diogenes gave a level liver; that banish, complain dhe should dye in a forreign soil; Be of good cheer, man, wheresever thou art, the way to Hell is the same. I consess, take a man, as Nature hath made him, and there is some reason why he should sear Death; be-

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cause he knows not what it will do with him. What he findes here, he sees, and knows; what he shall finde after death, he knoweth not. And no man, but would rather continue in a moderate delight, which he knows; than indure pain, to be delivered to incertainties. I would live, till God would have me dye: and then, I would do it without either fear or grudging. It were a shame for me, being a Christian, and believing Heaven, to be afraid of removing from Earth. In resolving thus, I shall triumph over other casualties. All things that we fear here, we fear as steps, that descend us towards our Graves, towards Insamy, and Deprivation. When we get the victory over this great terrour; all the small ones are conquered in it. Great Cities once expugned, the Dorpes, and Villages will soon come in of themselves.

# XIV. Of the Worship of Admiration.

7 Hatsoever is rare, and passionate, carries the soul to the thought of Eternity. And, by contemplation, gives it some glymples of more absolute perfection, than here 'tis capable of. When I fee the Royalty of a State-show, at some unwonted solemnity, my thoughts prefent me something, more royal than this. When I see the most inchanting beauties, that Earth can show me; I yet think, there is something far more glorious: methinks I see a kinde of higher perfection, peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing-strains of a sweet-tuned voyce, married to the marbles of the artful Instrument; I apprehend by this a higher Diapason: and do almost believe, I hear a little Deity whispering, through the pory substance of the tongue. But, this I can but grope after. I can neither finde, nor say, what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him, to my own impatiency. I cannot read some parts of Se. neca, above two leaves together. He raises my soul to a contemplation, which fets me a thinking, on more, than I can imagine. So I am forced to cast him by, and subfide to an admiration. Such effects works Poetry, when it looks to towring Vertues. It gives up a man to raptures; and inradiates the foul, with such high apprehensions: that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appear, contemptible. Of which the fost-soul'd Ovidgives a touch, when he complains the want.

> Impetus ille Sacer, qui vatum Pettora nutrit, Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest. That Sacred vigor, which had wont, alone, To flame the Poets noble brest, is gone.

But this is, when these excellencies incline to gravity, and ferioufness. For otherwise, light airs turn us into sprightful actions; which breathe away in a loose laughter, not leaving half that impression behinde them, which serious considerations do. As if Mirth were the excel-

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excellency for the body, and meditation for the foul. As if one were, for the contentment of his life; and the other, eying to that of the life to come. All endeavours aspire to Eminency; all Eminencies do beget an Admiration: And, this makes me believe, that contemplative Admiration, is a large part of the worship of the Deity. 'Tis an adoration, purely, of the Spirit: a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this is it, which that Homer of Philosophers avowed, could bring a man to perfect happiness, if to his Contemplation he joyned a constant Imitation of God, in Justice, Wisdom, Holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to God, and Heaven, as this. The minde can walk, beyond the fight of the eye; and (though in a cloud) can lift us into Heaven, while we live. Meditation is the fouls Perspective Glass: whereby, in her long remove, the differenth God, as if he were nearer hand. I perswade no man to make it his whole lifes business. We have bodies, as well as fouls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those States are likely to flourish, where execution follows found advisements: So is Man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; Action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair: but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither alwayes be busie, and doing: nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet, that which some would call Idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life: and, that is, my Thinking. Surely, God made so many varieties in his creatures, as well for the inward soul, as the outward senses; though he made them primarily, for his own free-will, and Glory. He was a Monk of an honester age, that being asked how he could indure that life, without the pleasure of books, answered: The Nature of the Creatures was his Library: wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon Gods deep Oracles.

### XV. Of Fame.

IT may seem strange, that the whole world of men, should be carried on with an earnest desire of a noble Fame, and Memory after their deaths: when yet we know it is not material, to our well, or ill being, what censures, pass upon us. The tongues of the living, avail nothing, to the good, or hurt, of those that lie in their Graves. They can neither adde to their pleasure, nor yet diminish their torment, if they finde any. My account must pass upon my own actions, not upon the reports of others. In vain men labour'd, to approve themselves to goodness, if the Palaces which Vertue rears, could be unbuilt by the taxes of a mounding tongue. False witnesses can never finde admission, where the God of Heaven sits judging. There is no Common Law in

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the New Jerusalem. There Truth will be received, though either Plantiffe or Defendant, speaks it. Here we may article against a man, by a cummon fame: and by the frothy buzze of the world, cast away the blood of Innocents. But Heaven proceeds not after such incertainties. The fingle man shall be believed in truth, before all the humming of successive Ages. What will become of many of our Lawyers, when not an Advocate, but Truth, shall be admitted? Fame, shall there be excluded, as a lying witness: though here, there is nothing which we do possess, which we reckon of an equal value. Our wealth, our pleasure, our lives, will not all hold weight against it, when this comes in competition. Nay, when we are circled round with calamities, our confidence in this, like a constant friend, takes us by the hand, and cheers us, against all our miseries. When Philip ask't Democritus, if he did not fear to lose his head, he answer'd no; for if he did, the Athenians would give him one immortal. He should be Statued, in the treasury of eternal fame. See if it were not Ovids comforter, in his Banishment.

Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis, ingeniique bonis.
En ego, cum patria, caream, vobisque, domoque:
Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuere mihi;
Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorque fruorque:
Cæsar, in hoc potuit juris habere nihil,
Quilibet hanc sævo vitam mihi siniat ense;
Me tamen extincto, sama perennis erit.

All that we hold will dye,
But our brave thoughts, and Ingenuity.
Even I that want my Countrey, House, and Friend:
From whom is ravitht, all that Fate can rend;
Posless yet my own Genius, and enjoy
That which is more, than Casar can destroy.
Each Groom may kill me: but whens'ere I dye,
My Fame shall live to mate Eternity.

Plutarch tells us of a poor Indian, that would rather endure a dooming to death, than shoot before Alexander, when he had discontinued; lest by shooting ill, he should marr the Fame he had gotten. Doubtles, even in this, Man is ordered by a power above him; which hath instincted in the mindes of all men, an ardent appetition of a lasting Fame. Desire of Glory, is the last garment, that, even wise men, lay aside. For this, you may trust Tacitus, Etiam sapientibus, Cupido gloria, novissima exuitur, Not, that it betters himself, being gone; but that it stirs up, those that follow him, to an earnest Endeavour of Noble Actions; which is the only means, to win the same we wish for. Themistocles that streamed out his youth, in wine, and venery; and was sodainly changed, to a vertuous, and valiant man, told one, that ask't what did so strangely change him: that, the Trophy of Militades

would not let him fleep. Tamberlain made it his practice, to read often the Heroick deeds of his own Progenitors; not as boasting in them: but as glorious examples propounded, to infire his Vertues. Surely, nothing awakes our fleeping vertues, like the Noble Acts of our Predecessors. They are flaming Beacons, that Fame, and Time, have set on Hills, to call us to a defence of Vertue; when soever Vice invades the Commonwealth of Man. Who can indure to skulk away his life in an idle corner, when he has means, and finds how Fame has blown about deferving names? Worth begets in weak and base minds, Envy: but in those that are Magnanimous, Emulation. Roman vertue, made Roman vertues, lasting. Brave men never dye; but like the Phanix: From whose preserved ashes, one, or other, still doth spring up, like them. How many valiant Souldiers, does a generous Leader make? Brutus, and Brutus, bred many constant Patriots. Fame, I confess, I finde more eagerly pursued by the Heathen, than by the Christians of these times. The Immortality (as they thought) of their name, was to them, as the Immortality of the foul to us: A strong Reason, to perswade to worthiness. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them facrifice their lives to that, which they esteem'd above their lives, their Fame. Christians know a thing beyond it: And, that knowledge, causes them to give but a secondary respect to Fame; there being no reason, why we should neglect that, whereon all our future happiness depends, for that, which is nothing but a name, and empty air. Vertue were a kind of misery, if Fame only were all the Garland, that did crown her. Glory alone were a reward incompetent, for the toils of industrious Man. This follows him but on Earth, in Heaven is laid up a more Noble, more Essential recompense. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that springs from good actions, I must think, he that loves that, loveth also that which causeth it, worthiness. In others; I will honour the Fame, for the deferving deeds which caused it. In my felf, I will respect the actions, that may merit it. And, though for my own benefit, I will not much feek it : yet, I shall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others; that they may go beyond me, I will; if I can, tread the path which leads to't. If I find it, I shall think it a bleffing: if not, my endevour will be enough for discharging my self within, though I miss it. God is not bound to reward me any way; if he accepts me, I may count it a mercy. The other I will not look for. I like him, that does things that deferve a Fame, without either fearth or caring for it. Christ, after many miraculous cures, injoyned his patients filence; perhaps to check the world, for the too too violent quest, of this vacuum. For a mean man to thirft for a mighty fame, is a kind of fond ambition. Can we think a Moufe can call a Badow like an Elephant? Can the Sparrow look for a train like the Eagle? Great Fames are for Primes; and fuch as for their parts, are the Glories of Himanity: Good ones may crown the provate. The fame fire may be in the waxen Taper, which is in the flaved Torch; but 'tis not equal either in quantity, or advancement. Let the world speak well of me, and I will

never care, though it does not speak much. Check thy self, thou Airmonger; that with a madding thought, thus chasest fleeting shaddows. Love substances, and rest thy self content with what Boetius tels thee:

Quicunque solam, mente pracipiti, petit Summumque credit, Gloriam: Latè patentes, atheris cernat plagas, Arctumque terrarum situm. Brevem replere non valentis ambitum, Pudebit autti nominis.

He that thirsts for Glorious prize,
Thinking that, the top of all:
Let him view th' expansed skies,
And the Earth's contracted Ball.
He'l be ashamed then, that the name he wan,
Fils not the short walk, of one healthful man.

# XVI. Of the choice of Religion.

Ariety, in any thing, distracteth the mind, and leaves it waving in a dubious trouble; and then, how easie is it to sway the mind to either fide? But, among all the diversities that we meet with, none trouble us more, than those that are of Religion. 'Tis rare to find two Kingdoms one; as if every Nation had (if not a God, yet at least) a way to God by it self. This stumbles the unsettled foul; that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of erring, sticks to none; so dies, ere he does that, for which he was made to live, the fervice of the true Almighty. We are born as men set down in the midst of a wood; circled round with feveral voyces calling us. At first, we fee not, which will lead us the right may out; so divided in our selves, we sit still, and follow none: remaining blind in a flat Atheism, which strikes deep at the foundation, both of our own, and the whole worlds happiness. 'Tis true, if we let our dimmed understanding search in these varieties (which yet is the only means, that we have in our selves, to do it with) we shall certainly lose our selves in their windings; there being in every of them something to believe, above that reason which leads us to the fearch. Reason gives us the Anatomy of things, and illustrates with a great deal of plainness, all the mayes that she goes: but her line is too short, to reach the depths of Religion. Religion carries a confutation along with it: and with a high hand of Soveraignty, awes the inquisitive tongue of Nature; and when she would murmur privately, The will not let her fpeak. Reason, like a mild Prince, is content to shew his Subjects the causes of his commands, and rule. Religion, with a higher frain of Majesty, bids do it, without inquiring further then the bare command: which, without doubt, is a means of procuring mighty reverence.

reverence. What we know not, we reverently admire; what we do know, is in a fort subject to the triumphs of the foul, that hath discovered it. And, this not knowing, makes us not able to judge. Every one tells us, his own is the truelt: and there is none, I think, but hath been seal'd with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how we may more than probably, prove any: they being all fet in fuch heights, as they are not subject to the demonstrations of Reason. And as we may casier say what a foul is not, than what it is: so we may more easily disprove a Religion for false, than prove it for one that is true: There being in the world, far more Error, than Truth. Yet is there besides, another misery, near as great as this; and that is, that we cannot be our own chufers: but must take it upon trust, from others. Are we not oft, before we can discern the true, brought up and grounded in the false, sucking in Herefie, with our milk in childhood? Nay, when we come to years of abler judgment, wherein the mind is grown up compleat Man: we examine not the foundness; but retain it meerly, because our Fathers taught it us. What a lamentable weakness is this in Man, that he should build his Eternal welfare, on the approbation of perhaps a weak and ignorant Parent? Oh! why is our neglect the most, in that, wherein our care should be greatest? How few are there which fulfil that Precept of trying all things, and taking the best? Assuredly though Faith be above Reason, yet is there a Reason to be given of our Faith. He is a Fool that believes he knows neither what, nor why. Among all the Diversities of Religion, that the world holds, I think it may stand with most safety, to take that, which makes most for Gods glory, and Mans quiet. I confess, in all the Treatises of Religion that I ever saw, I find none that I should so soon follow, as that of the Church of England. I never found so sound a Foundation, so sure a direction for Religion, as the Song of the Angels at the Birth of Christ; Glory be to God on high. There is the Honour, the reverend Obedience, and the Admiration, and the Adoration, which we ought to give him. On earth peace: This is the effect of the former; working in the hearts of men, whereby the world appears in his noblest beauty, being an entire chain of intermutual amity. And good will toward men: This is Gods mercy, to reconcile Man to himself, after his fearful desertion of his Maker. Search all Religions the world through, and you will finde none that ascribes so much to God, nor that constitutes so firm a love among Men, as does the establisht Doctrine of the Protestant Church among us. All other either detract from God : Or infringe the Peace of Men. The Jews in their Talmud say, Before God made this, he made many other Worlds, and marr'd them again; to keep himself from Idleness. The Turks in their Alchoran bring him in, discoursing with the Angels, and they telling him, of things which before he knew not: and after, they make him swear by Mahomets Pen, and Lines; and by Figgs, and Olives. The Papists pourtray him as an old Man; and by this means, dif-deisie him, derogating also from his Royalty, by their odious interpoling of merit. And for the Society of men; what bloody Tenents do they all hold?

as, That he deserves not the name of Rabbi, that hates not his Enemy to the death. That 'tis no sin to revenge injuries: That 'tis meritorious to kill a Heretick, with whom no faith is to be kept: Even to the ungluing of the whole worlds frame; Contexted only, by Commerce, and Contracts. What abhorred barbarisms did Selymus leave in Precept, to his Successor Solyman? which, though I am not certain they were ratified, by their Musties; I am sure, are practiced by the Inheritors of his Empire. By this taste, learn to detect them all.

Ne putet esse nesas, cognatum haurire cruorem:
Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.
Jura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo supersit
Æmulus, haud turbent relligione animum.
Hac ratio est, qua sola queat regale tueri
Nomen, & expertem te sinit esse metus.

Think not thy kindreds murther ill, 'tis none:
By thy flain brothers, to fecure thy Throne.
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Rivals aim
Thy ruine, may be practic'd, else they maim.
This is the way, how kingly names may be
Insaft, and from distractive terrors free.

In other Religions, of the Heathen, what fond opinions have they held of their Gods? reviling with unfeemly threats, when their affairs have thwarted them. As if allowing them the name, they would conferve the Numen to themselves. In their sacrifices, how Butcherly cruel? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by inhumanity, to appeale the wrath of an offended Deity. The Religion which we now profess, establitheth all in another frain. What makes more for Gods glory? what makes more for the mutual love of Man, then the Goffel? All our abilivies of good, we offer to God, as the Fountain from whence they ftream. Can the day be light, and that light not come from the Sun? Can a Clock go, without a weight to move it, or a Keeper to fet it? As for Man: it teaches him to tread on Cottons, mild's his wilder temper: and learns him in his patience, to affect his Enemies. And for that which doth partake on both : it makes Just God, a friend to unjust man, without being unjust, either to himself, or Man. Sure, it could be no other, then the Invention of a Deity, to find out a way, how Man, that had justly made himself unbappy, should, with a full satisfaction to exactest Fustice, be made again most happy. I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his Religion upon others words : but once resolved in it, 'tis dangerous to neglect, where we know we do owe a fervice,

> Dii multa negletti dederunt, Hesperia mala luttuofa. God neglected, plenteously Plagued mournful Italy.

And this, before Horace his time; when God is negletted of Man; Man (hall

shall be contemned of God. When Man abridgeth God of his honour: God will shorten Man of his happiness. It cannot but be best, to give all to him, of whom whatsoever we have, we hold. I believe it safest to take that Religion, which most magnifies God, and makes most, for the peaceable conversation of men. For, as we cannot ascribe too much to him, to whom we owe more then we can ascribe: so I think the most splendid estate of Man, is that, which comes nearest to his first Creation: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleasant embracements of mutual love, and concord.

Of Petitions and Denials.

Enials in suits, are Reprehensions, to him that asketh. We seem thereby to tell him, that he craves that, which is not convenient; fo errs from that station, he should rest in. In our demands, we uncover our own defires; in the answers we receive, we gather how we are affected. Beware what thou askest; and beware what thou deniest. For if discretion guide thee not, there is a great deal of danger in both. We often, by one request, open the windows of our heart wider, then all the indeavours of our observers can. Tis like giving of a man our hand in the dark; which directs him better where we are, then either our voyce, or his own fearch may. If we give repulses, we are prefently held in suspicion; and inscarched for the cause: which if it be found trenching on discourteste; Love dyes and Revenge springs from the albes. To a friend therefore, a man never ought to give a rough denial: but alwayes, either to grant him his request, or an able reason why we condescend not; by no means suffering him to go away unsatisfied: For that, ever leaves fire, to kindle a succeeding jarr. Deny not a just suit; nor prefer thou one, that is unjust: Either, to a wise man, stamps unkindness in the Memory. I confess, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to beg; so'tis harsh to be denyed. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg injurious favours, not be importunate; and when thou beeft to teceive of fuch, grate not too much on a yielding friend; though thou maift have thy wiff for the present, thou shall perhaps be a lofer in the fequel. Those that are readily daunted upon a repulse, I would wish first to try by eireumstances, what may be the speed of their fuit. 'Tis easier to bear collected unkindness, than that which we meet in affronts: the one we may wrap to death in a still filence; the other we must, for honours sake, take notice on. For this cause, 'twill be belt; never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a probability of obtaining. Negat fibi ipfi, qui quod fieri non potest petit : When we ask what is not likely to be had, before we ask, we give our felves the denial. Il Questions are the mints for worser Answers. Our refusal is deservedly, while our demands are either unfitting, or beyond the expedience of him that frould grant. Nor ought we to be oftended with any but our felves, when we have in such requests, transgrested the bounds

bounds of modesty: though in some I have known the denyal of one favour, drowning the memory of many fore-performed ones. To think ill of any man, for not giving me that, which he needs not, is injustice: but for that, to blot out former benefits, is extreme ingratitude. The good mans thanks for old favours, live, even in the blows of injury. Why should a dismounted unkindness make me ingrate for wonted benefits? I like not those dispositions, that can either make unkindnesses, and remember them: or unmake favours, and forget them. For all the favours I receive, I will be thankful, though I meet with a stop. The failing of one, shall not make me neglectful of many : no, not though I find upbraiding; which yet hath this effect, that it makes that an injury, which was before a benefit. Why should I, for the abortion of one child, kill all the elder iffue? Those favours that I can do, I will not do for thanks, but for Nobleness, for Love; and that with a free expression. Grumbling with a benefit, like a hearfe voyce, mars the mufick of the fong: Yet, as I will do none for thanks; so I will receive none without paying them. For Petitions to others, I will never put up undecent ones; nor will I, if I fail in those, either vex my felf, or distaste too much the denyer. Why should I think he does me an injury, when he only but keeps his own? I like Padaretus his mirth well, who when he could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the Spartans, went away laughing, and said, He was heartily glad, that the Republique had three hundred better men than himself. I will neither importune too much upon unwilling minds; nor will I be flow in yielding what I mean to give. For the first, with Ovid,

> Et pudet, & metuo, semperque eademque precari, Ne subeant animo tadia justa tuo.

I shall both fear and shame, too oft to pray, Lest urged minds to just disdain give way.

For the other; I am confident, Ausonius gives good counsel, with perswading reasons:

Si bene quid facias, facias citò: nam citò factum, Gratum erit; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.

Dispatch thy purpos'd good: quick courteons deeds, Cause thanks: slow favour, men unthankful breeds.

## XVIII. Of Poverty.

The poverty of the poor man, is the least part of his misery. In all the storms of Fortune, he is the first that must stand the shock of extremity. Poor men are perpetual Sentinels, watching in the depth of night, against the incessant assaults of mant; while the rich lye stoved in secure reposes: and compass'd with a large abundance. If the Land be russeted with a bloudless Famine; are not the poor the first that sacrifice their lives to Hunger? If War thunders in the trembling Countries

lap, are not the poor those that are exposed to the Enemies Sword and outrage? If the Plague, like a loaded spunge, slies, sprinkling porson through a populous Kingdom; the poor are the fruit that are shaken from the burthen'd Tree: while the rich, furnisht with the helps of Fortune, have means to wind out themselves, and turn these sad indurances on the poor, that cannot avoid them. Like salt marshes, that lye low; they are sure, whensoever the Sea of this World rages, to be first under, and imbarren'd with a fretting care. Who like the poor are harrowed with oppression, ever subject to the imperious taxes, and the gripes of mightiness? Continuall care checks the spirit; continuall labour checks the body; and continuall insultation both. He is like one rowled in a Vessell full of Pikes; which way soever he turns, he something finds that pricks him. Yet besides all these, there is another transcendent misery: and this is, that maketh men contemptible.

Nil habet infalix, &c.

Unhappy want hath nothing harder in it, Then that it makes men forn'd.

As if the poor man were but Fortunes Dwarf; made lower then the rest of men, to be laughed at. The Philosopher (though he were the same mind, and the same man) in his squallid rags, could not find admission, when better robes procured both an open door and reverence. Though outward things can add nothing to our effential worth: yet, when we are judged on, by the help of others outward fenses, they much conduce to our value or dis-esteem. A Diamond set in brass, would be taken for a Crystal, though it be not so, whereas' a Crystal set in Gold, will by many be thought a Diamond. A poor man mife, shall be thought a fool; though he have nothing to condemn him, but his being poor: The complaint is as old as Solomon: the wisdom of the poor is despised; and his words not heard. Poverty is a gulf, wherein all good parts are swallowed. Poor men, though wife, are but like Sattens without a gloß; which every man will refuse to look upon. Poverty is a reproach, which clouds the lustre of the purest vertue. It turns the wife man fool to humour him that is a fool. Good parts in Poverty, thew like beauty after fick-ness; pallid and pulingly deadish. And if all these calamities be but attendants, what may we judge that the is in herself? Undoubtedly, whatsoever we preach of contentedness in want; no precepts can so gain upon Nature, as to make her a Non-sensitive. 'Tis impossible to find content in gnawing penury. Lack of things necessary, like a heavy load, and an ill saddle, is perpetually wringing of the back that bears it. Extream poverty one calls a Lanthorn, that lights us to all miseries. And without doubt, when'tis urgent and importunate, it is ever chaning upon the very heart of nature. What pleasure can he have in life, whose whole life is griped by some or other minfortune? Living no time free, but that, wherein he does not live, his fleep. His mind is ever at jarre, either with defire, fear, care, or forrow: his appetite unappealedly craving supply of food, for his body; which is either nummed with cold, in idleness;

idleneß; or stew'd in sweat, with labour: nor can it be, but it will imbase even the purest metal in man: it will Alchimy the gold of vertue, and mix it with more dull Allay. It will make a man submit to those course wayes, which another estate would scorn: nay, it will not suffer the soul to exercise that generous freedom, which equal Nature has given it; but hales it to such low undecencies, as pull distain upon it. Counsell and discretion, either quite leave a man; or esse are so limited, by unresistable necessity, as they lose the brightness they use to shine withall,

Crede mihi miseros, prudentia prima reliquit, Et sensus cum re, consiliumque sugit.

Believe it, Wisdom leaves the man distrest:
With wealth, both wit and counsell quits the brest.

Certainly, extreme poverty, is worse then abundance. We may be good in plenty, if we will; in biting penury we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is casual: in the other, 'tis necessitating. The best is that which partakes of both, and consists of neither. He that hath too little, wants feathers to slie withall: He that hath too much, is but cumbred with too large a taile. If a flood of mealth could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a Sea: but it can neither lengthen our lives, nor inrich us after the end. I am pleased with that Epigram, which is so like Diogenes, that it makes him bite in his grave.

Efficiem, Rex Cræse, tuam, ditissime regum,
Vidit apud Manes Diogenes Cynicus:
Constitut ut que procul, solito majore cachinno
Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi divitiæ
Nunc prosunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cum sis
Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior?
Nam quecunque habui, mecum sero, cum nihil ipse
Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, seras opibus.

When the Tubb'd Cynick went to Hell, and there, Found the pale Ghost of golden Crassus bare, He stops, and jeering till he shruggs again, Sayes; O thou richest King of Kings, what gain Have all thy large heaps brought thee, since I spy Thee here alone, and poorer now then I? For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou, Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little use does he make the mines of this same opulent man? Surely, Estates be then best, when they are likest mindes that be worst: I mean, neither hot, nor cold: neither distended with too much, nor narrowly pent with too little: yet nearer to a plenty then mant. We may be at ease in a room larger then our selves: in a room that is less, we cannot. We need not use more then will serve: but we cannot use less. We see all things grow violent, and struggle, when we would im-

prison them in any thing less then themselves. Fire, shut up, is surious. Exhalations inclouded, break out with Thunder. Water compressed, spurreth through the stretched strainer. 'Tis harder to contract many grains into one, then to cause many spring out of one. Where the channel is too little for the floud, who can wonder at the over-flowing?

Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus,

He is less guilty, that offends for want,

was the charity of Petronius Arbiter. There is not in the world, such another object of pity, as the pinched state; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the Tyrants braves, and contempt. Questionles, I will rather with charity help him that is miserable, as I may be; then despise him that is poor, as I would not be. They have flinty and steeled hearts, that can add calamities to him, that is already but one intire mass.

#### XIX.

## Of the Evil in Man from himself, and occasions.

Is not so much want of good, as excess of ill, that makes man post to lewdness. I believe there are sparks enow in the foul, to flame a man, to the moral life of vertue: but that they are quenched by the putrid fogs of corruption. As fruits of hotter Countries, trans-earth'd in colder Climates, have vigour enough in themselves to be fructuous according to their nature: but that they are hindred by the chilling nips of the air, and the foil, wherein they are planted. Surely, the foul hath the reliqu'd Impressa's of Divine Vertue still so left within her, as she would mount her felf to the Towre of Nobleness, but that the is depressed, by an unpassable Thicket of hindrances; the frailties of the Body; the current of the world; and the Armies of Enemies that continually war against goodness, are ever checking the production of those motions, the is pregnant with. When we run into new crimes, how we school our selves when the act is over? as if Conscience had still so much juflice left; as it would be upright in sentencing even against it self. Nay many times to gratulate the company, we are fain to force our felves to unworthine f. Il actions run against the grain of the undefiled foul : and, even while we are a doing them, our hearts chide our hands and tongues for transgressing. There are few, that are bad at the first, meerly, out of their love to vice. There is a nobleness in the mind of man, which of it felf, intitles it to the hatred of what is ill. Who is it, that is so bottomlefly ill, as to love vice, because it is vice? Yet we find, there are some so good, as to love goodness purely for goodness sake. Nay, vice it self is loved, but for the feeming good that it carries with it. Even the first fin, though it were (as Saint Augustine sayes) originally from the soul : yet it was by a wilful blindness, committed, out of a respect to a good, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the bodies contagion, which makes the foul leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing, 'tis sotless and immaculate: and where we see, there be means to second the progressions

gressions of it, it slies to a glorious height; scorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the body. And when we have performed any honourable action, how it cheers and lightens it self, and man? As if it had no true joy, but in such things, as transcending the sense of the druggy sless, tended to the blaze, and aspiring slame of vertue: Nay, then, as if she had dispatched the intent of her creation, the rests sull, in her own approvement, without the meak worlds reedy under-propping. Man has no such comfort, as to be conscious to himself, of the noble deeds of Vertue. They set him almost in the Throne of a Deity; ascend him to an unmovedness; and take away from him those black fears, that would speak him still to be but fragile man. Tis the sick and diseased soult that drives us unto unlimited passions. Take her as she is in her self, not dimm'd and thickned with the mists of corporality; then is she a beauty, displayed in a full and divine smeatness.

Amat, sapit, recte facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.

When man obeys his mind, he's wife, loves, and does right.

But this is not to be understood at large. For, says the same Comedian, Dum id mode fiat bone, Nor does it only manifest it self in it self; but even over the body too; and that so far, that it even converts it to a spirituality: making it indefatigable in travails, in toils, in vigilancies; insensible in mounds, in death, in tortures.

Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit; Ille etiam vires corpus babere facit:

Sayes the grand Love-Master.

Though all things want; all things the mind subdues, And can new strength in fainting flesh insuse.

When we find it seconded with the prevalent incitations of Literature and sweet Morality: how couragious, how comfortable, how towring is she? Socrates calls Nature, the reason of an bonest man: as if man, following her, had found a Square, whereby to direct his life. The foul that takes a delight in lewdness, is gain'd upon by custom: and after an undoing, dulling practice takes a joy in that, which at first did daunt with terrour. The first acts of sin, are for the most part trembling, fearful, and full of the blufb. 'Tis the iteration of evil that gives forehead to the foul offender. 'Tis casie to know a beginning swearer; he cannot mouth it like the practiced man. He oaths it, as a cowardly Fencer playes; who as foon as he hath offered a blow, shrinks back: as if his heart suffered a kind of violence by his tongue: yet had rather take a step in Vice, then be left behind for not being in falbion. And, though a man be plunged in wickedness, yet would he be glad to be thought good. Which may strongly argue the Intentions of the Soul to be good; though unable to maturate that feed that is in it. Nay, and that like a kind of Captive, the is carryed by corruption, through beggs, and Deferts, that at first the fears to tread upon. Sin at first does a little startle the blood. Vice carries horrour in her confidered look, though we find a

(bort plausibility, in the present imbraces. There is no man, but in his foul diflikes a new vice, before he acts it. And this diftafte is fo general, that when custom has dull'd the sense; yet the mind shames to transmit it self to the tongue; as knowing, he which holds Tenents against Natures Principles, shall, by shewing a quick wit, lose his honest name. Goodness is not so quite extinct in man, but that he still flashes out a glimmering light, in morality. Though vice in some souls, have got the start on her; yet she makes every mans tongue fight for Vices extirpation. He that maintains Vice lawfull, shall have mankind his Enemy, Tis gain, not love to Treason, that makes man fall a Traitor. A noble deed does bear a sour in it self. They are bad works, that need rewards to crane them up withall. I believe, if we examine Nature, those things that have a pleasure in their performance, are bad but by mis-use; not simply so in themselves. Eating, drinking, mirth, are ill, but in the manner, or the measure; not at all in the matter. Mans wisdom consists not in the not using, but in the well using of what the world affords him. How to use, is the most weighty lesson of man. And of this we fail, for want of seconding the seeds that be in the foul: The thorns do first choke them; and then, they dwindle, for lack of watering. Two things I will strongly labour for: To remove annoyance; and to cherish the growth of budding Vertue. He spends his time well, that strives to reduce Nature to her first perfection. Like a true friend, she wishes well to man, but is grown to poor, and fall into fuch decay, as indeed the is not able. I will help her what I can in the way; though of my felf, I be not able to fet her fafe in the end : and if it be in spiritual things, not able to begin. As man has not that free power in himself, which first he had : fo I am far from thinking him fo dull, to be a patient meerly : it was not in the first fall slain, but irrecoverably lamed: debilitated, not annihilated. But whether this be true or no, I think it cannot be ill, of whatfoever good we do, to give our God the glory on't.

## Of Preaching.

The excess which is in the defect of preaching, has made the Pulpis slighted, I mean, the much bad Oratory we find it guilty of. Tis a wonder to me, how men can preach so little, and so long: so long a time, and so little matter: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vain Tantologies. I see no reason, that so high a Princess as Divinity is, should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue: nor that he which speaks from the Father of languages, should deliver his Embassage in an ill one. A man can never speak too well, where he speaks not too obscure. Long and distended clauses, are both tedious to the ear, and difficult for their retaining. A Sentence well couch'd, takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those Cart-rope speeches, that are longer then the memory of man can fathom. He not, but that Divinity, put into apt

fignificants, might ravish as well as Poetry. The weighty lines men find upon the Stage, I am perswaded, have been the lures to draw away the Pulpits followers. We complain of drowzinels at a Sermon; when a Play of a doubled length, leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selves. If we saw Divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by Humanity. The Stage feeds both the ear and the eye: and through this latter sense, the Soul drinks deeper draughts. Things acted, possels us more, and are too more retainable, then the passable tones of the tongue. Besides, here we meet with more composed language: The Dulcia sermonis, moulded into curious phrase; though 'tis to be lamented, such wits are not fet to the right tune, and conforted to Divinity; who without doubt, well deckt, will cast a far more radiant lustre, then those obscene scurrilities, that the Stage presents us with, though oe'd and spangled in their gamdiest tyre. At a Sermon well dress'd, what understander can have a motion to sleep? Divinity well ordered, casts forth a bait, which angles the foul into the ear: and how can that close, when fuch a guest sits in it? They are Sermons but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to flumber. And should we hear a continued Oration, upon fuch a Subject as the Stage treats on, in fuch words as we hear some Sermons, I am confident, it would not only be far more tedious but nauseous and contemptfull. The most advantage they have of other places, is, in their good Lives and Actions; For 'tis certain, Cicero and Roscius are most compleat, when they both make but one Man. He anfwered well, that after often asking, faid still, that Action was the chiefest part of an Orator. Surely, the Oration is most powerful, where the Tongue is diffusive and speaks in a native decencie, even in every lim. A good Orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is Seneca's opinion: Fit words are better then fine ones: I like not those that are in-judiciously made; but such as be expressively significant: that lead the mind to something, beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus, must not look to speak thus every day. A kemb'd Oration will cost both sweat and the rubbing of the brain. And kemb'd I wish it, not frizzled, nor curl'd. Divinity should not lasciviate. Unwormwooded Jests I like well; but they are fitter for the Tavern, then the Majesty of a Temple, Christ taught the People with Authority. Gravity becomes the Pulpit. Demosthenes confest he became an Orator, by spending more Oyl then Wine. This is too fluid an Element to beget substantials. Wit, procur'd by wine, is, for the most part, like the sparklings in the cup, when 'tis filling: they brisk it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the valour of some men, that before their Studies, dare ascend the Pulpit; and do there take more pains, then they have done in their Library. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes three hours, but to weary the People into fleep. And this makes some such fugitive Divines, that like cowards, they run away from their Text. Words are not all, nor matter is not all; nor gesture: yet together, they are. 'Tis much moving

moving in an Orator, when the Soul seems to speak, as well as the tongue. Saint Augustine, sayes Tully, was admired more for his tongue, then his mind; Aristotle more for his minde; then his tongue: but Plato for both. And furely, nothing decks an Oration more, then a Judgement able well to conceive and utter: I know, God hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wife: yet I fee not but in all times, a washed Language hath much prevailed. And even the Scriptures, (though I know not the Hebrew) yet I believe they are penn'd in a tongue of deep expression: wherein, almost every word, hath a Metaphorical sense, which does illustrate by some allusion. How political is Moses in his Pentateuch? How Philosophical Job? How massie and sententious is Solomon in his Proverbs? how quaint and flamingly amorous in the Canticles? how grave and folemn in his Ecclefiastes? that in the world, there is not fuch another diffection of the world as it. How were the Jews aftonied at Christs Doctrine? How eloquent a pleader is Paul at the Bar? in disputation how subtle? And he that reads the Fathers, shall find them, as if written with a crisped pen. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a Philosopher or a Poet, come in and wait, and give a Trencher at this Banquet . Saint Taul is Precedent for it. I wish no man to be too dark, and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a total neglect of his hearers. Some Stomacks rise at sweet-meats. He prodigals a Mine of Excellency, that lavishes a terse Oration to an Apron'd Auditory. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him, but a Non-intelligent. They that speak to children, asfume a pretty listing. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own Sprill notes. There is a Magick in the Tongue, can charm the wilde mans motions. Eloquence is a Bridle, wherewith a wife man rides the Monster of the World, the People. He that hears, has only those affections that thy tongue will give him.

Thou maist give smiles or tears, which joyes do blot : Or wrath to Judges, which themselves have not.

You may see it in Lucans words:

Flet, si flere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus: Et te dante, capit Judex, quum non habet iram.

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as Divinity is, should fall into a fluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures do eclipse her; yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a good Tongue, that wanted ears to hear it. I will honour her, in her plain trim: but I will wish to meet her in her gracefull Jewels: not that they give addition to her goodness: but that she is more perswasive in working on the soul it meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that Art, which is a means to heighten liking. Confections that are cordial, are not the worse, but the better for being guilded.

Of

#### XXI.

### Of Reconciling Enemies.

Is much fafer to reconcile an Enemy, then to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power; but Reconciliation, of his will: and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, then in a power, which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the will is studious to find out means. Besides, an Enemy is a perpetual Spie, upon thy actions; a watch, to observe thy fails, and thy excursions, All which, in time of his Captivity, he treasures up, against the day of advantage, for the confounding of him that hath been his Detainer. When he is free from thy power, his malice makes him nimble-eyed: apt to note a fault, and publish it: and with a strained construction, to deprave those things, that thy intents have told thy foul are honest. Like the Crocodile, he flimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art down, he infidiates thy intrapped life; and with the warmest bloud of thy life, fattens his infulting envy. Thy mayes he strews with Serpents and invenomings. Thy vices he fets, like Pauls, on high: for the gaze of the world, and the scatter'd City: Thy vertues, like Saint Faiths, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainly, 'tis a misery to have any Enemie, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound upon proofs, they will do it yet upon likelihoods: and so by degrees and sly wayes corrupt the fair temper of our Reputations. In which, this disadvantage cannot be helped; that the Multitude will sooner believe them then our selves. For Affirmations are apter to win belief, then Negatives to uncredit them. It was a Spann of Machiavel, that a slander once raised, will scarce ever dye, or fail of finding some, that will allow it both a harbour, and trust. The baggageworld desireth of her self to scar the face, that is fairer then she: and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leaps, and flyes then to imbracement of the thing she wished for: where, with a sharp-set appetite, the quarries on the prey the meets withall. When Seneca asked the Question, Quid est homini inimicissimum? Seneca answers, Alter Homo. Our Enemies studies are the plots of our ruine: nor is any thing left unattempted, which may induce our damage. And many times the danger is the more, because we see it not. If our Enemy be Noble, he will bear himself valiantly, and scorn to give us an advantage against him: though his own judicious forwardness, may put us to the worse, let his worth perswade thee to an atonement. He that can be a worthy Enemy; will, reconcil'd, be a worthier Friend. He that in a just cause, can valiantly fight against thee; can in a like cause, fight as valiantly for thee. If he be unworthy, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but stilling of a scandalous tongue; even that will be worth tay labour. Use him as a Friend in outward fairness: but beware him, as an Enemy, apt to re-assume his Arms. He that is a base fee, will hardly be but false in friendship. Enemies, like Miners, are ever working, to blow up our untainted names. They spit a poylon, that will freckle

the beauty of a good report: and that fame which is white and pure, they spot with the puddled sprayes of the tongue: For, they cannot but sometime speak as they think: and this S. Gregory will perswade us to believe: That Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat : All men think their Enemies ill. If it may be done with honor, I shall think it a work of good discretion, to regain a violent Adversary. But to do it so, as it puls a poormess on a mans self; though it be fafe, is worse then to be conquer'd in a manful contestation. Friendship is not commendable, when it rifes from diffeonerable Treaties. But he that upon good terms, refuses a reconcilement, may be stubborn, but not valiant, nor wife. Whosoever thou art, that wilfully continuest an Enemy, thou teachest him to do thee a mithief if he can. I will think that endevour spent to purpose, that either makes a Friend, or unmakes an Enemy. In the one, a Treasure is won; in the other, a Siege is raised. When one said, he was a wife King, that was kind to his friends, and harp to his Enemies: Sayes another, He is wifer, that can retain his friends in their love; and make his Enemies like them.

# Of our sense of absent Good.

Surely, the Mad-worm hath wilded all Humanity; we sweat for what we lose, before we know we have it. We ever dote most on things when they are wanting; before we possess them, we chase them with an eager run: When we have them, we flight them: When they are gone, we fink under the wring of forrow, for their lof. Infatnated estate of Man! That the injoyment of a pleasure, must diminish it : That perpetual use must make it, like a Pyramide, lettening it self by degrees, till it grows at last to a punctum, to a nothing. With what undelayable heat, does the lime-twig'd Lover court a deferving Beanty? Which, when he obtains, is far short of that content it promised him: Yer he again no sooner loses it, but he over-esteems it, to an hyperbolical sum. Presence drowns, or mightily cools contentment: and absence leems to be a torture, that afflicts most, when most stretched. Want teacheth us the worth of things more truly. How sweet a thing feems liberty, to one immur'd in a case of walls; How dear a jewel is health to him that tumbles in distempered bloud? Is it so, that Pleasure, which is an airy conflictation, cannot be grasped by a real body? Or do we so empty our selves in the fruition, that we do in it, pour out our appetites also? Or is content such a slender title, that 'tis nothing but the prefent now; fled sooner then enjoy'd? Like the report of a loudtongu'd Gun, ceas'd affoon as heard, without any thing to shew it has been, fave remembrance only. We defire long, and please our selves with hope. We enjoy and lose together: and then we see what we have forgone and grieve. I have known many, that have lov'd their dead friends better, then ever they did in their life time. There

is (if I have given you the right sense) a like complaint in the sinewie Lyrick.

O quisquis velit impias
Cades, & rabiem tollere cynicam;
Si quarit, Pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refranare licentiam,
Clarus post genitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quarimus invidi.

They that strive to chase away
Slaughters and intestine Warre:
That would have dumb Statues say,
These their Cities Fathers are:
Let them their own wilde lusts tame,
They shall not live, till dead. (O Fate!)
We envious, hate safe Vertues name:
She dead, we sigh our widowed state.

We adore the blessings that we are deprived of. An estate squander'd in a wanton waste, shows better in the miss, then while we had the use on't, Possession blunts the thought and apprehension. Thinking is propered to that, which is absent. We enjoy the present: but we think on suture things, or passed. When benefits are lost, the mind has time to recount the several worths: Which, after a considerate search, she finds to be many more, then the unexamining possession told her of. We see more in the discomposure of a watch, then we can, when't is set together. 'Tis a true one; Blessings appear not, till they be vanish. The Comedian was then serious, when he writ,

Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona, Cum que in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.

Fond men, till we have lost the goods we had, We understand not what their values were.

'Tis folly to neglect the present; and then, to grieve that we have meglected. Surely, he does best, that is careful to preserve the blessings he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their leaves, to let them go without sorrowing, or over-summing them. Vain are those lamentations that have no better fruit, then the displeasanting of the soul, that owns them. I would add a thirteenth real labour, to the seigned twelve: or do any thing that lies in noble man, to pleasure or preserve the life of a friend. But dead once; all that tears can do, is only to shew the world our weakness. I speak but my self a fool, to do that which reason tells me is unreasonable. It was the Philosophers distate, That he which laments the death of a Man, laments that Man was a Man. I count it a deed-royal, in the Kingly David, who began to warm his joyes again, when the Insants bloud was cold: As if the

breath which the shild lost, had disclouded his indarkned heart. I will apply my solf to the present; to preserve it, to enjoy it. But, never be passionate for the loss of that, which I cannot keep; nor can regain. When I have a blessing, I will respect it, I will love it, as ardently as any man. And when 'tis gone, I consess, I would grieve as little. And this I think I may well do, yet owe a dear respect to the memory of that I lost.

#### XXIII.

### That no Man can be good to all.

Never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest; and afforded him love. Nor ever any fo good, but fome have thought him vile; and hated him. Few are fo flig matical, as that they are not honest to some. And sew again are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor, can a man in himfelt, alwayes appear alike to all. In some, Nature hath invested a disparity. In some, Report hath fore-blinded Judgement. And in some, aceident is the cause of disposing us to love, or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies humours. Or perhaps, not any of these. The foul is often led by fecret motions, and loves, the knows not why. There are impulsive privacies, which urge us to a liking, even against the Parliamental Acts of the two Houses, Reason, and the Common Sense. As if there were some hidden beauty, of a more Magnetique force, then all that the eye can fee. And this too, more powerful at one time, than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcomm'd me with a free expression of love, and courteses: and another time hath left me unfaluted at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his found affection: and have found this not an intended neglett; but an indisposedness, or, a mind, seriously busied within. Oceafion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their fleeps, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how. I know there is a generation, that do thus, out of pride; and in strangers, I confess, I know not how to distinguish. For there is no disposition, but hath a varnisht vizor, as well as an unpencill a face. Some people cozen the world: are bad, and are not thought fo. In some, the world is cozened: believing them ill, when they are not. Unless it hath been fonce few of a Family; I have known the whole Mole-hill of Pifmires (the World) in an error. For, though Report once vented, like a stone cast into a Pond, begets circle upon circle, till it meets with the bank, that bounds it : yet Fame often playes the Curre; and opens, when fre frings no game. Cenfares will not hold out weight, that have life only from the foungie cels of the common brain. Why should I definitively censure any man, whom I know but superficially? as if I were a God, to fee the inward foul. Nature, Art, Report, may all fail : Yea, oftentimes probabi-

probabilities. There is no certainty to discover Man by, but Time, and Conversation. Every man may be said in some fort, to have two souls; one, the internal mind; the other, even the outward air of the face, and bodies gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they differ ? I have known a wife look hide a fool within: and a merry face, inhold a discontented foul. Cleanthes might well have fail'd in his judgement, had not accident have helped him, to the obscured truth. He would undertake to read the mind in the body. Some to try his skill, brought him a luxurious fellow, that in his youth, had been expol'd to toyl: seeing his face rann'd, and his hands leather'd with a hardened skin, he was at a stand. Whereupon departing, the man sneezed, and Cleanthes says, Now I know the man, he is effeminate. For great labourers rarely sneeze. Judgement is apt to erre, when it passeth upon things we know not. Every man keeps his mind, if he lifts, in a Labyrinth. The heart of Man, to Man, is a room inscrutable. Into which, Nature has made no certain window, but as himself shall please to open. One man shews himself to me, to another, he is shut up. No man can either like all, or be liked of all. God doth not please all. Nay, I thinkit may stand with Divinity, as men are, to say, he cannot. Man is infinitely more impotent. I will speak of every man as I find. If I hear he hath been ill to others, I will beware him, but not condemn him, till I hear his own Apologie.

Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudità alterà, Aguum licet statuerit, haud aguus est. Who judgment gives, and will but one side h

Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,

Though he judge right, is no good Justicer.

The Nature of many men is abstrase: and not to be espi'd, at an instant. And without knowing this, I know nothing, that may warrant my Sentence. As I will not too far believe reports from others: So I will never censure any man, whom I know not internally; nor ever those, but sparing, and with modesty.

#### XXIV.

## That Man ought to be extensively good.

Find in the Creation, the first blessing God gave Man, was, Be fruitful and multiply. And this I find imposed by a precept, not a promise. It being a thing so necessary, as God would not leave it, but almost in an impulsive quality. And withall to shew us that (even from
the beginning) mans happiness should consist, in obeying Gods commands.
All men love to live in posterity. Barrenness is a curse; and makes men
unwilling to dye. Men, rather then they will want insuing memory,
will be spoken by the handed Statue: Or by the long-lasting of some
insensate Monument. When bragging Cambyses would compare himself with his Father Cyrus, and some of his statterers told him, he did
excel him: Stay, sayes Crassus; you are not his equal, for he left a son
behinde him. As if he were an impersest Prince, that leaveth an unhel-

med

med State. When Philip viewed his young fon Alexander, he said, he could then be content to dye. Conceit of a surviving name, sweetens Deaths aloed potion. 'Tis for this, we so love those that are to preserve us in extended successions. There was something more in it, then the naked jeer, when Cafar (feeing strangers at Rome, with whelps and Monkies in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the children that the women of those Lands brought forth. For he thought such respectful love, was due to none, but a self-extracted off-spring. Nor is this only in the baser part of man, the body; but even in the sagacious soul. The first Act God requires of a Convert, is Be fruitful. The good mans goodneff, lies not hid in himself alone: he is still strengthening of his weaker brother. How foon would the world and Christianity fail, if there were not propagation both of it and man? Good works, and good instructions, are the generative acts of the foul: Out of which spring new posterity to the Church and Gospel. And I am perswaded, to be a means of bringing more to heaven, is an inseparable defire of a foul, that is rightly flated. Good men, wish all that they converse withall, in goodneß, to be like themselves. How ungratefully he slinks away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a glory to Heaven? How barren a tree he is, that lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground; yet leaves not one feed, not one good work, to generate another after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave fomething, answering their proportion, their kindes. They be dead, and withered grains of Corn, out of which, there will not one Ear spring. The Physitian that hath a Soveraign Recepit, and dyeth unrevealing it robs the world of many bleffings which might multiply after his death: Leaving this Collection, a truth to all survivers, That he did good to others, but to do himself a greater. Which, how contrary it is to Christianity, and the Nature of explicative Love, I appeal to those minds where Grace hath sown more Charity. Vertue is distributive, and had rather pleasure many with a self-injury, then bury benefits that might pleasure a multitude. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to Heaven, that defires to go thither alone. They are envious Favorites, that wish their Kings to have no loyal Subjects, but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable. Inlightned fouls cannot but disperse their rayes. I will, if I can, do something for others, and heaven; not to deferve by it : but to express my felf, and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labour to do what I can.

#### XXV.

### Of the horror Sin leaves behind.

O willing Sin was ever in the act displeasing; yet, is it not sooner past, then distastful. Though pleasure merries the Senses for a while: yet horror after vultures the unconsuming heart; and those which carry the most pleasing tasts, fit us with the largest reluctations. Nothing so soon, can work so strange a change: Now, in the height of G 2

delight; Now, in the depth of horror. Damned Satan! that with Orphean airs, and dextrous warbles, lead'it us to the Flames of Hell: and then, with a contempt deridest us. Like a cunning Courtizan, that dallies the Ruffian to undo himself; and then payes him with a fleer, and scorn. Or, as some men will do to a desired beauty, vow, and promise that, in the heat of passion, which they never mind to stand unto. Herein only is the difference: Gratitude, and good nature, may sometimes make them penitent, and seek some way to fatisfie; whereas, he that yields to the wooing Devil, does but more augment his tyranny. For when we meet with ignoble spirits, the more obedience, is a cause of the worser use. How often, and how infinitely are we abused? with what Masques and Triumphs are we led to destruction? Foolish, besotted, degenerate Man! that having so often experimented his juggling, wilt yet believe his fictions, and his turfed Mines: as if he had not many wayes to one destroying end: or could bring thee any pleasure, and in it not aim at thine overthrow. Knowest thou not, that he sows his tares by night; and in his Baits, hides all he knows may burt thee? Are not all those delights he brings us, like traps we set for Vermine, charitable, but to kill? Does he not first pitch his toils, and then train us about to insnare us? He shews us nothing but a tempting face; where he hath counterfeited Natures excellency, and all the graces of a modest countenance; while whatfoever is infective, is vailed over with the exacteft dress of comeliness. When our souls thirst after pleasure, we are call'd as Beasts with fodder to the slaughter-house: or as Boyes catch Horses with provender in their hands to ride them. Ill actions are perpetual perturbations: the punishment that follows, is far more grievous, then the performance was delightful: and the guilt is worse then the punishment.

Est que pati pænam, quam meruisse, minus.

The most smart is, to think we have deserv'd it.

Ile give you the Story. A Pythagorean bought a pair of Shooes upon trust; the Shoomaker dyes: the Philosopher is glad, and thinks them gains: but a while after, his conscience twitches him, and becomes a perpetual chider: he repairs to the house of the dead, casts in his money, with these words; There, take thy due, Thou livest to me, though dead to all beside. Certainly, ill gotten gains are far worse then losses with preserved honesty. These grieve but once, the other are continually grating upon our quiet. He diminishes his own contentment, that would add to it, by unlawfulness; looking only on the beginning, he thinks not to what end, the end extendeth. 'Tis indiscretion that is Hare-sighted.

O Demea, istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modò est Videre ; sed etiam illa qua futura sunt prospicere.

I tell thee *Demea*, Wisdom looks as well, To things to come as those that present are.

This differenceth a wise man and a fool. The first, begins in the end; the other ends in the beginning. I will take a part of both, and fix one

eye on the Ast, another on the Consequence. So if I spy the Devil be Sprowded in the following train, I will that the dore against the pleasure it self, though it comes like a Lord, under a pretence of honouring me.

#### XXVI.

### Of Man's Imperfection.

F my felf, what can I do without the hazard of erring? Nay, what can I think? Nay, what can I not do, or not think? even my best bustness, and my best vacancy, are works of offence and error. Uncomfortable constitution of man; that canst not but be bad, both in action, and forbearance. Corruption mixeth with our purch devotions: and not to perform them, is neglect. When we think not of God at all, we are impious, and ungrateful: when we do, we are not able to think aright. Im, rection swayes in all the weak dispatches of the palsied soul. If the Devil be absent, our own frailties are his tempting deputies. If those forbear, the Meretricious world claps our cheeks, and fonds us to a cozening fail. So which way foever we turn, we are fure to be bitten with the one, or the other head of this Cerberus. To what can we intend our selves, wherein there is not a Devil to intrap us? If we pray, how he casts in wandring thoughts, or by our eyes, steals away our hearts, to some other object then God! If we hear, he hath the same policy, and prejudicates our opinion with the Man, or part of his doctrine. If we read, he perswades us to let Reason judge, as well as Faith: So, measuring by a false rule, he would make us believe, Divinity is much short of what it shews for. If we do good works, he would poylon them with Pharifailm, and makes us, by over-valuing, lose them. If we do ill, he incourages us to a continuance: and at last accuses us. If nothing, we neglect the good we should do. If we fleep, he comes in dreams, and wantonneth the ill-inclining foul. If we make, we mis-spend our time; or, at best, dogood, not mell. So, by bad circumstances, poyson a well intended principle. Even Actions of necessity, we dispatch not without a stain; we drink to excess; and the drowning of the brain. We eat, not to satisfie Nature; but to over-charge her, and to venereate the unbridled spirits. As a Mill-wheel is continually turn'd round, and ever drenched with a new fream: so are we alwayes hurried with successions of various fins. Like Arrows that in mighty windes, we wander from the Bow that fent us. Sometime we think we do things well: but when they are past, we are sensible of the transgression. We progress in the wayes of Vice, and are constant in nothing, but perpetual offending. You may fee the thoughts of the whipping Satyrift, how divine they are:

Nobilis, & varia est ferme natura malorum:
Cùm scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,
Atque nefas tandem intipiunt sentire, perattis
Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos sixa, & mutari nescia: nam quis
Peccandi sinem posuit sibi? quando recepit

Ejectum

Ejectum semel attrità de fronte ruborem?

Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno

Flagitio?

Nature is motive in the quest of ill:

Stated in mischiest: all our ablest skill

Cannot know right from wrong, till wrong be done:

Fixt Nature, will to condemn'd customs run

Unchangedly. Who to his sins can set

A certain end? When hath he ever met

Blushes once from his hardned forehead thrown?

Surely there will not a man be found, that is able to answer to these quaries. Their souls have cieled eyes, that can see nothing but persection, in their own labours. It is not to any man given, absolutely to be absolute. I will not be too forward in censuring the works of others; nor will I ever do any, that I will not submit to judgment, and correction: yet so, as I will be able to give a reason, why I have order'd them, as the world sees.

Who is it fins, and is content with one?

## XXVII. Of curiofity in Knowledge.

Othing wraps a man in such a mist of Errors, as his own curiofity, in searching things beyond him. How happily do they live, that know nothing, but what is necessary? Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny, is but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the effect, but cannot guess at the cause. Learning is like a River, whose head being far in the Land, is, at first rifing, little, and easily viewed: but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank : not without pleasure, and delightful winding; while it is on both fides fet with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis ; till at last, it inwaves it self in the unfathom'd Ocean; There you fee more mater; but no shore, no end of that liquid fluid vafine f. In ma. ny things we may found Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the foul, and the dazle of the minds dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may diffect, and have power, and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But, when we come to Metaphysicks, to long buried Antiquity, and unto unreveal'd Divinity, we are in a Sea, which is deeper then the short reach of the line of Man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more willever rest, which Man cannot discover. I wonder at those, that will assume a knowledge of all; they are unwifely ashamed of an ignorance, which is not diferacive. 'Tis no shame for man not to know that , which is not in his possibility. We fill the world with cruel bramls, in the obstinate defence of that, whereof we might with more honour,

honour confess our selves to be ignorant. One will tell us our Saviours disputations among the Doctors. Another, what became of Moses dody. A third, in what place Paradife stood: and where is local Hell. Some will know Heaven as perfectly, as if they had been hurried about in every Sphear: and I think they may. Former Writers would have the Zones inhabitable; we find them by experience, temperate. Saint Augustine would by no means indufe the Antipodes: we are now of nothing more certain. Every Age both confutes old Errors, and begets new. Yet still are we more intangled, and the further we go, the nearer we approach a San that blindes us. He that went furthest in these things, we find ending with a censure of their vanity, their vexation. 'Tis questionable, whether the progress of Learning hath done more hurt, or good, whether the Schools have not made more Queftions then they have decided; where have we fuch peaceable, and flourishing Common-wealths, as we have found among those, which have not so much as had the knowledge of Letters? Surely, these fruitless and anigmatique questions, are bones the Devil hath cast among us, that while we frive for a vain conquest, in these toyes we forget the prize we should run for. The Husbandman that looks not beyond the Plough, and the Sythe, is in much more quiet, then the divided brain of the Statist, or the Scholar. Who will not approve the judgement of our Modern Epigrammatist?

> Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.

If I may judge, they only happy show, Which do or nothing, or else all things know.

In things whereof I may be certain, I will labour to be instructed. But, when I come where reason loseth her self; I will be content with retiring admiration. Why should I rack my brains, for unprofitable impossibilities? Though I cannot know how much is hid; I may soon judge what may be discovered.

#### XXVIII.

## Of being Overvalued.

Is an inconvenience for a Man to be counted wifer then ordinary. If he be a Superior, it keeps him from discerning what his inferiors are. For, their opinion of his piercing judgment, makes them to dissemble themselves; and first hem with a care, not only to hide their defects, but to shew him only, the best of themselves. Like ill complexion'd momen, that would fain be mistaken for fair; they paint most cunningly, where they know a blemish, or skar; especially, when they are to incounter with those, that be naturally beautiful. Worth in others, and defect in our selves, are two motives, that induce us to the guilding of our own imperfections. When the Sun-bak'd Peasant goes to feast it with a Gentleman, he washes, and brushes, and kersies himself in his Ho-

ly-day cleathes. When the Gentleman comes to him, he does fine up his homely house, and covers his clayed floor, with the freshness of a rulby carpet : and all is, that he may appear as above himself: while he is to meet with one that is so indeed. If he be an equal, men are fore-opinion'd of him for a politick man : and in any matters of weighty commerce, they will study how to be more cautelous of him, than they would of an unesteemed man. So he shall be sure to conclude nothing, but upon harder conditions for himself. General Fames warn us to advised contracts. He that is to play with a cunning Fencer, will heed his Wards, and Advantage more; who, were he to meet with one unskilful, he would neglect, or not think of them. Strong opposition teaches opposition to be fo. I have seen a rising Favorite laid at, to be trod in the dust: while the unnoted man, hath pass'd with the greater quiet, and gain: Report both makes Jealousies where there are none, and increaseth those that there are. If he be an inferiour, he is often a man of unwelcome fociety. He is thought one of too prying an observation: and that he looks further into our actions, then we would have him search. For there be few, which do not fometimes do fuch actions, as they would not have discretion scan. Integrity it self, would not be awed with a blabbing Spie. I know, the observer may fail as well as the other: but we all know Natures tobe so composed,

Aliena melius ut videant, & judicent, quam sua. That they see more of others then their own.

We judge of others, by what they (bould be: of our felves, by what we are. No man has preeminence, but wishes to preserve it in unpruned state; which while an inferiour notes of imperfection, he thinks, doth suffer detriment: so he rather seek to be rid of his company, then defires to keep him, as the watch of his wayes. Let me have but so much wisdom, as may orderly manage my self, and my means; and I shall never care to be digited, with a That is He. I with, not to be esteemed wifer then usual: They that are so, do better in concealing it, then in telling the world. I hold it a greater injury to be over-valued, then ander. For, when they both shall come to the touch, the one shall rife with praise, while the other shall decline with shame. The first hath more incertain'd honor; but less safety: The latter is humbly secure; and what is wanting in renown, is made up in a better bleffing, quiet. There is no detraction worse then to over-praise a man. For whilest his worth comes short of what report doth speak him: his own actions are ever giving the lye to his honour.

#### XXIX.

### That Mif-conceit has ruin'd Man.

Our own follies have been the only cause, to make our lives uncomfortable. Our error of opinion, our cowardly sear of the worlds worthless censure, and our madding after unnecessary gold, have brambled the way of Vertue, and made it far more difficult then indeed it

is. Vertue hath suffered most by those which should uphold her: That now we seign her to be, not what she is, but what our sondness makes her, a Hill almost unascendable, by the roughness of a craggy way. We force indurance on our selves, to wave with the wanton tail of the world: We dare not do those things that are lamful, lest the wandring world mis-construe them: As if we were to look more to what we should be thought, than to what we should resolvedly be. As if the Poet writ untruth, when he tells his friend, that,

Virtus, repulse nescia sordida,
Intaminatis sulget honoribus:
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis Aura.
Vertue, muddy censures scorning,
With unstained Hanour thines:
Without vulgar breath's suborning,
Takes the Throne, and Crown resignes.

Nor does the live in penury; as some have ill imagined: though the lives not in Palaces, yet the does in Paradife: and there is the Spirit of joy, youthful in perpetual life. Vertue is a competent fruition of a lawful pleasure; which we may well use so far, as it brings not any evil in the fequel. How many have thought it the Summum bonum? Antifthenes was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly happy: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a Socratique strength. Shall we think Goodness to be the height of pleasure in the other world; and shall we be so mad, as to think it here the sufferance of misery? Surely 'twas none of Gods intent, to fquare man out for forrows. In our falutes, in our prayers, we wish and invoke heaven for the happiness of our friends: and shall we be fo unjust, or so uncharitable, as to withhold it from our selves? As if we fhould make it a fashion, to be kind abroad, and discourteous at home. I do think nothing more lawful, than moderately to fatisfic the pleasing defires of Nature; so as they infringe not Religion, hurt not our fetues, or the commerce of humane foriety. Lang hing is a faculty peculiar to Man: yet as if it were given us for inversion, no creature lives so misserable, so disconsolate. Why should we dony to use that lawfully, which Nature hath made for pleasure in imployment? Vertue hath neither to crabbed a face, nor to authere a look, as we make her. Tis the world, that cheaking up the way, does ragged that which is naturally smoother. How happy and how healthful do those things live, that follow harmless Nature? They weigh not what is past, are intent on the present, and never folicitous of what is to come: They are better pleased with compenient food then dainty: and that they eat not to differences, but to nowift, to fatisfie. They are well arayed with what Nature has given them: and for rayment, they are never clad in the spoils of others; but the Flies, the Beafts, the Fiftes, may, for all them, welcome Age in their own Silks, wools, and Scarlets.

Scarlets. They live like Children, innocently sporting with their Mother, Nature: and with a pretty kind of harmle sness, they hang upon her nurfing breaft. How rarely find we any diseased, but by ill-mans mis-using them? Otherwise, they are sound and uncomplaining. And this bleffedness they have here above Man; that never sceking to be more than Nature meant them, they are much nearer to the happiness of their first estate; Wherein this, I confess, may be some reason: Man was curs'd for his own fin: they but for the fin of Man: and therefore they decline less into worse, in this the crazed age of the world: Where as, Man is a daily multiplyer of his own calamities: and what at first undid him, does constantly increase his wees; Search, and felf-presumption. He hath sought means to wind himself out of misery, and is thereby implunged to more. He hath left Vertue which the Stoicks have defined to be honest Nature; and is lanched into bydevices of his own ingiddied brain: nor do I fee, but that this definition may hold with true Religion. For that does not abolish Nature, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though Man at first fell desperately, yet we read not of any Law he had to live by, more than the Instinct of Nature, and the remnant of Gods Image in him, till Moses time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach Abel to do Sacrifice? as if we should almost believe, that Nature could find out Religion. But when Man (once faln) was by degrees grown to, a height of prevarication: Then God commanded Moses, to give them rules, to check the madding of their ranging minds. Thus, God made Man righteous; but he fought out vain Inventions; among all which, none hath more befooled him, than the fetting up of Gold: For now, (riches fwaying all) they that serve Vertue, like those of another Faction, are putht at by those that run with the general stream. Incogitable calamity of Man; that must make that for the hinges of his life to turn on, which need not in any thing be conducent to it. I appland that in the Western Indies; where the Spaniard bath conquer to whose Inhabitants esteemed gold, but as it was wrought into negetlary wesfels; and that no more, than they would alike of any inferious metal: esteeming more of the commodiousness, than they did of the thing it felf. Is it not miserable, that we should set up such an Idal, as should destroy our happiness? And that Christians should teach Heathen to undo themselves by covetousness! How happily they lived in Spain, till fire made some Mountains vomit Gold! and what miferable difcords followed after, Vives upon Augustine doth report. If this were put down, Vertue might then be Queen again, I Now, we cannot serve her as we ought, without the leave of this Godling. Her access is more difficult, because we must go about to come to her As when an Usurper hath deposed the rightful King; those that would shew their love to the true one, either dare not, or cannot, for fear of the false ones might. Some things I must do that I would not a sheing one among the reft, that are involved in the general necessity. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the Lame of Humanity,

manity, I will never deny my self an honest folace, for fear of an airy censure. Why should another mans injustice breed my unkindness to my self? As for gold, surely the morld would be much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the Fountain whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a Pass, to travel the world by, without begging. If I have none, I shall have so much the more misery; because custom hath plaid the fool, in making it material, when it needed not.

## XXX. Of Women.

Some are so uncharitable, as to think all women bad: and others are so credulous, as they believe, they all are good. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole Sex: which in a strict examination, makes more for their honor, then most men have acknowledged. At first, she was created his Equal; only the difference was in the Sex: otherwise, they both were Man. If we argue from the Text, that male and female made man: so the man being put first, was worthier. I answer, So the evening and the morning was the first day: yet few will think the night the better. That Man is made her Governour, and to above her; I believe rather the punishment of her fin, then the Prerogative of his worth. Had they both flood, it may be thought, the had never been in that subjection: for then it had been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate; which had nothing but bleffedness in it. Peter Martyr indeed is of opinion, that man before the fall, had priority. But Chryfostom, he fayes, does doubt it. All will grant her body more admirable, more beautiful then Mans: fuller of curiofities, and Noble Natures wonder: both for conception, and fostering the producted birth. And can we think God would put a worfer foul into a better body? When Man was created, 'tis said, God made man: but when moman, 'tis said, God builded her; as if he had then been about a frame of rarer Rooms, and more exact composition. And, without doubt, in her body, the is much more wonderful: and by this, we may think her so in her mind. Philosophy tells us, Though the foul be not caused by the body; yet in the general it follows the temperament of it: fo the comeliest out-sides, are naturally (for the most part) vertuous within. If place can be any priviledge; we shall find her built in Paradise, when Man was made without it. 'Tis certain, they are by constitution colder then the boyling Man: fo by this, more temperate; 'tis heat that transports Man to immoderation and furie; 'tis that, which hurries him to a favage and libidinous violence. Women are naturally the more modest: and modesty is the seat and dwelling place of Vertue. Whence proceed the most abhorred villanies, but from a masculine unblushing impudence? What a deal of smeetness do we find in a mild disposition? When a moman grows bold and daring, we

diflike her, and say, she is too like a man : yet in our felves, we magnifie what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes neater to God. Man in nothing is more like Him; then in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful then Man: It being a fex, wherein pity and compassion have dispers'd far brighter rayes. God is said to be Love; and I am fure, every where moman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found, but in two men only, that their love exceeded that of the feminine fex: and if you observe them, you shall find, they were both of melting dispositions. I know, when they prove bad, they are a fort of the vilest creatures: Yet still the same reason gives it: for, Optima corrupta pessima: The best things corrupted, become the worst. They are things, whose souls are of a more ductible temper, then the harder metal of man: so may be made both better and worse. The Representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not, but at meetings, men may very well vie words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions. Natural heat does more actuate the stirring Genius of Man. Their easie Natures make them somewhat more unresolute; whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have alwayes held the Parliament, and have enacted their own mills, without ever hearing them speak: and then how easie is it to conclude them guilty? Besides, Education makes more difference between men and them, then Nature: and, all their after fions are less noble, for that they are only from their Enemies, Men. Diogenes snarled bitterly, when walking with another, he spyed two women talking, and said, See the Viper and Asp are changing poylon. The Poet was conceited that faid, After they were made ill, that God made them fearful, that Man might rule them; otherwife they had been past dealing with. Catulus his conclusion was too general, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his own.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle

Qu'am mihi: non si se Jupiter ipse petat.

Dicit: sed mulier eupido quod dicit amanti,

In vento & rapida scribere oportet aqua.

My Mistris swears, she'd leave all men for me:

Yea, though that Jove himself should Suiter be.

She sayes it: but what women swear to kind

Loves, may be writ in rapid streams and wind.

I am resolved to honour Vertue, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women, then men; though weaker, and more insimily gnarded. I believe, they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many, make me uncharitable to all: nor the goodness of some, make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I consess, I have not sound more

weet

freet and constant goodness in Man, then I have found in women: and yet of these, I have not found a number, a control and all

### XXXL

Of the lofs of things loved.

o crosses do so much affect us, as those that befall us in the things we love. We are more grieved to lose one child of affection, then we should be for many that we do not so neerly care for, though every of them be alike to us, in respect of entward Relations. The foul takes a freedom, to indear what it liketh, without discovering the reason to Man; and when that is taken from her, the mourns, as having lost a fon. When the charge of the affections dyes, a general lamentation follows. To some things we so dedicate our selves, that in their parting, they feem to take away even the substance of our faul along: as if we had laid up the treasure of our lives, in the frail and moveable hold of another. The Soul is fram'd of fuch an active nature, that 'tis impossible but it must assume something to it felf, to delight in: We seldome find any, without peculiar delight in some peculiar thing; though various, as their fancies lead them, Honour, War, Learning, Musick, do all find their several votaries: who, if they fail in their fouls milbes, mourn immoderately. David had his Abfalon: Hannahs wish was children: Hamans thirst was Honour: Achitophel took the glory of his Counfel. Who would have thought, that they could, for the miss of these, have expressed such excessive passions? Who would have believed, that one neglection of his Counsel, would have trus'd up Achitophel in a voluntary Halter? We then begin to be miserable, when we are totally bent on some one temperal object. What one sublunary Center is there, which is able to receive the circles of the spreading soul? All that we find here, is too narrow, and too little, for the patent affections of the mind. If they could afford us happiness in their possession, it were not then such fondness to inleague our felves with an undividable love: but, being they cannot make us truly happy in their injoying; and may make us miferable by their parting; it will be best, not to concenter all our rayes upon them. Into how many ridiculous paffages do they precipitate themselves, that dote upon a Rosey face? Who looks not upon Dide, with a kind of fmiling pity, if Virgil's Poetry does not injure her with love to Enem, rather then tell the truth of her hate to larbas.

Uritur infælix Dido, totág; vagatur Urbe furens: qualis conjectà Cerva fagittà; Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit Pastor agens telis; liquitg; volatile fersum Nescius: illa fugà sylvas saltusq; peragrat Dictaos: haret latori Lethalis arunda.

Scorch'd in fierce flames, through Cities several wayes, Lost Dido wanders: like some Deer that strayes,

And

In her own Crete, pierc'd to her fearful heart,
Flies tripping through all Dicte's Groves and Plains;
Yet still the deadly Arrow sticks, and pains.

But for fuch high-fed Love as this, Crates triple-remedy is the best that I know: either Fasting, or Time: and if both these fail, an Halter. And furely he deserves it, for robbing himself of his fout. Certainly they can never live in quiet, that so vehemently intend a peculiar quest. Fear and sufficion startle their affrighted minds; and many times, their over-loving is a cause of their loss: Moderate care would make it last the longer. Often handling of the withering Flower, adds not to the continuance, but is a properation of more swift decay. Who loves a Glass so well, as he will still be playing with it, breaks that by his chitdishness, which might have been found in the cellar or cafe. But when in this we shall lay up all our best content. ments, what do we, but like foolish Merchants, venture all our estate in a bottom? It is not good to bring our selves into that absolute neceffety, that the failing of one aim should perif us. Who, that cannot fwim well, would with one small thred, hazard himself in the faithless and unsounded Sea? How pleasantly the wife Man laughs at that, which makes the Lady weep; The death of her little Dog? The loving part in her, wanted an object : foplay, and lapping on it, made her place it there: and that so deeply, that she must bedew her n'yes at parting with't. How improvident are we, to make that, affliction in the farewell, which while we had, we knew was not alwaies to flay? nor could (if we so pleas'd not) thieve the least mite from us. He is unwife, that lets his light spleen clap his wanton sides, which knows it needs must dye, when ere the Musick ceases. I like him, that can both play, and win, and laugh, and lose, without a chase or sighs. Our loves are not alwayes constant : their objects are much more uncertain; and events more casual then they. Something I must like and love: but, nothing to violently, as to undo my felf with wanting it. If I should ever be intangled in that snare; I will yet cast the worst, and prepare as well for a parting journey, as cohabitation. And to prevent all, I will bend my love toward that, which can neither be lost, nor admit of excess. Nor yet will Lever love a Friend so little, as that he shall not command the All of an honest man.

## Of the uncertainty of life.

Iserable brewity! more miserable uncertainty of life! We are sure that we cannot live long: and uncertain that we shall live at all. And even while I am writing this, I am not sure my pen shall end the sentence. Our life is so short, that we cannot in it contemplate what our selves are: so uncertain, as we cannot say, we will resolve to do it. Silence was a full answer in that Philosopher, that being

being asked, what he thought of humane life; said nothing, turn'd him round, and vanisht. Like leaves on trees, we are the sport of every puff that blows: and with the least gust, may be shaken from our life and nutriment. We travail, we study, we think to dissect the world with continued searches: when, while we are contriving but the neerest may to't, Age, and consumed years o'retake us; and onely labour payes us the losses of our ill-expended time. Death whisks about the unthoughtful world, and with a Pegasean speed, syes upon unwary Man; with the kick of his heel, or the dash of his soot, springing Fountains of the tears of Friends. Juvenal does tell us, how life wings away:

Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angusta, miseraq; brevissima vita
Portio: dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.

Of poor, sad life post-hastesth to be gone:
And while we drink, seek momen, wreaths and earn'd Applause, old age steals on us undistern'd.

If Nature had not made Man an active ereature, that he should be delighted in imployment, nothing would convince him of more folly, than the durance of some enterprizes that he takes in hand: for they are many times of fuch a future length, as we cannot in reason hope to live till their conclusion comes. We build, as if we laid foundations for Eternity: and the expeditions we take in hand, are many times the length of three or four lives. How many warriers have expir'd in their expugnations; leaving their breath in the places where they laid their Siege? Certainly, he that thinks of lifes casualties, can neither be careless, nor covetous. I confess, we may live to the Spectacle, and the bearing-staff, to the stooping back, to the snow, or to the sleekness of the declining crown: but, how few are there, that can unfold you a Diary of so many leaves? More do de in the Spring and Summer of their years, than live till Autumn, or their growned Winter. When a man shall exhaust his very vitality, for the hilling up of fatal Gold; and shall then think, how a Hair of Bly may fraceh him in a moment from it; how it quels his laborious hope, and puts his polling mind into a more fafe and quiet pace. Unless, we are fure to enjoy it, why should any man strain himself, for more than is convenient ? I will never care too much, for that I am not fure to keep. Yet I know, should all men respect but their own time, an Age or two would find the World in ruine; fo that for fuch actions, men may plead their charity, that though they live not to enjoy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficial to posterity. And I rather think this an Instinct that God hath put in Man, for the conservation of things; than an intended good of the Author to his followerses Thus, as in propagation we are often more beholding to the pleasure of our Parents, than

their desire of having us: so in matters of the world, and Fortune, the aims of our Predecessors for themselves, have by the secret work of Providence, cast benefits upon us. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins things lasting. Though they be vanities to him, because he knows not who shall enjoy them: yet they will be things well sitted for some that shall succeed them. They that do me good, and know not of it, are causes of my benefit, though I do not owe them my thanks: and I will rather bless them, as instruments; than condemn them, as not intenders.

#### XXXIII.

### That good counsel should not be valued by the person.

O some, there is not a greater vexation, than to be advised by an Inferior. Directions are unwelcome, that come to us by ascensions: as if wealth only were the full accomplishment of a soul within; and could as well infuse an inward judgement, as procure an outward respect, Nay, I have known some, that being advised by fuch, have run into a worfer contradiction; because they would not feem to learn of one below them: or if they fee no other way convenient, they will delay the practice, till they think the Prompter has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather flye in a perillous height, then feem to decline at the voyce of one beneath them. Pitiful! that we should rather mischief our selves, than be content to be unprided: For had we but so much humility, as to think our selves but what we are, Men; we might easily believe, another might have brain to equal us. He is fick to the ruin of himself, that refuseth a Cordial, because presented in a Spoon of wood. That wisdom is not lastingly good, which stops the ear with the tongue: that will command and feak all, without hearing the voice of another. Even the Slave may sometimes light on a way to inlarge his Master, when his own invention fails. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by men below our state: For, while a Superior is sudden and fearless, an inferior premeditates the best; lest being found meak, it might displease by being too lighten the poice. Fob reckons it a part of his integrity, that he had not refused the judgment of his servants. Tis good to command, and hear them, Why should we shame, by any honest means, to meet with that which benefits us? In things that be difficult, and not of important fecreey, I think it not amifs to consult with Inferiors. He that lies under the Tree, sees more than they that fit o'th top on't. Nature hath made the bodies eyes to look upward with more ease than down: So. the eye of the foul sees better in afcentions, and things meanly raised. We are all, with a kind of delectation, carried to the things above us: and we have also better means of observing them, while we are admitted their view, and yet not thought as Spies. In things beneath me, not being to delighted with them, we pass them over with neglect, and not observing.

Servants are usually our best friends, or our worst enemies: Neuters seldom. For, being known to be privy to our retired actions, and our more continual conversation, they have the advantage of being believed, before a removed friend. Friends have more of the tongue, but Servants of the hand: and actions for the most part, speak a man more truly than words. Attendants are like to the locks that belong to a house: while they are strong and close, they preserve us in safety: but weak or open, we are left a prey to thieves. If they be fuch as a stranger may pick, or another open with a false key; it is very fit to change them instantly: But if they be well marded, they are then good guards of our fame and welfare. 'Tis good, I confess, to consider how they stand affected; and to handle their counsels before we embrace them : they may sometimes at once, both please and poyson. Advice is as well the wife mans fall, as the fools advancement: and is often most wounding, when it stroaks us with a filken hand. All families are but diminutives of a Court; where most men respect more their own advancement, than the honour of their Throwned King. The same thing, that makes a lying Chamber-maid tell a foul Lady, that The looks lovely: makes a base Lord, footh up his ill King in mischief. They both counsel, rather to insinuate themselves, by floating with a light-lov'd humor; than to profit the advised, and imbetter his fame. It is good to know the disposition of the Counfellor, so shall we better judge of his counfel; which yet if we find good, we shall do well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the good counsel, even of a bad man. We think not gold the worse, because 'tis brought us in a bag of leather: No more ought we to contemn good counsel, because it is presented us, by a bad man, or an underling.

#### XXXIV.

## Of Custom in advancing Mony.

Offor misleads us all: we magnific the wealthy man, though his well otherwise qualified. To be rich, is to be three parts of the way onward to perfection. To be poor, is to be made a pavement for the tread of the full-minded man- Gold is the only Coverlet of imperfections: 'tis the Fools Curtain, that can hide all his defects from the world: It can make knees bow, and tongues speak, against the native genius of the groaning heart: It supples more than Oyl, or Fomentations: and can stiffen beyond the Summer Sun, or the Winters white-bearded cold. In this we differ from the ancient Heathen; They make Tupiter their chief god; and we have crowned Pluto. He is Master of the Muses, and can buy their voices. The Graces wait on him: Mercury is his Meffenger: Mars comes to him for his pay: Venus is his Prostitute: He can make Vesta break her vow: He can have Bacchus be merry with him; and Ceres feast him, when he lifts: He is the fick mans Afculapius: and the Pallas of an empty brain. Nor can Cupid cause love, but by his goldengolden-headed Arrow. Money is a general Man: and, without doubt, excellently parted. Petronius describes his Qualities:

Quisquis habet nummos, securâ naviget aurâ:

Fortunamq; suo temperet arbitrio.

Uxorem ducat Danaen, ipsumq; licebit
Acrisium jubeat credere quòd Danaen:

Carmina componat, declamot, concrepet ommes

Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.

Jurisconsultus, paret, non paret, habetor;

Atque esto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.

Multa loquor: quidvis nummis presentibus opta,

Et veniet: clausum possidet arca Jovem.

The moneyed-man can safely sail all seas;
And make his Fortune as himself shall please.
He can wed Danae, and command that now
Acrisius self that satal match allow.
He can declaim, chide, censure, verses write;
And do all things, better than Cato might.
He knows the Law, and rules it: hath, and is
Whole Servius, and what Labeo could posses.
In brief; let rich men wish whats'ere they love,
'Twill come; they in a lockt Chess keep a Jove.

The time is come about, whereof Diogenes prophefied; when he gave the reason why he would be buried groveling; We have made the Earths bottom powerful to the lofty skies: Gold, that lay buried in the buttock of the world; is now made the Head and Ruler of the People; putting all under it, we have made it extensive, as the Spanish Ambition: and, in the mean, have undefervedly put worth below it. Worth without wealth, is like an able servant out of imployment; he is fit for all businesses, but wants wherewith to put himself into any: he hath good Materials for a foundation: but misseth wherewith to rear the wals of his fame. For, though indeed, riches eannot make a man worthy, they can shew him to the world, when he is so: But when we think him wife, for his wealth alone, we appear content to be mifled with the Multitude. To the Rich, I confess, we owe something; but to the mile man, most: To this, for himself, and his innate worthiness: to the other, as being cafually happy, in things that of themselves are bleffings; but never fo much, as to make Virtue mercenary; or a flatterer of Vice. Worth without wealth, befide the native Noblenefs, has this in it; That it may be a way of getting the wealth which is wanting: But as for wealth without worth, I count it nothing but a rich Saddle, for the State to ride an Ass withal.

That

#### XXXV.

That Sin is more crafty than violent.

Defore we fin, the Devil shews his policy; when we have finned, his baseness: he makes us first revile our Father, and then steps up, to witness how we have blasphemed. He begs the rod, and the wand, for faults which had not been, but for his own inticement. He was never fuch a Souldier, as he is a Politician: He blows up more by one mine, than he can kill by ten affaults: He prevails molt by Treaty, and facetiens mayes: Presents and Parlies win him more than the cruel wound, or the drag of the compulsive hand. All fin is rather subtil, than valiant. The Devil is a coward; and will, with thy refifting, fly thee: nor dare he shew himself in a noted good mans company; if he does, he comes in seeming-virtues; and the garments of belyed Truth. Vice stands abash't at the glorious Majesty of a good confirmed soul. Cato's presence stopt the practices of the Romans brutish Floralia's, Satan began first with hesitations, and his fly-couch'd Oratory: and ever since, he continues in wiles, in stratagems, and the fetches of a toyling brain; rather perswading us to sin, than urging us: and when we have done it, he seldom lets us see our folly, till we be plunged in some deep extremity: then he writes it in capital Letters, and carries it as a Pageant at a (bow, before us. What could have made David fo heartless, when Absalom rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented fins; when he fled, and mept, and fled again? It appears a wonder, that Shimei should rail a King to his face; and, unpunisht, brave him, and his host of Souldiers, casting stones, and spitting taunts, while he stood incompassed with his Nobles. Surely, it had been impossible, but that David was full of the horror of his fins, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, he acted but the Devils part, ignobly to infult over a man in mifery. Calamity, in the fight of worthiness, prompts the hand, and opens the purse, to relieve. 'Tis a hellish disposition, that watcheth how to give a blow to the man that is already reeling. When we are in danger, he galls us with what we have done; and on our fick beds, thews us all our fins in multiplying-Glasses. He first draws us into hated Treason; and when we are taken, and brought to the Bar, he is both our accuser, and condemning witness. His close policy, is now turn'd to declared basenels. Nor is it a wonder : for, unmorthinels is ever the end of unhonelt deceit: yet sure this cozenage is the more condemned, for that it is so ruinous, and so easie. Who is it but may cozen, if he minds to be a Villain? How poor and inhumane was the craft of Cleomenes, that concluding a league for seven dayes, in the night assaulted the secure Enemy? alleging, The nights were not excluded from flaughter. Nothing is so like to Satan, as a Knave furnisht with dishonest fraud: the belt way to avoid him, is to disdain the league. I will rather labour for valour, at the first, to refift him; than after yielding, to endevour a flight. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the Devil, or his Machiavel. For though the Devil be the more fecret Enemy, yet the base Politician is the more familiar: and is indeed but a Devil in Hose and Doublet, fram'd so, in an acquainted shape, to advantage his deceit the more.

## XXXVI. Of Discontents.

He discontented man is a watch over-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes falle. Grief is like Ink poured into water, that fils the whole Fountain full of blackness and disuse. Like mist, it spoils the burnisb of the silver-mind. It casts the Soul into the sbade, and fils it more with consideration of the unhappiness, than thought of the remedy. Nay, it is so busied in the mischief, as there is neither room, nor time for the wayes that should give us release. It does diffociate Man, and sends him, with Beasts, to the loneliness of unpathed Desarts, who was by Nature made a Creature companiable. Nor is it the mind alone, that is thus mudded; but even the body is disfaired: it thickens the complexion, and dies it into an unpleasing swarthiness: the eye is dim, in the difcoloured face; and the whole man becomes as if statued into stone and earth. But, above all, those discontents sting deepest, that are such as may not with fafety be communicated: For, then the foul pines-away, and starves for want of counsel, that should feed and cherish it. Concealed forrows, are like the vapours, that, being shut up, occasion Earth-quakes; as if the world were plagued with a fit of the Colick. That man is truly miserable, that cannot but keep his miseries; and yet must not unfold them. As in the body, whatfoever is taken in, that is distassful and continues there unvoided, does dayly imposthume, and gather, till at last it kills, or at least indangers to extremity: So is it in the mind: Sorrows entertain'd, and smother'd, do collect still, and still habituate it so, that all good disposition gives way to a harsh morosity. Vexations, when they dayly billow upon the mind, they froward even the sweetest foul, and from a dainty affability, turn it into spleen and testiness. It is good to do with these, as Focasta did with Oedipus, cast them out in their infancy, and lame them in their feet: or, for more lafety, kill them, to a not reviving. Why should we hug a porsoned Arrow so closely in our wounded bosomes? Neither griefs, nor joyes, were ever ordained for secrefie. It is against Nature, that we should so long go with child with our conceptions; especially when they are such, as are ever striving to quit the ejecting womb.

Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atq; cor assuat intus; Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas. Untold griefs choak, cynder the Heart; and, by

Restraint, their burning forces multiply.

I think, no man but would willingly tell them, if either shame of the cause, or distrust of the friend, did not bridle his expressions. Either of these intail a mans mind to misery. Every sorrow is a short convulsion; but he that it makes a close prisoner, is like a Papist, that keeps Good-

Friday all the year; he is ever whipping, and inflicting penance on himself, when he needs not. The sad man is an Hypocrite: for he seems wife, and is not. As the eye, fixt upon one object, fees other things but by halves and glancings: so the foul intent on this accident, cannot discern on other contingencies. Sad objects, even for worldly things, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like willows, if we set them deep, or les them stand too long, they will grow trees, and overspread, when we intended them but for stayes, to uphold. Sorrow is a dull paffion, and deads the activeness of the mind. Methinks Crates shew'd a braver fbirit, when he dane'd and laugh'd in his thred-bareCloak, and his wallet at his back, which was all his wealth: than Alexander, when he wept, that he had not fuch a huge Beaft, as the Empire of the World, to govern. He contemned, what this other did cry for. If I must have forrow, I will never be so in love with it, as to keep it to my self alone: nor will I ever so affect company, as to live where vexations shall daily salute me.

#### XXXVII.

### Of Natures recompensing Wrongs.

Here be few bodily imperfections, but the beauty of the mind can cover, or countervail, even to their not-feeming. For, that which is unfightly in the body, though it be our misfortune, yet it is not our fault. No man had ever power to order Nature in his own composure: what we have there, is fuch as we could neither give our felves, nor refuse when it was bequeathed us: But, what we find in the soul, is either the blur of the man, or the blosson for which we praise him: because a mind well qualified, is oft beholding to the industry of the careful man: and that again which is mudded with a vicious inquination, is so, by the viteness of a wilful self-neglect. Hence, when our soul finds a rarcness in a tuned foul, we fix so much on that, as we become charitable to the disproportion'd body, which we find containing it : and many times, the fails of the one, are foils, to let off the other with the greater grace and luftre. The minds excellency can falve the real blemilbes of the body. In a man deformed, and rarely qualified, we use first to view his blots, and then to tell his virtues, that transcend them ! which be, as it were, things let off with more glory, by the pitty and defect of the other. Tis fit the mind should be most magnified. Which I suppose to be the reason, why Poets have ascribed more to Cupid the Son, than to Venus the Mother: because Cupid strikes the mind, and Venus is but for the body. Homer lays, Minerva cur'd Vlisses of his wrinkles and baldness; not that she took them away by supplements, or the deceiving fucus: but that he was so applanded, for the acuteness of an ingenious mind, that men spared to object unto him his deformity: and it it shall chance to be rememb red, it will be allayed with the adjunct of the other's worth. It was laid of bald, hook-nos'd, crookfooted calban Only that historic divers Its character and basis the best e la ly in a prace Piein

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service, when it both hides the faults of Nature, and brings us into estimation. We often see blemist'd bodies, rare in mental excellencies: which is an admirable instinct of Nature, that being conscious of her own defects, and not able to absterge them, she uses diversion, and draws the confideration of the beholders to those parts, wherein she is more confident of her qualifications. I do think, for worth in many men, we are more beholden to the defects of Nature, than their own inclinary love. And certainly, for converse among men, beautiful persons have less need of the minds commending Qualities. Beauty in it self is such a filent Orator, as is ever pleading for respect and liking: and by the eyes of others, is ever fending to their hearts for love. Yet, even this hath this inconvenience in it, that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the mind with Nobleness. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the mind is ill. The modest sweetness of a Lillied face makes men perswade the heart unto immodesty: Had not Dinah had so good a one, the had come home unravished. Unlovely features have more liberty to be good withal; because they are freer from solicitations. There is a kind of continual combate, between Virtue and Proportions pleasingness. Though it be not a curse; yet 'tis many times an unhappiness to be fair.

· Vetat optari faciem Lucrecia, qualem Ipsa habuit : cuperet Rutila Virginia gibbum Accipere, atq; Suam Rutila dare. Filius autem Corporis egregii miseros, trepidosq; parentes Semper habet: rara est adeo concordia forma Atque pudicitia.-Lucretia's fate warns us to wish no face Like hers; Virginia would bequeath her grace To Lute-backt Rutila, in exchange: for still, The fairest Children do their Parents fill With greatest care; so seldom Modesty Is found to dwell with Beauty .-

The words be Juvenal's. Above all therefore, I applaud that man which is amiable in both. This is the true Marriage, where the body and the foul are met in the similary Robe of Comeliness.: and he is the more to be affected, because we may believe, he hath taken up his goodness, rather upon love to it, than upon sinister ends. They are rightly virtuous, that are fo, without incitation : nor can it but argue, virtue is then strong, when it lives upright, in the prease of many temptations. And, as these are the best in others eyes, so are they most compofed in themselves. For here Reason and the Senses kiss; disporting themselves with mutual speculations: whereas those men, whose minds and bodies differ, are like two that are married together, and love not: they have ever fecret reluctations, and do not part for any other reason, but because they cannot.

Gratior est pulchro veniens à Corpore virtus more louly in a granful Mein. vire

#### XXXVIII.

Of Truth, and bitterness in Jests.

T is not good for a man to be too tart in his Jests. Bitterness is for serious Portions; not for Healths of merriment, and the jollities of a mirthful Feast. An offensive man is the Devils bellows, wherewith he blows up contentions and jars. But among all passages of this nature, I finde none more galling than an offenfive Truth, For thereby we run into two great Errors. One is, we childe that in a loofe laughter, which should be grave, and sayour both of love and pity. So we rub him with a poyson'd oyl, which spreads the more, for being put in such a fleeting supplemes. The other is, we descend to particulars, and by that means, draw the whole company to witness his disgrace we break it on. The Souldier is not noble, that makes himself sport, with the wounds of his own companion. Who foever will jest, should be like him that flourisbes at a bow : he may turn his weapon any way, but not aim more at one, than at another. In this case, things like Truth, are better than Truth it felf. Nor is it less ill than unsafe, to fling about this wormwood of the brain: some nofes are too tender to endure the strength of the smell. And though there be many, like tyled houses, that can admit a falling spark, unwarm'd: yet some again, are cover'd with such light, dry fram, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your troubled ears: and when the house is on fire, it is no disputing with how fmall a matter it came : it will quickly proceed to mischief Exitus Ira, furor : Anger is but a step from Rage; and that is wilde fire, which will not be extinguished. I know, wife men are not too nimble at an injury. For, as with fire, the light stuffe, and rubbish, kindles sooner than the folid, and more compacted: fo anger sooner inflames a Fool, than a man composed in his resolutions. But we are not sure alwayes to meet discreet ones : nor can we hope it, while we our selves are otherwise in giving the occasion. Fools are the greater number: wife men are like timber-trees in a wood, here and there one : and though they be most acceptable, to men wife like themselves, yet have they never more need of mifdom, than when they converse with the ringing elboes: who, like corrupt air, require many Antidotes, to keep us from being infected: But when we grow bitter to a wife man, we are then worft: Eor, he fees further into the diffrace, and is able to harm us more. Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow into ruggedness. The birth is then prodigious, when Mischief is the child of Mirth. All should have liberty to laugh at a Jest: but if it throws a disgrace upon one, like the crack of a firing, it makes a flop in the Musick. Flouts we may see proceed from an inward contempt; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a generous mind than fcorn. Nature at first makes us all equal: we are differenc'd but by accident, and outwards. And I think 'tis a jealousie that the hath infus'd in Man, for the maintaining of her own Honour against external causes. And though all have not wit to reject the Arrow, yet most have memory to retain the offence; which they will be content

content to owe a while, that they may repay it both with more advantage, and ease. Tis but an unhappy wit, that stirs up Enemies against the owner. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue; or laugh him into an Enemy. Gall in mirth is an ill mixture; and sometimes truth is bitterness. I would wish any man to be pleasingly merry: but let him beware, he bring not Truth on the Stage, like a wanton with an edged meapon.

#### XXXIX.

### Of Apprehension in Wrongs.

7E make our selves more injuries than are offered us: they many times pals for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so, by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong, hurts more, than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by fallly making of our selves patients of wrong, we become the true and first Actors. It is not good, in matters of discourteste, to dive into a mans mind, beyond his own Comment: nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity, without it: unless we have proofs, that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue, that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one: and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, 'tis good to think, The better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends, and quietness. If it be a wrong that is apparent; yet is it sometimes better to dissemble it, than play the Wasp, and strive to return a sting. A wife mans glory is, in passing by an offence: and this was Solomons Philosophy. A Fool Strook Cato in the Bath; and when he was forry for it, Cate had forgot it : For, sayes Seneca, Melius putavit non agnoscere, quam ignoscere. He would not come so near Revenge, as to acknowledge that he had been wronged. Light injuries are made none, by a not regarding; which with a pursuing revenge, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a generous spirit, to return a punishment for every abuse. Some are such, as they require nothing but contempt to kill them. The cudgel is not of use, when the beast but only barks. Though much sufferance be a stupidity; yet a little is of good esteem. We hear of many that are disturbed with a light offence, and we condemn them for it: because, that which we call remedy, flides into disease; and makes that live to mischief us, which else would die, with giving life to safety. Yet, I know not what felf partiality makes us think our felves behind-hand, if we offer not repayment in the same coin we received it. Of which, if they may stand for reasons, I think, I may give you two. One is the sudden apprehension of the mind, which will endure any thing with more patience, than a disgrace; as if by the secret spirits of the air it conveyed a stab to the athereal foul. Another is, because living among many, we would justifie our felves, to avoid their contempt; and these being most such, as are not able to judge, we rather fatisfie them by external actions, than rely

upon a judicious verdict, which gives us in for nobler, by contemning it. Howfoever we may prize the revengeful man for spirit; yet without doubt 'tis Princely to disdain a wrong: who, when Embassadors have offered undecencies, use not to chide, but to deny them audience: as if silence were the way Royal to reject a wrong. He enjoys a brave composed ness, that seats himself above the flight of the injurious claw. Nor does he by this shew his weakness, but his misdom. For, Qui leviter seviunt, sapiunt magis: The wisest rage the least. I love the man that is modestly valiant, that stirs not till he must needs; and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not; 'tis different from what is goodness. For though God bears much, yet he will not bear always.

#### XL.

### When vice is most dangerous.

Hen Vice is got to the midst, it is hard to stay her, till she comes to the end. Give a hot Horse his head at first, and he will surely run away with you. Who can stop a man in the thunder of his wrath, till he a little hath discharg'd his passion either by intemperate speech or blows? In vain we preach a patience, presently after the sense of the loss. What a stir it asks, to get a man from the Tavern, when he is but half-drunk! Desire is dispersed into every vein; that the Body is in all his parts concupiscible. And this dies not in the way; but by discharge or recess. The middle of extremes is worst. In the beginning, he may forbear; in the end, he will leave alone: in the middest, he cannot but go on to worse; nor will he, in that heat, admit of any thing, that may teach him to desist. Rage is no friend to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not safe to offer even the best advice. Be counsel'd by the Roman Ovid.

Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede surori;
Dissiciles aditus impetus omnis habet.
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,
Pugnat in adversas ire natator aquas.
When rage runs swiftly step aside, and see
How hard th' approaches of sierce Fury be.
When danger may be shun'd, I reckon him
Unwise that yet against the stream will swim.

We are so blinded in the heat of the Chase, that we beat back all preservatives: or make them means to make our vices more. That I may keep my self from the end, I will ever leave off in the beginning. Whatsoever Precepts strict Stoicism would give us, for the calming of untemper'd passion; 'tis certain, there is none like running away. Prevention is the best bridle. I commend the policy of Satyrus, of whom Aristotle hath this Story; that being a Pleader, and knowing himself cholerick, and, in that whirre of the mind, apt to rush upon soul transgression; he used to stop his ears with wax, lest the sense of ill Language should cause his sierce blood to seeth in his distended skin. It is in Man to avoid the occasion; but not the inconvenience, when he hath admitted it.

Who can retire in the impetuous girds of the Soul? Let a Giant knock, while the door is shut, he may with ease be still kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a limb of himself, then there is no course left to keep out the entirer bulk.

## XLI.

### That all things are restrained.

Cannot think of any thing that hath not some enemy, or some Antagonist, to restrain it, when it grows to excess. The whole world is order by discord; and every part of it is but a more particular composed jar. Not a Man, not a beast, not a creature, but have something to ballast their lightness. One scale is not always in depression, nor the other lifted ever high; but the alternate wave of the beam keeps it ever in the play of motion. From the Pismire on the tufted hill to the Monarch on the raised Throne, nothing but hath somewhat to ame it. We are all here like birds, that Boys let flye in strings: when we mount too high, we have that which puls us down again. What man is it which lives so happily, which fears not something, that would fadden his foul if it fell? nor is there any whom Calamity doth so much tristitiate, as that he never sees the flasbes of some warming joy. Beasts with beasts are terrified and delighted. Man with man is awed and defended. States with States are bounded and upholded. And in all these it makes greatly for the Makers glery, that fuch an admirable Harmony should be produced out of such an infinite discord, The world is both a perpetual war, and a wedding. Heraclitus call'd Discord and Concord the universal Parents. And to rail on Discord (fays the Father of the Poets) is to speak ill of Nature, As in musick, sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet never one long, nor never all at once : so sometimes one State gets a Monarcby, sometimes another; sometime one Element is violent, now another: yet never was the whole world under one long, nor were all the Elements raging together. Every string has his use, and his tune, and his turn. When the Affrians fell, the Perfians rose. When the Perfians fell, the Grecians role. The loss of one man, is the gain of another. 'Tis vicissitude that maintains the world. As in infinite circles about one Center there is the same method, though not the same measure: so in the smallest creature that is there is an Epitome of a Monarchy, of a World, which hath in it felf Convulfions, Arefeations, Enlargements, Erections: which, like props, keep it upright, which way foever it leans. Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of Nature, which yet he doth not relinguish, but dispose. The world is composed of four Elements, and those be contraries. The year is quartered into four different feafons. The body both confifts, and is nourished by contraries. How divers, even in effect are the birds, and the beafts that feed us; and how divers again are are those things that feed them? How many several qualities have the plants that they browfe upon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd Sallad do they make? The mind too is a mixture mixture of disparities : joy, sorrow, hope, fear, hate, and the like. Neither are those things pleasing, which flow tous, in the smoothness of a free prostitution. A gentle resistance heightens the desires of the seeker. A friendly war doth indulciate the ensuing cloze. 'Tis variety that hits the humors of both fides, 'Tis the imbecillity of declining Age, that commits man prisoner to a fedentary settledness. That which is the vigor of his life, is ranging. Heat and cold, dryness and mossiure, quarrel and agree within him. In all which he is but the great worlds Breviary. Why may we not think the world like a masquing Battel, which God commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? Wherein, even a dying flie may lecture out the worlds mortality. Surely, we deceive our selves, to think, on earth, continued joys would please. 'Tis a way that crosses that which Nature goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be glutted with perpetual Jollities: were the body tyed to one difb always, (though of the most exquisite delicate, that it could make choise of) yet after a small time, it would complain of leathing and satiety. And so would the foul, if it did ever epicure it self in joy. Discontents are sometimes the better part of our life. I know not well which is the more useful; Joy I may chuse for pleasure, but adversities are the best for profit. And sometimes these do so far help me, as I should, without them, want much of the joy I have.

## XLII. Of Dissimulation.

Islimulation in Vice is like the Brain in man. All the Senses have recourse to that, yet is it much controverted, whether that at all be sensitive, or no: So, all vices fall into dissimulation, yet is it in a dispute, whether that in it self be a vice, or no. Sure, men would never act vice fo freely, if they thought not they could escape the shame on't by difsembling. Vice hath such a loathed look with her, that the defires to be ever masqued. Deceit is a dress that she does continually wear. And howfoever the worlds corrupted courfe may make us fometimes use it; even this will condemn it, that it is not of use, but either when we do ill our felves, or meet with ill from others. Men are divided about the question; some disclaim all, some admit too much, and some have hit the Mean. And furely as the world is, it is not all condemnable. There is an honest policy. The heart is not so far from the tongue, but that there may be a refervation; though not a contradiction between them. All policy is but circumstantial dissembling; pretending one thing, intending another. Some will so far allow it, as they admit of an absolute recess from a word already paffed, and fay, that Faith is but a merchants, or mechanick-vertue: And so they make it higher, by making it a regal vice. There is an order that out-goeth Machiavel: or else he is honester than his wont, where he confesses, Usus fraudis in cateris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis, That fraud which in war is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable. 'Tis certain there is a prerogative in Princes,

Princes, which may legitimate something in their Negotiations, which is not allowable in a private person. But even the grant of this liberty, hath encouraged them to too great an inlargement. State is become an irreligious Riddle. Lewis the eleventh of France would wish his son to learn no more Latine, than what would teach him to be a diffembling Ruler. The plain heart, in Court, is but grown a better word for a Fool. Great men have occasions both more, and of more weight, and such as require contrivings, that go not the ordinary way; left, being traced, they be countermined, and fall to ruine. The ancient Romans did (I think) miscal it, Industry. And when it was against an enemy, or a bad man, they needs would have it commendable. And yet the prisoner that got from Hannibal, by eluding his oath, was by the Senate (as Livie tells us) apprehended and fent back again. They practized more than some of them taught; though in this deed there was a greater cause of performance, because there was a voluntary trust reposed. Contrary to the opinion of Plate, that allowed a lye lawful, either to fave a Citizen, or deceive an enemy. There is a fort, that the Poet bid us coozen;

Fallite fallentes, ex magnà parte profanum

Sunt genus: in laqueos, quos posuere, cadent.

Coozen the Coozeners; commonly they be

Profane: let their own spare their ruine be.

But sure we go too far, when our coozenage breeds their mischief. I know not well whether I may go along with Lipfius; Fraus triplex: prima levis, ut dissimulatio, & diffedentia : hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tolero. Tertia mag na ut perfidia, & injustitia, istam damno. I had rather take Peter Martyrs distinction of good and bad: Good, as the Nurse with the child, or the Physician with his Patient, for his health's sake: Bad, when 'tis any way author of harm. Certainly, the use of it any way is as great a fault, as an impersection; and carries a kind of diffidence of God along with it. I believe if Man had not faln, he should never need have us'd it: and as he is now, I think no Man can live without it. The best way to avoid it, is to avoid much business and vice. For, if men defend not in some fort, as others offend; while you maintain one breach, you leave another unmann'd: and for Vice, the ever thinks in this dark, to hide her abhorred foulness. If I must use it, it shall be only so, as I will neither, by it, dishonour Religion, nor be a cause of hurt to my neighbour.

# XLIII. Of Censure.

Is the easiest part to consure, or to contradict a truth. For truth is but one, and seeming truths are many: and sew works are performed without errors. No man can write six lines, but there may be something one may carp at, if he be disposed to cavil. Opinions are as various, as false. Fudgment is from every tongue, a several. Men think by consuring to be accounted wise; but, in my conceis, there is nothing lays

lays forth more of the Fool. For this you may ever observe; they that know leaft, censure most. And this I believe to be a reason, why men o' precise lives, are often rash in this extravagancy. Their retiredness keeps them ignorant in the course of business; it they weighed the imperfections of humanity they would breathe less condemnation. Ignorance gives disparagement, a lowder tonque than Knowledge does. Wise men had rather know, than tell. Frequent dispraises are, at best, but the faults of uncharitable wit. Any Clown may fee the Furrow is but crooked, but where is the man that can plow me a streight one? The best works are but a kind of Miscellany; the cleanest Corn, will not be without some foil: No not after often winnowing. There is a tincture of corruption, that dies even all mortality. I would wish men in works of others, to examine two things before they judge. Whether it be more good, than ill: And whether they themselves could at first have perform'd it better. If it be most good; we do amiss for some errors to condemn the whole. Who will cast away the whole body of the Beast, because it inheld both guts and ordure? As man is not judged good, or bad, for one action, or the fewest number; but as he is most in general: So in works, we should weigh the generality, and, according to that, censure. If it be rather good than ill, I think he deserves some praise, for raising Nature above her ordinary flight. Nothing in this world can be framed so entirely perfect, but that it shall have in it some delinquencies, to argue more were in the comprisor. If it were not so, it were not from Nature, but the immediate Deity. The next, if we had never feen that frame, whether or no, we think we could have mended it. To efpy the inconveniences of a house built, is easie: but to lay the plot at first, well; is matter of more pate, and speaks the praise of a good Contriver. The crooked lines help better to shew the freight. Judgment is more certain by the eye, than in the fancy; furer in things done than in those that are but in cogitation. If we find our selves able to correct a Copy, and not to produce an Original, yet dare to deprave; we shew more Criticism than Ability. Seeing we should rather magnifie him, that hath gone beyond us; than condemn his worth for a few fails. Self-examination will make our judgments charitable. 'Tis from where there is no judgment, that the heaviest judgment comes. If we must needs censure, 'tis good to do it as Suetonius Writes of the twelve Cafars; tell both their vertues, and their vices unpartially: and leave the upshot to collection of the private mind. So shall we learn by hearing of the faults to avoid them: and by knowing the vertues practile the like. Otherwife, we should rather praise a man for a little good, than brand him for his more of ill. We are full of faults, by Nature; we are good, not without our care and industry.

#### XLIV.

## Of Wisdom and Science.

Science by much is short of Wisdom. Nay, so far, as I think you shall scarce find a more Fool, than sometimes a meer Scholar. He will speak

speak Greek to an Oftler, and Latine familiarly to momen that understand it not. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, but Discretion is the key: without which it lies dead, in the dulness of a fruitless rest. The practick part of wisdom is the best. A native ingenuity is beyond the watchings of industrious study. Wisdom is no inheritance, no not to the greatest Clerks. Men write commonly more formally, than they pra-Etise; and they conversing only among books are put into affectation, and pedantism. He that is built of the Press, and the Pen, shall be sure to make himself ridiculous. Company and Conversation are the best Instructors for a Noble behaviour. And this is not found in a melancholy study alone. What is written, is most from Imagination and Fancy. And how aery must they needs be, that are congeriated wholly on the sumes, perhaps of distempered brains? For if they have not judgment, by their Learning, to amend their conversations; they may well want judgment to chuse the worthiest Authors. I grant they know much: and I think any man may do fo, that hath but Memory, and bestows some time in a Library. There is a flowing nobleness, that some men be graced with, which far out-shines the notions of a timed Student. And without the vain purls of Rhetorique; some men speak more excellently, even from Natures own judiciousness, than can the Scholar by his quiddits of Art. How fond and untunable are Fresh-mens Brawls, when we meet them out of their College? with many times a long recited Sentence, quite out of the way, Arguments about nothing; or at best, nicities. As one would be of Martin's Religion, another of Luthers, and so quarrel about their Faith. How easie an invention may put salse matter into true Syllogisms? So I see how Senesa laught at them. O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus? in hoc barbam dimissimus? Dispurationes ista, utinam tantum non prodesent, nocent. O most childish follies! is it for this we knit our brows, and stroke our beards? Would God these Disputations only did not profit us; they are hurtful. In discourse, give me a Man that speaks reason, rather then Authors: rather sense, than a Syllogism, rather his own, than anothers. He that continually quotes others, argues a barrenness in himself, which forces him to be ever a borrowing. In the one, a man bewrays Judgment; in the other, Reading. And in my opinion, 'tis agreater commendation to say, he is wife, than well-read. So far I will honour Knowledge, as to think, this art of the brain, when it meets with an able Nature in the mind, then only makes a man complear. Any man shall speak the better, where he knows what others have faid. And sometimes the consciousness of his inward knowledge, gives a confidence to his outward behaviour: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his carriage.

#### XLV.

## That misapplication makes Passion ill.

Read it but of one, that 'tis faid, He was a Man after Gods own heart.

And Him among all others, I find extremely passionate, and very valiant.

valiant. Who ever read such bitter Curses, as he prays may light upon his Enemies ? Let Death come hastily upon them: and let them go quick to Hell. Let them fall from one wickedness to another. Let them be wiped out of the Book of Life. Let their prayer be turned into fin. Certainly, should such imprecations fall from a Modern tongue, we should censure them for want of charity: and I think we might do it justly. For God hath not given us Commission to curse his enemies, as he did to David. The Gospel hath set Religion to a sweeter Tune. The Law was given with Thunder, Striking Terrour in the Hearers; The Goffel with Mufick, Voyces, and Angel-like apparitions. The Law came in like War, threatning ruine to the Land of Man; The Gospel like Peace, in the fost pleafures of uniting Weddings. And this may fatisfie for his rigour': But if we look upon him in another trim of the mind: how smooth he is, and mellifying? how does his foul melt it self into his eyes, and his bowels flow with the full streams of compassion? how fixt he was to Jonathan? how like a weak and tender woman, he laments his Rebel Absolom, and weeps oftener, than I think we read of any through the whole story of the Bible? His valour, we cannot doubt: it is so eminent in his killing of the Bear and Lyon : in his Duel with that huge Polypheme of the Philistims, and his many other Martial acts against them. So that there feems to be in him, the highest pitch of contrarying passions: and yet the man, from Gods own mouth, hath a testimony of a true approvement. When passions are directed to their right end, they may fail in their manner, but not in their measure. When the subject of our hatred is fin, it cannot be too deep : When the object of our Love is God, it cannot be too high. Moderation may become a fault. To be but warm, when God commands us to be hot, is finful. We belye Vertue into the constant dulness of a Mediocrity. I shall never condemn the nature of those men, that are sometimes violent: but those that know not, when 'tis fit to be so. Valor is then best temper'd, when it can turn out of a stern fortitude into the mild strains of Pity. 'Tis written to the honor of Tamberlane, that conquering the Muscovites with expression of a princely valour, he falls from the joy of the victory, to a lamentation of the mamy casual miseries they endure, that they are tyed to follow the leading of Ambittous Generals: And all this, from the fight of the field, covered with the foulless men. Some report of Cafar, that he wept, when he heard how Pompey dy'd. Though pity be a downy vertue, yet the never thines more brightly, than when the is clad in steel. A Martial man compassionate shall conquer both in peace and mar; and by a two-fold way get Victory, with honour. Temperate men have their passions so ballanced within them, as they have none of either fide in their height and purity. Therefore, as they seldom fall into foul acts; so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excelling deeds of Nobleness. I observe in the general, the most famed men of the world have had in them both Courage and Compassion; and oftentimes wet eyes, as well as wounding hands. I would not rob Temperance of her Royalty. Fabius may conquer by delaying, as well as Cafar, by expedition. As the cafualties of

the world are, Temperance is a vertue of singular worth: But without doubt, high spirits directed right will bear away the Bays for more glorious actions. These are best to raise Common-wealths: but the other are best to rule them after. This, best keeps in order, when the other hath stood the spock of an innovation; of either, there is excellent use. As I will not over-value the moderate: So I will not too much disesteem the violent. An arrow, simed right, is not the worse for being drawn home. That action is best done, which being good, is done with the vigour of the spirits. What makes zeal so commendable, but the servency that it carryeth with it?

#### XLVI.

### Of the waste and change of Time.

Look upon the lavish Expences of former Ages, with Pity and Admiration, That those things men built for the honour of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten up by the steely Teeth of Time, or else relt as monuments, but of their pride, and luxury. Great works, undertaken for oftentation, miss of their end, and turn to the Authors shame : if not; the transitions of time, wear out their engraved names, and they last not much longer then Caligula's Bridge over the Baja. What is become of the Mausoleum, or the ship-bestriding Colossus? where is Marcus Scaurus Theater, the Bituminated wals of Babylon? and how little rests of the Egyptian Pyramids? and of these, how divers does report give in their Builders? some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pity the toyls of Vertue, when he shall find greater honor inscribed to loose Phryne, then to victorious Alexander? who when he had razed the wals of Thebes, she offer'd to reedifie them, with condition this Sentence might but on them be inlitter'd: Alexander pull'd them down; but Phryne did rebuild them. From whence, some have jested it into a quarrel for fame, betwixt a whore and a Thief: Doubtless, no Fortifications can hold against the cruel devastations of Time. I could never yet find any estate exempted from this Mutability. Nay, those which we would have thought had been held up with the strongest pillars of continuance, have yet suffered the extremest changes. The houses of the dead, and the urned bones, have sometimes met with rude hands, that have scattered them. Who would have thought when Scanderbeg was laid in his tomb, that the Turks should after riffle it, and wear his bones for Fewels? Change is the great Lord of the World, Time is his Agent, that brings in all things to fusfer his unstaid Dominion.

—— Ille tot Regum parens, Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flammâ indiget. Ardente Troja.

Now finds no grave, and Troy in flames, He wants his Funeral one.

We

We are so far from leaving any thing certain to posterity, that we cannot be sure to injoy what we have, while we live. We live sometimes to see more changes in our selves, than we could expet could happen to our lasting off-spring. As if none were ignorant of the Fate, the Poet asks.

Divitis audita est cui non opulentia Crasi?

Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit.

Ille, Syracusa modo formidatus in urbe,

Vix humili duram reppulit arte famem.

Who has not heard of Crasus heaps of Gold,

Yet knows his Foe did him a Pris'ner hold?

He that once aw'd Sicylia's proud extent,

By a poor Art, could Famine scarce prevent.

We all put into the world, as men put Money into a Lottery. Some lose all, and get nothing : Some with nothing, get infinite prize; which perhaps ventring again, with hope hope of increase, they lose with grief, that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that we can confidently call our own: or that we can furely say, we thall either do, or avoid. We have not power over the present: Much less over the future, when we shall be absent; or dissolved. And indeed, if we consider the world aright, we shall find some reason, for these continual Mutations. If every one had power, to transmit the certain possession of all his acquisitions, to his own Succeeders, there would be nothing left, for the Noble Deeds of new aspirers to purchase: Which would quickly betray the world, to an incommunicable dulness, and utterly discourage the generous designs of the stirring, and more elementary spirit. As things now are, every man thinks something may fall to his sbare: and since it must crown some indeavours, he imagines, why not his? Thus by the various treads of Men, every action comes to be done, which is requisite for the Worlds maintaining. But fince nothing here below is certain, I will never purchase any thing with too great a bazard. 'Tis Ambition, not Wildom, that makes Princes hazard their whole estates for an honor meerly titular. If I find that loft, which I thought to have kept; I will comfort my self with this, that I knew the world was changeable; and that as God can take away a less good: so he can, if he please, confer me a greater.

### XLVII. Of Death.

Here is no Spectacle more profitable, or more terrible, than the fight of a dying man, when he lies exspiring his foul on his deathbed: to see how the ancient society of the body and the soul is divelled; and yet to see how they struggle at the parting: being in some doubt what shall become of them after. The spirits shrink inward, and retire to the anguisht heart: as if, like sons prest from an indulgent Father, they would come for a sad Vale, from that which was their lifes main-

tainer: while that in the mean time pants with afrighting pangs; and the hands and feet, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a fashionable Clay: as if Death crept in at the nails, and by an insensible surprize, suffocated the inviron'd heart. To see how the mind would fain utter it felf, when the Organs of the voice are so debilitated, that it cannot. To fee how the eye settles to a fixed dimness, which a little before, was swift as the shoots of Lightning, nimbler than the thought, and bright as the polisht Diamond: and in which this Miracle was more eminent than in any of the other parts, That it, being a material earthly body, should yet be conveyed with quicker motion, than the revolutions of an indefinite Soul; so suddenly bringing the object to conceits, that one would think, the apprehension of the heart were scatted in the eye it self. To see all his friends, like Conduits, dropping tears about him; while he neither knows his wants, nor they his cure. Nay, even the Phylician, whose whole life is nothing but a study and practice to continue the lives of others, and who is the Anatomist of general Nature, is now as one that gazes at a Comet, which he can reach with nothing, but his eye alone. To fee the Countenance, (through which perhaps there shin'd a lovely Majesty, even to the captivating of admiring Souls) now altered to a frightful paleness, and the terrours of a ghaftly look. To think, how that which commanded a Family, nay perhaps a Kingdom; and kept all in awe, with the moving of a spongy tongue, is now become a thing so full of horror, that Children fear to see it: and must now therefore be transmitted from all these inchanting blandishments, to the dark and hideous grave: Where, in stead of shaking of the golden Scepter, it now lyes imprison'd but in five foot of Lead: and is become a nest of worms, a lump of filth, a box of pallid putrefection. There is even the difference of two several Worlds betwixt a King enamel'd with his Robes and Jewels, fitting in his Chair of adored State, and his condition in his bed of Earth, which hath made him but a Case of Crawlers: and yet all this change without the loss of any visible substantial: Since all the limbs remain as they were, without the least sign, either of diflocation, or diminution. From hence 'tis, I think, Scaliger defines Death to be the Cessation of the Souls functions: as if it were rather a restraint, than a missive ill. And if any thing at all be wanting, 'tis only colour, motion, heat, and empty air. Though indeed, if we confider this diffolution, man by death is absolutely divided and dif-man'd. That gross object, which is left to the spectators eyes, is now only a composure but of the two baser Elements, water, and Earth: that now it is these two only, that seem to make the body, while the two purer, Fire and Air, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an elemental and ascentive Soul. When thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose conversation had indeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the body put on Death's sad and ashy countenance, in the dead age of night, when filent darkness does incompass the dim light of thy glimmering Taper, and thou hearest a folemn Bell toled, to tell the world of it; which now, as it were, with this found, is struck

into a dumb attention: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to pleasure, and the sugitable toys of life? O what a bubble, what a puffe, what but a wink of Life is man! And with what a general swallow, Death still gapes upon the general world! when Hadrian askt Secundus, What Death was, He answered in these several truths: It is a sleep eternal; the Bodies dissolution; the rich mans fear; the poor mans wish; an event inevitable; an uncertain Journey; a Thief that sleals away man; Sleeps father; Lifes slight; the departure of the living, and the resolution of all. Who may not from such sights and thoughts as these, learn, if he will, both humility and lostiness? the one to vilise the body, which must once perish in a stenchful nastiness; The other to advance the Soul, which lives here but for a higher, and more heavenly ascension? As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the flesh, which I must one day yield to the worms: So I would ever be studious for such actions, as may appear the issues of a noble and diviner Soul.

## XLVIII. Of Idleness.

He Idle man is the barrenest piece of Earth in the Orb. There is no Creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venimous and most ravenous things that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances: and they are ever ingaged in some action, which both profitcth the World, and continues them in their Natures courses. Even the Vegetables, wherein calm Nature dwels, have their turns and times in fructifying: they leaf, they flowr, they feed. Nay, Creatures quite inanimate are (some) the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerly face the Golden Sun Chariots thorow the rounding skie? How perpetual is the Maiden Moon, in her just and horn'd mutations? The Fire, how restless in his quick and catching flames? In the Air, what transitions? and howfluctuous are the falted maves? Nor is the the teeming earth weary, after so many thousand years production? All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to shewing thorow his unwallt-face. Idleness is the most corrupting Fly, that can blow in any humane mind. That Ignorence is the most miserable, which knows not what to do. The Idle man is like the dumb Jack in a Virginal: while all the other dance out a winning musick, this, like a member out of joynt, fullens the whole Body, with an ill disturbing laziness. I do not wonder to fee fome of our Gentry grown (well-neer) the lewedest men of our Land: fince they are most of them, so muffled in a non-imployment. Tis Action that does keep the Soul both sweet and found: while lying fill does not it to an order'd noy somness. Augustine imputes Esan's loss of the bleffing, partly to his flothfulness; that had rather receive meat, than leekir. Surely, exercise is the farining food of the Soul, without which, The grows lank, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of Great men are so much debauched, I believe to be want of Imployment:

For the Soul, impatient of an absolute recess, for want of the wholesom food of bufiness, preys upon the lemder Actions. 'Tis true, Men learn to do ill, by doing what is next it, nothing. I believe Solomon meant the field of the fluggard, as well for the Embleme of his mind, as the certain Index of his outward state. As the one is over-grown with Thorns and Bryers; so is the other with vices and enormities. If any wonder how Egistus grew adulterate, the exit of the Verse will tell him-Desidiosus erat. When one would brag the bleffings of the Roman state, that fince Carthage was raz'd, and Greece subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear : Says the best Scipio, We now are most in danger; for while we want bufiness, and have no Foe to ame us, we are ready to drown in the mud of Vice and flothfulness. How bright does the Soul grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned sweetness does that Family flourish, where but one laborious Guide steereth in an order'd Course! When Cleanthes had laboured, and gotten some coin, he thews it his Companions, and tels them, that he now, if he will, can nourish another Cleanthes. Believe it, Industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the incoming profit, it will yet banish mischief from thy busied gates. There is a kind of good Angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a Laurel in his hand, to crown her. Fortune, they said of old, should not be pray'd unto, but with the hands in motion. The bosom'd fift beckens the approach of poverty, and leaves beside, the noble head ungarded: but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director. How unworthy was that man of the world, that ne'r did ought, but only liv'd and dy'd. Though Epaminondas was severe, he was yet exemplary, when he found a souldier fleeping in his watch, and ran him thorow with his Sword; as if he would bring the two Brothers, Death and Sleep, to a meeting: And when he was blam'd for that, as cruelty, he fays he did but leave him as he found him, dead. It is none of the meanest happiness, to have a mind that loves a vertuous exercise: 'Tis dayly rising to blessedness and contentation. They are idle Divines, that are not hear' ned in their lives, above the un-studious man. Every one shall smell of that he is busied in: as those that stir among perfumes and spices, shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful odour with them: so they, that turn the leaves of the worthy writer, cannot but retain a smart of their long-liv'd Auther. They converse with Vertnes Soul, which he that writ, did spread upon his lasting Paper. Every good line adds finew to the vertuous mind: and withal, heals that vice, which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favouring Heavens. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that liberty well; I think, I may, without oftentation, be thankful for it, as a bounty of the Deity. Sure, I should be miserable, if I did not love this business in my vacancy. I am glad of that leifure, which gives me leifure to imploy my felf. If I should not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am fure, would accrue me: I should both keep my self from morfe, and not have time to entertain the Devil in.

That

#### XLIX.

That all things have a like progression and fall.

Here is the same method thorow all the world in general. All things come to their height by degrees; there they stay the least of time; then they decline as they rose: only mischief, being more importunate, ruines at once, what Nature hath been long a rearing. Thus the Poet sung the fall.

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo, Et subito casu, que valuêre, ruunt :

All that man holds, hangs but by slender twine; By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

Man may be kill'd in an instant; he cannot be made to live, but by space of time in conception. We are curdled to the fashion of a life, by time, and fet successions; when all again is lost, and in the moment of a minute, gone. Plants, fishes, beafts, birds, men, all grow up by leisurely progressions: so Families, Provinces, States, Kingdoms, Empires, have the same way of rise by steps. About the height they must stay a while, because there is a neerness to the middle on both fides, as they rise, and as they fall: otherwise, their continuance in that top, is but the very point of time, the present now, which now again is gone. Then they at best descend; but for the most part tumble. And that which is true in the smallest particulars, is, by taking a larger view, the same in the distended Bulk. There were first, Men, then Families, then Tribes, then Common-Wealths, then Kingdoms, Monarchies, Empires; which, we find, have been the height of all worldly dignities: And as we find those Monarchies did rife by degrees; so we find they have slid again to decay. There was the Affrian, the Perfian, the Grecian, the Roman. And fure, the height of the Worlds glory was in the days of the Roman Empire; and the height of that Empire, in the days of Augustus. Peace then gently breathed thorow the Universe, Learning was then in her fullest flourish: no Age, either before or fince, could present us with so many towring ingenuities. And then, when the whole world was most like unto God, in the sway of one Monarch, when they saluted him by the Title of Augustus; and they then, like God, began in rule to be called Imperatores: This, I take it, was the fulness of time, wherein GOD, the Saviour of the World, vouchsafed, by taking humane nature upon him, to descend in the world. And surely the consideration of such things as these, are not unworthy our thoughts: Though our Faith be not bred, yet it is much confirmed, by observing such like circumstances. But then may we think, how small a time this Empire continued in this flourish. Even the next Emperor, Tiberius, began to degenerate; Caligula more; Nero yet more than he, till it grew to be embroyled and difmembred, to an absolute division. Since, how has the Tark leized one in the East? And the other in the well, how much is it fubdivided, by the deduction of France, Britain, Spain? Some have also observed the Site of these Empires, how the first was nearest the East; the next, a Degree further

of; and so on in distant removals, following the course of the Sun: as if beginning in the morning, of the World, they would make a larger day, by declining toward the West, where the Sun goes down, after his rifing in the East. This may stand to the Southern and Western Inhabitants of the World; but I know not how to the Northern: for else how can that be be said to rise any where which resteth no where, but is perpetually in the speed of a circular motion? For the time, it. was when the world was within a very little, aged 4000. years; which, I believe, was much about the middle age of the world : though seeing there are promises that the latter days shall be shortned, we cannot expect the like extent of time after it, which we find did go before it. Nor can we think, but that decay, which hastens in the ruine of all lesser things, will likewise be more speedy in this. If all things in the world decline faster by far, than they do afcend; why should we not believe the world to do fo too? I know not what certain grounds they have, that dare assume to foretel the particular time of the worlds conflagration. But surely in reason, and Nature, the end cannot be mightily diflant. We have feen the Infancy, the Youth, the Virility, all past: Nay, we have feen it well stept into years, and declination, the most infallible premonitors of a dissolution. Some could believe it within less than this nine and twenty years, because as the Floud destroy'd the former world, one thousand fix hundred fifty fix years after the first destroying Adam; so the latter world shall be consumed by fire, one thousand fix hundred fifty and fix years after the second saving Adam; which is Christ. But I dare not fix a certainty, where God hath left the world in ignerance. The exact knowledge of all things is in God only. But furely, by collections from Nature and Reason, Man may much help himself, in likelihood and probabilities. Why hath Man an arguing and premeditating Soul, if not to think on the course and causes of things, thereby to magnific his Creator in them? I will often muse in such like Theams: for, besides the pleasure I shall meet; in knowing further; I shall find my Soul, by admiration of these wonders, to love both Reason, and the Deity better. As our admiring of things evil, guides us to a fecret hate and decession: so, whatsoever we applaud for goodness, cannot but cause some raise in our affections.

T

## Of Detraction.

N some unlucky dispositions, there is such an envious kind of Pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth for excellent: so that when they hear one justly praised, they will either seek to dismount his Vertues; or, if they be like a clear light, eminent; they will stab him with a But of detraction: as if there were something yet so foul, as did obnubilate even his brightest glory. Thus when their tongue cannot justly condemn him, they will leave him in suspected ill, by silence. Surely, if we considered detractation, to be bred of envy,

nested

nested only in deficient minds; we should find, that the applauding of virtue would win us far more honor, than the feeking flily to differ age it. That would shew we lov'd what we commended; while this tells the world, we grudge at what we want in our selves. Why may we not think the Poet meant them for Detractors, which sprung of the teeth of Cadmus porfoned Serpent ? I am fure their ends may parallel; for they usually murther one another in their fame : and where they find not spots, they devise them. It is the basest Office Man can fall into, to make his tongue the whipper of the worthy man. If we do know vices in men, I think we can scarle shew our selves in a nobler virtue, than in the charity of concealing them: fo it be not a flattery, perswading to continuance. And if it be in absence, even sometime that which is true, is most unbeseeming the report of a Man. Who will not condemn him as a Traitor to reputation and society, that tells the private fault of his friend, to the publick and depraying World? When two friends part, they should lock up one anothers ferrets, and interchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbours fails, than any way uncurtain them. I care not for his humor, that loves to clip the wings of a lefty fame. The Counsel in the Satyre I do well approve of.

Oui non defendit alio culpante, solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famama; dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, saveto.

— Who bites his absent Friend,
Or not desends him blam'd, but holds along
With mens loose laughter, and each praters tongue;
That seins what was not, and discloaks a soul;
Beware him, Noble Roman, he is soul.

And for the most part, he is as dangerous, in another vice as this. He that can detract unworthily, when thou canst not answer him; can flatter thee as unworthily, when thou canst not chuse but hear him. 'Tis usual with him to smooth it in the Chamber, that keeps a railing tongue for the Hall. And besides all this, it implies a kind of cowardise: for who will judge him otherwise, that but then unbuttons his tumor'd brest, when he finds none to oppose the pigness of his looks and tongue? The valiant mans tongue, though it never boafteth vainly, yet is ever the greatest Coward in absence : but the Coward is never valiant but then : and then too, 'tis without his heart, or spirit. There is nothing argues Nature more degenerate, than her secret repining at anothers transcendency. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this folly, that by this act, she is able less to discern. He that pretending virtue is busie in the stains of men, is like to him that feeks loft gold in asbes, and blowing them about, hides that more, which he better might have found with fidness. To over-commend a man, I know is not good: but the Detractor wounds three with the one Arrow of his viperous tongue. Indeed it is hard to speak a man true, as he is: but howsoever, I would not dePrave the same of the absent: 'Tis then a time for praises, rather than for reprehension. Let praise be voyced to the spreading air; but chidings whisper'd in the kissed ear: Which action teaches us, even while we chide, to love. If there be Virtues, and I am call'd to speak of him that owns them, I will tell them forth unpartially. If there be vices mixt with those, I will be content the world shall know them by some other tongue than mine.

## LI. Against Compulsion.

Snothing prevails more than Courtefie: so Compulsion often is the way to lofe. Too much importunity does but teach men how to deny. The more we defire to gain, the more do others defire that they may not lofe. Nature is ever jealous of her own supremacy: and when The fees that others would under-tread it, The calls in all her powers for resistance. Certainly they work by a wrong Engine, that seek to gain their ends by constraint. Cross two Lovers, and you knit but their affection ftronger. You may ftroak the Lyon into a bondage: but you shall sooner hew him to pieces, than beat him into a chain. The Fox may praise the Crows meat from her Bill: but cannot with his swiftness overtake her wing. Easte Nature, and free liberty, will steal a man into a winy excess: when urged healths do but shew him the way to refuse. The noblest weapon, wherewith Man can conquer, is love, and gentlest courtefie. How many have lost their hopes, while they have fought to ravish them with too rude a hand? Nature is more apt to be led by the fost motions of the musical tongue, than the rustick threshings of a friking arm. Love of life, and follities, will draw a man to more, than the fear of death, and torments. No doubt, Nature meant Cafar for a Conquerour, when the gave him both fuch courage, and fuch courte fie; both which put Marins into a muze. They which durst speak to him, (he faid) were ignorant of his greatness; and they which durst not, were so of his goodness. They are men the best composed, that can be resolute, and remiss. For, as fearful Natures are wrought upon by the sternness of a rough comportment : so the valiant are not gain'd on, but by gentle affability, and a shew of pleasing liberty. Little Fishes are twitched up with the violence of a sudden pull; when the like action cracks the line, whereon a great one hangs. I have known denyals, that had never been given, but for the earnest ness of the requester. They teach the petitioned to be suspicious; and suspicion teaches him to hold and fortifie. He that comes with you must have me, is like to prove but a fruitless Wooer. Urge a grant to some men, and they are inexorable; seem careless, and they will force the thing upon you. Augustus got a friend of Cinna, by giving him a fecond life, whereas his death could at best but have remov'd an Enemy. Hear but his exiled Poet.

Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus: Franges, à vires experiere tuas.

Obsequio

Obsequio tranantur aqua, nec vincere possis Flumina, si contrà, quàm rapit unda, nates. Obsequium Tygresq; domat, tumidosq; Leones: Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.

The Trees crookt-branches, gently bent, grow right; When as the hands full vigor breaks them quite. He safely swims, that waves along the flood; While crossing streams is neither safe nor good. Tygers and Lyons, mildness keeps in awe:

And, gently us'd, Buls yoaktin Ploughs will draw.

Certainly, the fair way is the best, though it be something the surther about. 'Tis less ill for a Journey to be long, than dangerous. To vex other men, I will think, is but to tutor them, how they should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase ought unequally: What is got against reason, is for the most part won, by the meeting of a Food and Knave. If ought be sought with reason, that may come with kindness; for then Reason in their own bosons, will become a pleader for me: but I will be content to lose a little, rather than be drawn to obtain by violence. The trouble and the hazard we avoid, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a slender loss. Constraint is for extremities, when all ways else shall fail. But in the general, Fairness has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the desire; yet this does the like, and purchaseth love; when that only leaves a lothson hate behind it.

## LII. Of Dreams.

Reams are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wife man learns to know himself as well by the nights black mantle, as the fearthing beams of day. In fleep, we have the naked and natutal thoughts of our fouls: ontward objects interpole not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations, or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then thut up in the Burrough of the body: none of the Cinqueports, of the Ise of Man, are then open, to in-let any strange disturbers. Surely, how we fall to vice, or rise to virtue, we may by observation find in our dreams. It was the wife Zeno, that faid, he could collect a man by his Dreams. For then the foul, stated in a deep repose", bewrayed her true affections: which in the buse day, she would either not shem, or not note. It was a cultom among the Indians, when their Kings went to their fleep, to pray with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams; and withal confult well for their Subjects benefit: as if the night had been a time, wherein they might grow good, and wife. And certainly, the wife man is the wifer for his fleeping, if he can order well in the day, what the eye-less night presenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of: nor yet are all to be call away with contempt. I would neither be a Stoick, superstitions in all's not yet an Epicure ; considerate of none. If the Physician may by them judge of the difease of the body, I see not, but the Divine may do so, concerning the soul. I doubt not but the Genius of the Soul is making and motive, even in the sastest clo-sures, of the imprisoning eye-lids. But to presage from these thoughts of sheep is a mission that I would not reach to. The best use we can make of dreams, is observation: and by that, our ownsequection, or incouragement. For, 'tis not doubtable, but that the mind is working, in the dullest depth of sleep, I am confirmed by Claudian,

Omnia que sensu volvuntur vota diurno, Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies. Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit; Mens tamen ad sylvas, & sua lustra redit. Indicibus lites, auriga sommia currus, Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis. Furto gaudet amans ; permutat navita merces : Et vigil elapsas querit avarus opes. Blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus agris, Irriguus gelido poeula fonte fopor. Me quoque Musarum fendium, sub nocte silenti, Artibus Affiduis, Sollicitare Solet. Day thoughts, transwinged from th' industrious breft, All feem re-acted in the nights dumb reft. When the tyr'd Huntiman his repose begins, Then flyes his mind to Woods, and wild Beafts dens. Judges dream cases: Champions seem to run, With their night Coursers, the vain bounds to shun. Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffique minds. The Miler thinks he fome lost treasure finds. And to the thirsty fick some potion cold Stiffe flattering fleep inancly feems to hold. Yea, and inith' age of filent rest, even I, Troubled with Arts deep musings, nightly lye.

Dreams do sometimes call us to a recognition of our inclinations, which print the deeper in so undisturbed times. I could wish men to give them their tensideration, but not to allow them their trust, though sometimes its easie to pick out a prositable Moral. Antiquity had them in much more reverence, and did oft account them propheses, as is easily found in the sacred valume: and among the Heathen, nothing was more frequent. Astrages had two of his daughten Mandana, the Vine, and her Vrin. Calphurnia of her Caser; Heaubs of Paris; and almost every Prince among them, had his Fate shewed in interpreted dreams. Galen tells of one, that dream'd his thigh was turn'd to stone, when soon after it was struck with a dead Palsie. The aptness of the business to the like effects, might suggest something to the mind, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to preserve health or amend the life, dreams, may, to a mise observen, be of special benefit. I would neither depend upon any, to incur a prejudice, nor yet cast them all away, in a prodigal neglets and forn. I find it of one that having long been troubled

with the paining spleen; that he dreamp't, if he opened a certain vein, between two of his singers, he should be cured: which he waked, did, and mended. But, indeed I would rather believe this, then be drawn to practise after it. These predictions are more rare fore-telling's, used to be lapp'd in obscured folds: and now that Art lost, Christianity hath setled us to less inquisition; 'tis for a Roman Soothsayer to read those darker spirits of the night, and tell that still Distator; His dream, of copulation with his mother, signified his subjecting of the world to himself. 'Tis now so out of use, that I think it not to be recovered. And were it not for the power of the Gospel, in crying down the vains of men, it would appear a wonder, how a science so pleasing to humanity, should fall so quite to ruine.

## LIII. Of Bounty.

Here is such a Royalty in the mind, as betrays a man to baseness, and to poverty. Excesses, for the most part, have but ill conclufions. There is a dung hil mischief, that awaits even the man of the bountious foul: and they, that had store of a native goodness, grow at last to the practice of the foulest villanies. They are free as the descending rain, and pour a plenty on the general world. This Munificence consumes them, and brings them to the miseries of an emptyed Mine. Yet, in this fall of their melted demeans, they grow ashamed to be publickly seen come short of their wonted revelling. So, rather than the world shall see an alteration, they leave no lemaness privately unprastised. 'Tis a noted truth of Tacitus. Erarium, ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplendum erit. Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supply'd by wickedness. that which bears the name of Noble, should be parent of such hated Vileness. What is it Ambition will not practise, rather than let her port decline? Vain-glory ends in lendness, and contempt. The lavish mind loves any indirection better than to flag in state. A fond popularity bewitches the foul, to from about the wealth, and means: and, to feed that dispersive humor, all ways shall be trodden, though they never so much unworthy the man. Surely, we nick-name the same floodding wan, when we call him by the name of Brave. His striving to be like a God in Bounty, throws him to the lowest estate of man. 'Tis for none, but him that has all, to give to all abundantly. Where the carrying fream is greater, than the bringing one; the bottom will be quickly materles; and then what commendation is it, to fay, There is a plenty wasted? He has the best Fame, that keeps his efface unniggardly : The other flux, is meerly out of weakness. He overvalues the drunken and reeling love of the vulgar, that buyes it with the ruine of himself, and his family. He fears he is not lov'd, unless that he be loofe and feattering. They are fools that think their minds ill-woven, unless they have allowance from the popular stamp. The wife man is his own both World and Judge; he gives what he knows is he for his efface, and him, without ever caring

how the waving Tumult takes it. To weak minds, the People are the greatest Parasites: they worship and knee them, to the spending of a tair inheritance: and then they crush them with the heavy load of Pity. Tis the inconfiderate Man, that ravels out a spacious Fortune. He never thinketh how the heap will leffen, because he looses, but by grains, and parcels. They are ill Stewards, that so showr away a large State. Says Democritus, when he saw one giving to all, and that would want nothing which his mind did crave; Mayest thou perish unpitied, for making of the Virgin Graces, Harlots. He made his liberality, like a whore, to court the Publique; when indeed the ought to win by modesty. For, as the Harlots offers but procure the good mans hate: So when bounty proves a Curtezan, & offers too undecently, it fails of gaining love, and gets but the diflike of the wife. He does bounty injury, that thews her so Much, as he makes her but be laugh'd at. Who gives or spends too much, must fall, or else desist with shame. To live well of a little, is a great deal more honor, than to spend a great deal vainly. To know both when, and what to part withal, is a knowledge that befits a Prince. The best object of bounty, is either necessity, or desert. The best motive, thy own goodness: And the limit, is the safety of thy state. For, this I will constantly think; The best bounty of man, is, not to be too bountiful. It is not good to make our kindness to others, to be cruelty to our felves and ours.

#### XLIV.

## Of Mans Inconftancy.

No Weathercock under Heaven is so variable, as inconstant Man. Every breath of wind, fans him to a various shape. As if his mind were so near a kin to Air, as it must, with every motion, be in a perpetual change. Like an Instrument cunningly plaid on, it does rife, and fall, and alter, and all on a a sudden. We are Feathers blown in the bluster of our own loose passions, and are meerly the dalliance of the flying winds. How many in an instant have murthered the men they have lov'd? as if Accident were the Fate of things; and the Epicure had balked truth. How ardently can we affect some, even beyond the desire of dring for them, when immediately one Sudden Ebullition of Choler shall render them extremely offenfive? nay, freep them in our hate, and curfes? Behold the hold which Man doth take of Man! tis lost in a moment, with but the clacking of the tongue, a nod, or frown, or any fuch like nothing. We cancel leagues with friends, make new ones with our Enemies, and break them ere concluded. Our Favorites with the places alter: And our hate hath wings to alight, and depart. In our diet, how infinitely does the variation of humors disrellish the ill tasting palate? what to day we raven on, is the rife of the next days stomach. In our recreations how inconstantly loving? sometimes affecting the noiseful Hound; fometimes the filler fort of the wing; though ever ingaged to a giddy variety. In our Apparel how mutable? as if fashion were a God, that needs

needs would be ador'd in changes. Our whole life is but a greater, and longer child-hood. What man living would not die with anguish, were he bound to follow another, in all his unftedfast motions; which though they be ever turning, yet are never pleasing, but when they proceed from the native freedom of the Soul? which argues her change not more out of object, than her felf, and the humors wherewith the is composed. They first flowing to incite Defire, then powred out upon an object, dye in their birth, while more succeed them. Like Souldiers in a running Skirmift, come up, discharge, fall off, flie, and re-inforce themselves. Only erder is in their proceedings, while confusion doth distract the man. Surely, there is nothing argues his imperfection more. For though the Nboler Elements be most Motive, and the Earth least of all, which is yet basest: yet are they never mutable, but as the object that they fix on makes them; nor do they ever wander from that quality, wherewith Nature did at first invest them. But man, had he no object, he would change alone; and even to such things, as Nature did not once intend him. Minds thus temper'd, we use to call too light, as if they were unequally mixt, and the two nimbler Elements had gotten the predominance. Certainly, the best is a noble constancy. For, perfection is immutable. But for things imperfect, change is the way to perfect them. It gets the name of wilfulness, when it will not admit of a lawful change, to the better. Therefore Constancy, without Knowledge, cannot be always good. In things ill, 'tis not virtue, but an absolute Vice. In all changes, 1 will have regard to these three things: Gods approbation, my own benefit, and the not-harming of my Neighbour, where the change is not a fault, I will never think it a disgrace; though the great Exchange, the World, should judge it so. Where it is a fault, I would be constant, though outward things should wish my turning. He hath but a weak warrant for what he does, that hath only the fortune to find his bad actions plausible.

### LV. Of Logick.

Othing hath spoyl'd Truth more than the Invention of Logick. It hath found out so many distinctions, that it inwraps Reason in a miss of doubts. 'Tis Reason drawn into too sine a thred; tying up Truth in a twist of words, which, being hard to unlosse, carry her away as a prisoner.' Tis a net to intangle her, or an art instructing you, how to tell a reasonable lye. When Diogenes heard Zeno, with subtle Arguments, proving that there was no Motion: he suddenly starts up, and walks. Zeno asks the cause? Says he again, I but consute your reasons. Like an over-curious workman, it hath sought to make Truth so excellent; that it hath marr'd it. Vives saith, He doubts not but the Devil did invent it. It teaches to oppose the Truth, and to be salfely abstinate, so cunningly delighting, to put her to the worse, by deceit. As a Conceitest, it hath laid on so many solours, that the counterfeit is more various than the pattern. It gives us so many likes, that we know not

which is the same. Truth, in logical arguments, is like a Prince in a Masque; where are so many other presented in the same attire, that we know not which is he. And as we know there is but one Prince, so we know there is but one Truth; yet by reason of the Masque, Judgment is distracted, and deceived. There might be a double reason, why the Areopagita banisht Stilpe, for proving by his Sophistry, Minerva was no Goddess: One, to shew their distinct to the Art: another, that it was not sit, to suffer one to manton with the Gods. Sure, howsoever men might first invent it, for the help of truth, it hath provid but a help to wrangle: and a thing to set the mind at jar in it self: and doing nothing but consound conceit, it grows a toy to laugh at. Let me give you but one of our own.

Nascitur in tenebris animal, puer, inscius, infans, Conferat Oxonium se, citò siet homo. A thing born blind, a child, and soolish too, Shall be made man, if it to Oxford go.

Aristarchus his Quip, may fall upon our Times: Heretofore (says he) there were but seven wise men; and now it is hard to find that number of fools. For every man will be a Sophister, and then he thinks he's wife; though I doubt, some will never be so, but by help of Logick. Nature her self makes every man a Logician: they that brought in the Art, have presented us with one that hath over-atted her: and something strain'd her beyond her genuine plainness. But I speak this of Logick at large, for the pure Art is an Excellency. Since all is in use, 'tis good to retain it, that we may make it defend us, against it setf. There is no way to secure a Mine, but to countermine. Otherwise, like the Art of Memory, I think it spoils the Natural. How can it be otherwise, when the Invention of Man, shall strive with the investigation of Supream Nature? In matters of Religion, I will make Faith my means to ascertain, though not comprehend them; For other matters, I will think simple Nature the best Reason, and naked reason the best Logick. It may help me to frip off doubts, but I would not have it help to make them.

# LVI. Of Thoughtfulness in Misery.

The unfortunate mans wisdom, is one of his greatest miseries. Unless it be as well able to conquer, as distern, it only shows him but the blacker face of mourning. Tis no commendation, to have an insight deep in Calamity. It can show him mischeif which a Fool sees not; so help him to vexation, which he cannot tell how to cure. In temporal things, 'tis one great happiness to be free from miseries: A next to that, is not to be sensible of them. There is a comfort, in seeing but the shell of sorrow. And in my opinion, he does misely, that, when grief presents her self, lets her wear a vizor, sairer than her naked skin. Certainly, 'tis a selicity to be an honest fool, when the piercing eye of his spirit, shall not see into the bowels of his attendant trouble. I believe

our eyes would be ever winterly, if we gave them the flow but for every just occasion. I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend: when taking him up to the top of a Turret, over-looking all the piled buildings, he bids him think, how many Discontents there had been in those houses since their framing, how many are, and how many will be. Then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none elfe, were hardness, and injustice. To mourn for all, were endless. The best way is, to uncontract the brow, and let the worlds mad pleen fret, for that we smile in wees. Sorrows are like putrid graves, the deeper you dig, the fuller both of stench, and horror. Though consideration and a Fool be contraries, yet nothing increaseth misery like it. Who ever knew a Fool dye of a discontenting melancholy? So poor a condition is man faln to, that even his glory is become his punishment: and the rays of his wisdom light him but to see those anguisbes, which the darkness of his mind would cover. Sorrows are not to be entertain'd with hugs, and lengthned complements; but the cast of the eye, and the put-by of the turning band. Search not a wound too deep, lest you make a new one. It was not spoken without some Reason, That fortunate is better than wife; fince who foever is that, shall be thought to be this. For vulgar eyes judge rather, by the event, than the intention. And he that is unfortunate, though he be wife, shall find many, that will dew him with that at least supposed folly. This only is the wife mans benefit: As he fees more mischiefs; so he can curb more passions: and by this means hath wit enough, to endure his pains in fecrecy. I would look so far into crosses, as to cure the present, and prevent the future: But will never care for fearthing further, or indearing cares by thoughfulnels. They are like Charons Cave in Italy, where you may enter a little way, without danger, and further perhaps with benefit, but going to the end, it stifles you. No ship but may be cast away, by putting too far into tempeftuous Seas.

## LVII. Of Ill Company.

When he evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine where, to the evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine where, to the evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine where, to the evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine where, the evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine when, to the evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine where, to the evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine they the evile that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine where.

wherewith the Devil is ever practifing, to lift Man out of Virtues feat. 'Tis the firitual whore, which toys the good man to his foul's undoing. Certainly, if there be any Dalilah under Heaven, it is in bad society. This will bind us, betray us, blind us, undo us. Many a man had been good that is not, if he had but kept good company. When the Achates of thy life shall be it, who will not imagine thy life to be so too? even waters change their virtues, by running thorow a changed vein. No man but hath both good and bad in his nature, either of which fortifie, as they meet with their like; or decline, as they find a contrary. When Vice runs in a fingle stream, 'tis then a passable shallow; but when many of these shall fall into one, they swell a deeper channel to be drown'd in. Good and wife Affociates, are like Princes in defensive Leagues; one defends the other against the devices of the common Foe. Lewd ones are like the mistaken Lanthorn in 88. which under pretence of guiding, will draw us unto hazard, and loss among our Enemies. Nor was the fiftion of the Syrens any other in the Moral, then pleasant wits, vitiated in accustom'd lemanes; who for that were feighned to be Monsters of a parted nature, and with sweet tunes, intifed men to destruction. Could my name be safe, yet my foul were in danger; could my foul be free, yet my fame would fuffer; were my body and estate secure, yet those other two (which are the purest excellencies of Man) are ever laid at the fake. I know, Physicians may converse with sick ones, uninfected: but then, they must have fronger Antidotes, than their nature gives them ! elfe they themselves shall soon stand in need, of, what themselves once were, Physicians. One rotted Apple, will infect the floor. The putrad Grape, corrupts the whole found Clufter. Though I be no Hermite, to fit away my days in a dull Cell; yet will I chuse rather to have no Companion, than a bad one. If I have found any good, I will cherifb them, as the choise of men : or as Angels, that are sent for Guardians. If I have any had ones, I will fludy to lose them : lest by keeping them, I lose my felf in the end.

#### LVIII

## That no Man always Sins Unpanisht.

Hen David saw the delights of the wicked, he was forced to flie to the stop, with a, Fret not thy self, O my soul! The Jollieses of the villanous man stagger the religious mind. They live, as if they were passing thorow the morld in state: and the stream of prosperity turning it self, to row! with their applauded mays: When, if we do but look to despised virtue, how miserable, and how stormy is her Sea? Certainly, for the present, the good man seems to be in the disgrace of Heaven; He smarts, and pines, and sadneth his incumbred soul and lives as it were in the from, and the nod of the traducing world. When the Epicare considered this, it made him to exclude the Providence. And surely to view the virtuous with but Watures eyes, a man would think, they were things that Nature envil dy or that the whole world were deluded,

with a porsonous lye, in making only the virtuous happy. 'Tis only the during soul, that digesting vice in gross, climbs on the seat of Honor. Innocence is become a stair to let others rise to our abuse, and not to raise
our selves to greatness. How rare is it to find one raised for his sober
worth and virtue? What was it but Foseph's goodness, that brought
him to the stocks, and Irons? Whereas if he had coap'd with his Inticer,
'tis like he might have swam in Gold, and liv'd a lapling to the silk, and
dainties. The world is somuch Knave, that 'tis grown a vice to be honess. Men have removed the Temple of Honor, and have now set it, like
an arbor, in a Wilderness, where unless we trace those devious ways, there
is no hope of finding it. Into what a sad Complaint, did these thoughts
drive the weighty Tragedian?

Res humanas ordine nullo Fortuna regit, pargitque manu Munera cacâ, pejora fovens. Vincit sanctos dira libido; Fraus sublimi regnat in aulâ. Tradere turpi fasces populus Gaudet : eosdem colit, at que odit. Tristis virtus perversa tulit Pramia recti: Castos sequitur Mala paupertas, vitioque potens Regnat Adulter. Bent to worse, all humane ways Quite at random, Fortune Iways, Her loofe favours blindly throwing. Cruel luft the good man kills : Fraud the Court triumphant fills; People, honors ill bestowing, Them they hate, even those they kiss. Sad worth ill rewarded is; And the chafte are poor, while Vice Lords it by Adulteries.

Were these Ages chain'd to ours? Or why complain we that the world is worse, when fifteen hundred years space cannot (for ought I see) alter the condition? But, what is past, we forget; what is to come, we know not: so we only take a spleen at the present. 'Tis true, Vice braves it with a boldned face, and would make one think, it were only she that the doting world had chose, to make a Favorite on. But, if we have time for observation, we shall see her halting with a Crutch, and shame. Have we not seen the vices of the aged Father, punisht in the Son, when he hath been aged too? I am perswaded there be sew notorious vices, but even in this world have a certain punishment, although we cannot know it. God (for the most part) doth neither punish, nor bless at once; but by degrees, and warnings. The world is so full of changings, that 'tis rare for one man, to see the completed race of another. We live not long enough to observe, how the Judgments of the justest God do walk

their rounds in striking. Neither always are we able. Some of Gods corrections are in the night, and closetted. Every offence meets not with a Market lash. Private punishments sometimes gripe a man within, while men, looking on the outer face of things, fee not how they smart in secret. And sometimes those are deep wounds to one man, that would be Balm and Physick to another. There are no Temporal bleffings, but are sometimes had in the nature of perverted curses. And furely all thole creatures that God hath put subordinate to Man, as they (like inferior fervants) obey him while he is a true Steward: fo when he grows to injure his great Master, they send up complaints against him, and forfake him: chusing rather to be true to their Maker, God; than affifting to the vileness of his falsest Steward, Man. So that though men, by lewd ways, may start into a short preferment; yet sure there is a secret chain in Nature, which draws the universal to revenge a vice. Examples, might be infinite; every Story is a Chronicle of this Truth, and the whole world but the practice. How many Families do we dayly fee, wherin a whipping hand scourgeth the stream of all their lineal bloud? As if there were curses, hereditary with the Lands their Fathers left them. I confess, they have a valour beyond mine, that dare forage in the wilds of vice. Howfoever I might for a while, in my felf, fleep with a dumb conscience; yet I cannot think, the All of Creatures would fo much cross the current of their natures, as to let me go unpunished. And, which is more than this, I find a foul within my foul, which tells me, that I do unnobly; while I love Sin more for the pleasure of it, than I do Virtue for the amiable sweetness that she yields in her self.

## LIX. Of Opinion.

Ot any Earthly pleasure is so essentially full in it self, but that even bare conceit may return it much distasteful. The world is wholly set upon the Gad and waving: meer Opinion is the Genius, and, as it were, the foundation of all temporal happiness. How often do we see men pleased with Contraries? As if they parted the fights and frays of Nature: every one maintaining the Faction which he liketh. One delighteth in Mirth, and the friskings of an Airy foul: another findeth fomething amiable in the saddest look of Melancholy. This man loves the free and open-handed; that the graffed fift, and frugal sparing. I go to the market, and see one buying, another selling, both are exercised in things. different, yet either pleas'd with his own; when I, standing by, think it my happiness, that I do neither of these. And in all these, nothing frames Content so much as Imagination. Opinion is the sloop of pleasures, where all humane felicities are forged, and receive their birth. Nor is their end unlike their beginning: for, as they are begot out of an airy phantasm; so they dye in a fume, and disperse into nothing. Even those things which in them carry a shew of reason, and wherein (if Truth be Judge) we may discern solidity, are made placed or disoustful, as fond Opinion

Opinion catches them. Opinion guides all our passions and affections, or, at least, begets them. It makes us love, and hate, and hope, and fear, and vary: for, every thing, we light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing, but an uncertain prejudgment of the mind, mil-informed by the outward senses; yet we see it can work wonders. It hath untongued some on the sudden; and from some hath snarche their natural abilities. Like Lightening, it can strike the Child in the womb, and kill it ere 'tis worlded; when the Mother shall remain unhurt. It can cast a man into speedy diseases, and can as soon recure him. I have known some, but conceiting they have taken a Potion, have found the operation, as if they had taken it indeed. If we believe Pliny, it can change the Sex: who reports himself to have seen it; and the running Mentaigne speaks of such another. Nor is it only thus powerful, when the object of the mind is at home in our felves; but al-To when it lights on things abroad, and apart. Opinion makes Women fair, and Men lovely: Opinion makes men wife, valiant, rich, nay any thing. And what soever it can do on one side to please and flatter us; it can do the same on the other side, to molest and grieve us. As if every man had a several seeming truth in his soul, which if he follows, can for a time render him, either happy, or miserable. Here lies all the difference; If we light on things but feeming, our felicity fades; if on things certain and eternal, it continues. 'Tis fure, we should bring all opinions to Reason, and true Judgment, there to receive their doom of admittance or ejection: but even that, by the former is often feduced, and the grounds that we follow, are erroneous, and false. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that is swayed with particular affections, to things sublunary. There are not more objects of the mind, than dispositions. Many things I may love, that I can yield no Reason for : or, if I do, perhaps Opinion makes me coin that for a Reason, which another will not affent unto. How vain then are those, that assuming a liberty to themselves, would yet tie all men to their Tenents? Conjuring all men to the trace of their steps; when, it may be, what is Truth to them, is Error to another as wife. I like not men that will be Gods, and have their Judgments absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my mind informs me, let me never desire to take away the like from another. If fair arguments may perswade, I shall with quiet shew what grounds do lead me. If those cannot satisfie, I think I may wish any man to satistie his own Conscience. For that, I suppose, will bear him out in the things that it justly approves. Why thould any man be violent for that, which is more diverse, than the mandering judgments of the hurrying Vulgar, more changing than the love of inconstant women; more multivarious than the sports and plays of Nature, which are every minute fluctuous, and returning in their new varieties? The best guide that I would chuse, is the reason of an honest man : which I take to be a rightinformed Conscience: and as for Books, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as discourses but of private men, that must be judged by Religion, and Reason; so not to tie me, unless these and my conscience joyn, in the consent with them.

#### LX.

That we are govern'd by a Power above us.

"Hat which we either desire or fear, I observe, doth seldom happen; but something, that we think not on, doth for the most part intervene, and conclude: or if it do fall out as we expect, it is not till we have given over the fearch, and are almost out of thought of finding it, Fortunes befal us unawares, and mischiefs when we think them scaped. Thus Cambyfes, when Cyrus had been King of the Boys, he thought the predictions of his rule fulfilled, and that he now might fit and fleep in his Throne; when suddenly he was awaked to ruine. So, Sarah, was fruitful; when she could not believe it : and Zachary had a son, when he was stooped into years, and had left hoping it. When Dioclesian thought himself deluded by the Prophesie, having kill'd many wild Bores, at last he lights on the right Aper, after whose death he obtained the Empire. As if God, in the general would teach, that we are not wife enough to chuse for our felves, and therefore would lead us to a dependency on Him. Wherein he does like wife Princes, who feed not the expectations of Favourites that are apt to presume; but often cross them in their hopes and fears: thereby to tye them faster in their duty, and reverence to the hand that giveth. And certainly, we shall find this infallible: Though God gives not our defires, yet he always imparts to our profits. How infinitely should we intangle our selves, if we could fit down, and obtain our wishes? Do we not often wish that, we after see would be our confusion? and is not this, because we ignorantly follow the flesh, the body, and the blinded appetite, which look to nothing, but the shell and outfide? Whereas God respecteth the soul, and distributeth his favour, for the good of that, and his glory. God fees and knows our hearts, and things to come in certainty: We, but only by our weak collections, which do often fail of finding truth, in the Crond of the Worlds occasions. No man would be more miserable, than he that should cull out his own ways. What a specious shew carryed Midas his wish with it, and how it paid him with ruine at last ! Surely, God will work alone, and Man must not be of his counsel. Nothing pulls destruction on him sooner, than when he presumes to part the Empire with God. If we can be patient, God will be profitable: but the time and means we must leave to him, not challenge to our felves. Neither must our own indevours wholly be laid in the couch to laze. The Moral of the Tale is a kind of an instructive Satyre, when the Carter prayed in vain to Jupiter, because he did not put his shoulder to the wheel. Do thy part with thy industry, and let God point the event. I have seen matters fall out so unexpectedly, that they have tutor'd me in all affairs, neither to despair, nor presume: Not to despair; for God can help me: Not to presume; for God can cross me. It is said of Marius, that one day made him Emperor, the next saw him rule; and the third he was flain of the Souldiers. I will never despair, 'cause I have a God: I will never presume, 'cause I am but a Man. Seneca has counsel, which I hold is worth the following:

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at the world	Nemo confidat nimium secundis,
refent ing	Nemo desperet meliora, lapsus;
cion. Ever	Mifcet has illis, prohibetq; Clotho
authmore,	VStare fortunam.
Beath and	Let none faln, despair to rife,
וופץ נכונול כב	Nor wast too much prosperities.
- My Mon, inc	Clothe mingling both, commands
of foy , 1.	That heither stands

#### le or a Carea of Xalrian to occome a Frotfrolto !!

## Of Misery after Joy.

A Sit is in Spiritual proceedings, better never to have been righteous, whan, after righteousness, to become Apostate: So in temporalit is better never to have been happy, than after happiness, to be drown'd in calamities. Of all objects of forrow, a distressed King is the most pitiful; becaule it presents us most the frailty of Humanity; and cannot but most midnight the foul of him that is falm. The forrows of a deposed King, are like the distorquements of a darted Conscience; which none can know, but he that hath lost a Crown. Who would not have mept, with our Second Edward, when his Princely tears were all the warm water his Butchers would allow to shave him with? when the hedge was his cloth of State; and his Throne, the bumble, though the honour'd ground. Mifery after Joy, is killing as a fudden damp; terrible, as fire in the night, that startles us from a pleasing repose. Sudden changes, though to good, are troublesome, especially if they be extreme : but when they plunge us into worfe, they are then the Strapadoes of a humane foul. A palpable darkness in a Summers day would be a dismal thing. Diseases, when they do happen, are most violent in the strongest constitutions. He that meets with plagues after a long prosperity, has been but fatted, like a beaft, for flaughter: he is more mollified, only to make the pains and pangs of death more fensible: as if we should first supple a limb with Oyls and Unquents; and then dab it with Aqua fortis, toothed waters, and corroding Minerals. It is better never to have been fair, than after a rare beauty, to grow into ugliness. The memory of thy blesedness, makes thy mifery more deplorable; which like dead Beer, is never more distaltful, than after a Banquet of Sweet-meats. Nor is this mifery meerly opinionate, but truly argued from the measure of pity that it meets with from others. For you may period upon this; That where there is the most pity from others; there is the greatest misery in the party pitied. Toward those that have been alway poor, pity is not so passionate: for they have had no elevation to make their depression seem the greater wonder. The tann'd flave, that hath ever tugg'd at the Oar, by a long use, hath mingled Misery with Nature; that he can now endure it ancomplaining. But when a foft wanton comes to the Galley, every stroak is a wounding Spear in the side. I wonder not to hear Dionysius say, They are happy, that have been unblest from their youth. It was the opinion

opinion of Diogenes, that the most lamentable spectacle that the world had, was an old man in misery: whereunto, not only a present impotency, but also a remembrance of a passed youth, gave addition. Even the absence alone of fore-gone joy, is troublesome a how much more, when they wind downward, into smartful extremities? Death and Darkness both are but privations; yet we see how deep they terrifie. Wax, when it takes a second impression, receives it not without new pasfion, and more violence: so the mind, retaining the prints of for, suffereth a new Creation, in admitting a contrary stamp. For Bajazet to change his Seraglio for a Cage; for Valerian to become a Footstool to his proud foe; are calamities that challenge the tributes of a bleeding eye. I shall pity any man that meets with mifery; but they that find it after continual bleffedness, are so much the more to be wailed, by how much they are unacquainted with the gloominess of downfals. That which Sophonisba return'd, when her Husband sent her poyson, the day after her medding, as it shewe'd resolution in her, so it incites compassion in others: Hoc nuntia, melius me morituram fuisse, si non in funere mee nupfillem. Tell him, I had died more willingly, if I had not met my Grave in Marriage.

## LXII.

## Of the temper of Affections.

Very Man is a vast and spacious Sea: his passions are the winds, that I swell him into disturbant waves: How he tumbles, and roars, and fomes, when they in their fury trouble him! Sometimes the west of pleasure, fanning in luxurious gales: sometimes the madid South, forrowful, and full of tears; sometimes the sharp East, piercing with a tefry pleen: fometimes the violent and bluftering North, swelling the cheek, with the Angers boyling bloud. Any of these, in extremes, makes it become unnavigable, and full of danger to the veftel that shall coast upon it. When these are too lowd, 'tis perillous: but when again they are all laid in the stilness of an immotive calm, 'tis useless: and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is far from availing, to the profit of a Voyage: and the passengers may sooner famile, by being becalmed, than coast it over for the advantage of their Mart. Surely, the man that is always still and reposed in his own thoughts, though he be good, is but a piece of deadned charity. I care not for the planed Stoick, there is a Sect between him and the Epicare. An unmoved man, is but a motive Statue; harmless and unprofitable. Indeed fury is far the worser extreme; for, besides the trouble it puts on the company, it always delivers the Author into successive mischiefs. He that is raging in one thing, seeds his business with many inconveniencies, Fury is like false position in a Verse, at least nine faults together.

Says Claudian,

—Caret eventu nimius furor:

Rage knows not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a devouring Stork, not a Jupiters Log. Man is not fit for conversation, neither when his passions hurry him in a hideous distemper; nor when they are all laid in a filent and unftirring calm. The Sea is best in a pleasant Gale: and so is Man, when his passions are alive, without raging. GOD implanted passions in the Soul, as he gave his Talents in the Goffel, neither to be laviflet out impetuously, nor to be buryed in Napkins. We may warm us at these fires : though we burn not. Man without any, is no better than a speaking Stone. Cato's best Emperor was, Qui potuit imperare affectibus; he does not say, deponere. Moderate passions are the must affable expressions of humanity; without which, the Soul finds nothing like it felt to love. A Horfe, too hot and fiery, is the danger of his Rider; one too dull, is his trouble: And as the first will not endure any man; so the last will be indur'd by no man. One will fuffer none to back him; the other admits each child to abuse him. A good temper is a fure expression of a well-compos'd Soul. Our wild pasfions are like fo many Lawyers, wrangling and bawling at the Bar; Difcretion is the Lord-Keeper of Man, that fits as Judge, and moderates their contestations. Too great a spirit in a man born to poor means, is like a high-heeld shoe to one of mean stature: It advanceth his proportion, but is ready to fit him with falls. The flat fole walks more fure, though it abates his gracefulness: yet, being too low, it is subject to bemire the foot. A little elevation, is the best mediocrity; 'tis both raised from the Earth, and sure: and for his talness, it disposeth it to an equal competency. I will neither walk so lifted, as to occasion falling; nor so dejected, as at every step to take foil. As I care not for being powder, or the cap of the Company; fo I would not be Earth, or the Fools Foot-ball.

#### LXIII.

## That Religion is the best Guide.

O man lives conveniently, unless he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his actions. There must be something for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his cavilling senses, and corrupted reason: otherwise, he shall waver in his ways, and ever be in a doubtful unsetledness. If he takes policy, that is both endless and uncertain: and many times depends more upon the circumstance, than the main Act. What to day is good, is to morrow unsaving: what benefit's one, may be the undoing of another; though to an eye that is not curious, the matter may appear the fame. How like the Ass it show'd, when he thought by leaping in his Masters lap, to be made much on, because he had seen the Dog do the like, before him? Besides, Policy is not a Flowre growing in every mans Garden. All the world is not wit and stratagem. If it were, Policy is but a fight of wit, a brain-war: and in all wars, how doubtful, how inconstant is Victory? Oedipus his cunning, in the relolving Sphinx's Riddle, did but betray him to the fatal marriage of his Mother. Palamedes found out Ulysses fained madness; and

Ulysses after, by hidden gold, and forged Letters, found means to have him flored; even while he made shew of defending him. No man has a Monopoly of craft alone. Again, in private men it is infinitely shorten'd; both in respect of means and lamfulness. Even those that have allowed deceit lawful in Princes, have yet condemn'd it as vicious in private perfons. And believe it, Tolicy runs smoothest, when it turns upon a golden hinge: without the supply of means, 'tis but like a Clock without a weight to set it going: Curious workmanship, but it wants a mover. If a man takes Nature, the is both obscure and insufficient : and will, with a pleasing breath, wast us into Mare mortuum. Nay, she that, before Man fell, was his sufficient Genius, is since become his Parasite, that smoothing his fenses, serves them, as the tyrannous Emperor did his fervants, let them fall into a chamber fill'd with Roses; that, being smother'd in them, they might meet the bitterness of death, in sweetness. Nor is Nature, for the most part, without the over-bearing of predominant humors. Cicero is in one place doubtful, whether the be a mother, or a step-dame; she is sometimes so weighing a man to extremities. Nor, if the were able, could we have her pure alone. Custom hath fo mingled her with Art, that we can hardly sever her : if we do, we shall so differ from the world, as we shall but, by it, make our selves a prey to the nature that is arted with the subtilities of time and practice. Either of these are but finking floors, that will fail us, when our weight is on them. Reason is contradicting, and so is Nature; and so is Religion, if we measure it by either of these. But Faith being the Rule of that placeth it above the cavils of Imagination, and so subjecteth both the other to it. This being above all, is that only, which, giving limits to all our actions, can confine us to a fetled reft. Policy governs the world; Nature, Policy; but Religion, All. And as we seldom see those Kingdoms govern'd by Vice-Roys, flourish like those where the Prince is prefent in person: So, we never find Policy or Nature, to keep a man in that quiet, which Religion can. The two first I may use as Counsellors; hear what they say, and weigh it: but the last must be my Soveraign. They are to Religion, as Apocrypha to the Bible; They are good things, may be bound up, and read with it: but must be rejected, when they cross the Text Canonical. GOD is the Summit of Mans happiness: Religion is the Way. Till we arrive at Him, we are but vapours, transported by unconstant winds.

# LXIV. Of the Soul.

Ow infinitely is Man distracted about himself? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that distraction; his Soul? Some have thought it of the nature of fire, a hot subtil body, dispersing it self into rays, and fiery Atoms; as Democritus and some of the Stoicks. Others have thought it Air; as Diogenes, and Varro, and others. Epicurus makes it a Spirit, mixt of fire and air. Some would have every Element

Element a Parent of the Soul, separately: so every Man should have many distinct Souls, according to the Principles of his composition. Some have call'd it an undetermined virtue; some, a felf-moving number; some, a Quint-effence. Others have defin'd it to be nothing but a Harmony, conflated by the most even composure of the four Elements in man. And for this, one might thus argue: The body is before the foul; and till the body be perfect, the foul appears not: as if the perfection of the body, in his even contemperation, were the generation of the foul within it. The foul also changeth with the body: Is it not childish in Infancy, luxurious and unbounded in Youth, vigorous and differning in the frength of Manhood, froward and doting in the declining age of his life? For, that which in old men we call transcending wisdom, is more collection by long observation, and experience of things without them, than the genuine vigour of judgment in themselves. Hence some wise Princes have been careful, neither to chuse a green head, nor one that is worn with age, for Counsel. Next, we see the foul following the temperature of the body; nay, even the defires of it, generated by the prefent constitution of the body: as in longing after things that please our humors, and are agreeable to their defect or excess: Doth not the diftemper of the body insaniate the soul? What is madness, but Mania, and the exuberancy and pride of the blond? And when again they mean to cure the foul, do they not begin with Doses, and Posions, and Prescriptions to the body? Johannes de Combis cites Augustine, saying, Anima est omnium similitudo: because it can fansie to it self, the shape of whatfoever appears. But for all thefe, I could never meet with any, that could give it fo in an absolute Definition, that another, or himself could conceive it: Which argues, that to all these, there is something sure immortal and transcending, infus'd from a supernal Power. Cicero is there divine, where he says, Credo Deum immortalem sparsisse animos in humana corpora: and where he fays again, Mihi quidem nunquam per suaderi potuit, Animos, dum in corporibus effent mortalibus, vivere : cum exiffent ex iis, emori: I could never think fouls to live in mortal bodies, to die when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and asks, Quid alind voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem? What other canst thou termit, but a God, Inning in the flesh of Man? The Conscience, the Charatter of a God stampt in it, and the apprehension of Eternity, do all prove it a boot of Everlasting ness. For though I doubt whether I may be of their opinion, who utterly take away all reason from Beasts: yet I verily believe, these are things that were never instincted in them. Man hath these things in grant only: whereby the foul doth seem immortal; and by this feeming, is proved to be so indeed: Else feeming should be better than certainty; and fallbood better than truth; which cannot be. Therefore they which say, the foul is not immortal; yet, that 'tis good men should think it so, thereby to be awed from vice, and incited to virtue; even by that Argument, argue against themselves. They that believe it not, let them do as Philosophers wish, them to do, that deny fire to be hot, because they see not the means that

that make it so: let them be cast into it, and then hear if they will deny: So let them that deny the immortality of the foul, be immerged in the horrors of a vulned Conscience, then let them tell me what they believe. 'Tis certain, Man hath a Soul; and as certain, that it is immortal. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it; I confess, my humane reason could never so inform me, as I could fully explain it to my own apprehension. O my GOD! what a clod of moving ignorance is Man! when all his industry cannot instruct him, what himself is; when he knows not that, whereby he knows that he does not know it. Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very inwards of obscured Nature; he is yet to seek, how to define this inexplicable, immortal, incorporeal wonder: this Ray of Thee; this emanation of thy Deity. Let it then be sufficient, that GOD hath given me a Soul, and that my eternal welfare depends upon it: though he be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both Seneca and Cicero fay truest, when they are of opinion, that Man cannot know what the Soul is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it: Since he may know, whatfoever is created by a Superiour Power, fuffers a Compesure, but cannot know it : because it was done, before it self was. Man, though he hath Materials, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without defect, in respect of the end'tis intended for. How then can Man think to know himself, when both his materials and compasure, are both created and formed by a Supreme Power, that did it without co-operation? Why should I strive to know that, which I know I cannot know? Can a man diffect an Atome? can he grafp a flame? or hold and seiz on Lightenings? I am fure I have a font: and am commanded to keep it from fin. O Thou, the G O D of that little god within me, my Soul! let me do that, and I know, thou are not such an Enemy to ignorance in Man, but that thou art better pleased with his admiration of thy secrets, than his fearch of them.

# LXV. Of Courtefies.

Othing inflaveth a grateful Nature, like a free benefit. He that confers it on me, steals me from my self: and in one and the same Act, makes me his Vassal, and himself my King. To a disposition that hath worth in it, 'tis the most tyrannical War in the world: for, it takes the mind a prisoner: and, till the Ransom be paid by a like return, 'tis kept in fetters, and constrained to love, to serve, and to be ready, as the Conquerer desires it. He that hath required a Benefit, hath redeemed himself out of prison: and, like a man out of debt, is free. For, Courtefies, to Noble minds, are the most extreme extortions that can be. Favours, thus imparted, are not Gifts, but Purchases, that buy men out of their own liberty. Violence and compulsion, are nothalf so dangerous. These besiege us openly, give us leave to look to our selves, to collect

our forces, and refortifie, where we are sensible of our own weaknesses: nay, they sometimes befriend us, and raise our fortitude higher, than their highest braves. But the other, undermine us, by a fawning Stratagem: and if we be Enemies, they make us lay down our Weapons, and take up Love. Thus the Macedonian proved himself a better Physician for calumny, by his bounties; than his Philosophers, by their gray advisements. They make of an Enemy, a Subject; of a Subject, a Son. A (rown is fafer kept by Benefits, than Arms, Melius beneficis Imperium custoditur quam Armis. The golden Sword can conquer more than feelones: and when these shall cause a louder cry, that shall silence the barking tongue. There is nothing adds so much to the greatness of a King, as that he hath wherewith to make friends at his pleasure. Yet even in this, he plays but the Royal Merchant, that putting no condition in his bargain, is dealt with in the same way : so for a pety benefit, he often gets an inestimable friend. For, Benefits, binding up our bodies, take away our fouls for the giver. I know not that I am ever fadder, than when I am forced to accept courtesies, that I cannot requite. If ever I thould affect in-justice, it thould be in this, that I might do courtesies, and receive none. What a brave height do they flye in, that like gods, can bind all to them, and they be tyed to none! But indeed, it is for a God alone. How heroical was it in Alexander Severus, who used to chide those he had done nothing for, for not asking; demanding of them, if they thought it fit, he should be still in their debt; or that they should have cause to complain of him when he was gone? Certainly, as it is a transcending happiness to be able to shine to all; so, I must reckon it one of the greatest miseries upon Earth, wholly to depend upon others favours: and a next to this, is, to receive them. They are grains cast into rich ground, which makes it self sterile, by yielding such a large increase. Gifts are the greatest Usury; because a two-fold retribution is an urged effect, that a Noble nature prompts us to. And furely, if the generous man considers; he shall find he pays not so much for any thing, as he does for what is given him. I would not, if I could, receive favours of my friends, unless I could re-render them. If I must, I will ever have a ready mind, though my hand be shortned. As I think there be many, will not have all they may: So I think there are few, can requite all they have : and none, but sometimes must receive some. God hath made none Absolute. The Rich depends upon the Poor, as well as does the Poor on him. The world is but a more magnificent building : all the stones are graduately concemented, and there is none that subfifteth alone.

# LXVI. Of a Mans Self.

WE ever carry our greatest Enemy within us. There was never a sounder truth, than, Nemo Leditur nist à seipso. Had we the true reins of our own passions and affections, outward occasions might exercise

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our virtues, but not injure them. There is a way to be wife and good, in spight of occasions. We go abroad, and fondly complain, that we meet with wrongs; as if we could cross the Proverb, and prove, that they may be offered to a willing preparedness. Others cannot draw us into inconveniencies, if we help not our felves forward. 'Tis our infide that undoes us. Therefore fays Machiavel, A Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that he may fit them with baits, and wind them to his own ends. A Curtezan cannot hurt thee, unless there lies a Letcher in thy heart. When men plot upon us, to intrap and snare us, they do but second our own inclinations: and, if they did not see a kind of invitement from our felves, they would never dare to begin. When Cyrus befought the Lacedemonians to enter League with him, rather than Artaxerxes; he only tells them, he had a greater heart than his Brother, and could bear his drink better: For he knew they loved men generows and hardy: so by making himself like them, he thought to win their liking. When men happen upon things that go against the Genius of the mind, then they work in vain: but when others flatteries shall joyn with the great Flatterer, a mans felf; he is then in the way to be wrought upon. 'Tis fure, there is sometimes a felf-constancy, that is not temptable. In Athens there may be one Phocion, to refuse the gold of Harpalus and Alexander. But this indeed is rare, and worthy his magnifying. Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nift animus magna despiciens. Otherwise, it is we only, that ruine our selves: if not totally, yet primarily. If we do ill compulfively, we are cleared by the violence. In the judgment of an upright foul, a man is not guilty of that which he cannot avoid, (I mean, in Civil matters.) There is no mischief that we fall into, but that we our selves are at least a coadjutive cause, and do help to further the thing. A mans own heart is as arch a Traitor, as any he shall meet withal : we trust it too much, and know it too little : and while we think it fure-footed, it flides, and does deceive us. That we are the Authors of our own ill, the success will tell us : For, Conscience is always just, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when we have done an ill, though by others procurement, yet the rates us even to a loathing of our selves. Says the Comick,

ipse oderit.

The day will come, when he shall have himself.

The wise man should ever therefore keep a double match; one, to keep his heart from extravagancies; the other, to keep the Enemy from approaches. Occasion, and our Nature; are like two inordinate Lovers; they seldom meet, but they sin together. If we keep them asunder, the harm is prevented: or if they do meet, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the offence be punishable, though the act be committed. It is no fault in the true man, to let the Theif have his

purse, when he can do no other. In the old Law, the ravished woman was to be free'd: for, says the Text, There is in her no cause of death. Qui volens injuste agit, malus est: qui verò ex necessitate, non dico pror-

fus malum. 'Tis not the necessitated, but the willing ill that stains. Even Actual fins have so far dependency on the hearts approbation, as that alone can vitiate or excuse the Act. While we keep that steddy, our Enemies can much less hurt us. The reason is, it is not in Man to compelit. The mind of Man, from Man, is not capable of a violation: and whom then can I tax for my own yielding, but my felf? No man hath power over my mind, unless I my felf do give it him. So that this I shall think certain; No man falls by free action, but is faulty in something, at least by some circumstance; though excusable in the most, and most important. I know, calumny and conjecture may injure Innocence it felf. In matters of censure, nothing but a certain knowledge, should make us give a certain judgment. Fame and Air are both too weak foundations for unspotted Truth to build on: only deeds are lyable to the down-right Tax: Because they carry the heart along: which in every action is a witness, either for or against us. Surely, Man is his own Devil, and does oftentimes tempt himself. All the Precepts of moderation, we meet with, are but given us to beware our selves : and undoubtedly, he that can do it, is rifing toward Deity. Hark but to the Harp of Horace.

Latius regnes, avidum domando Spiritum, quam si Lybiam remotis Gadibus jungas, & uterq; Panus Serviat uni.

By curbing thy infatiate mind, Thou shalt sway more, than couldst thou bind Far Spain to Lybia: or to thee cause either Carthage subject be.

One eye I will fure have for without; the other I will hold within me: and lest I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my Prayer, that I may be delivered from my self. A me me salva, Domine! shall be one Petition I will add to the Letany of my beseechings.

#### LXVII.

## Of the worst kind of Perfidie.

The Dead, the Absent, the Innocent, and him that trusts me, I will never deceive willingly. To all these we owe a Nobler Justice; in that they are the most certain trials of human equity. As that grief is the truest, which is without a mitness; so is that honesty best, which is for it self, without hope of reward, or fear of punishment. Those virtues that are sincere, do value applause the least. 'Tis when we are conscious of some internal defect, that we look out for others approbations. Certainly, the morld cannot tempt the man that is truly honest. And he is certainly a true man, that will not steal, when he may, without being impeached. The two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my injury; and deceit to them is not without comardice, throwing Nature into the lowest degree of baseness. To wrong the third, is savage, and

comes from the Beaft, not Man. It was an Act like Nature in Xenocrates, when the pursued Sparrow flew into his bosom, to cherish, and dismiss it. How black a heart is that, which can give a stab, for the innocent smiles of an Infant? Surely, Innocence is of that purity, that it hath more of the God in it, than any other quality; it intimates a freedom from general vice. And this is it, which makes the injury to it so detestable; and sometimes gives the owners a divine and miraculous force: as we may read in the Turkish story, of a Child that struck an intending Murtherer into a swound, with offering to imbrace him. The last I cannot defraud without Ingratitude; which is the very lees of Vice: and makes my offence so much the greater, by how much he was kinder, in making me Master of himself. Assuredly, as Nature hath endued man with a more earnest desire to do right to these; because 2 true performance doth in these things most magnifie him: so she hath made the contrary appear the most odions; because they are breaches that most destroy humanity. It came from him that had but Nature, Cicero : Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui lasus non esset, nisi credidiffet, None but the most villanous man, will decive him that had been safe, but for trusting.

# Against Insultation.

IT cannot be safe to insult over any. As there is no creature so little, but may do us a mischief: so is no Man so low, but may occasion our smart. The Spider can impossion; the Ant can sting; even the Fly can trouble our patience. Into all sensitive Creatures, Nature hath put a kind of a vindictive justice; that in some measure they are able to return an Injury. If they do not always, 'tis only because they are not able. Man hath both a more able, and more impatient foul: and though Reason teaches him not to be furious, yet withal, it teaches him not to be dull. Extremities of Injury often awake extremities of Revenge: especially, if we meet with contempt from others, or find despair in our selves: for despair makes a Coward bold and daring. Nor stands it but with reason, that a strong patience, urged beyond it self, should turn into the ftrongest rage. The Bow, that is hardest to bend, sends out an Arrow with most force. Neglect an Enemy, but contemn him not. Disdain will banish Patience, and bring in Fury; which is many times a greater Lord, than he that rules a Kingdom. Contempt unbridles Fear, and makes us both to will, to dare, and to execute. So Lipfins has it, Contemptus excutit timoris franum, & efficit, ut non velis solum, sed audeas, & tentes. It is not good too far to pursue a Victory. Sigismund said true, He hath conquer'd mell, that hath made his Enemis flie: we may beat them to a desperate resistance, that may ruine us. He is the wrong way high, that scorns a man below him, for his lowness. They are but puft minds, that bubble thus above Inferiours. We see, 'tis the froth only, that gets to the top of the water. Man cannot be so much above Man, as

that his difference should legitimate his fcorn. Thou knowest not what may shew it self, when thy contempt awakes the Lion of a sleeping mind. All Disdain, but that of Vice, detracteth from the worth of Man. Greatness, in any man, makes not his injury more lawful, but more great. And as he that suffers, thinks his diffrace more noted for the others eminency: To he thinks his own honour will be the more, when he hath accomplish this revenge; whereby, in some kind, he hath raised himself to be his Superiours equal. Man is, Animal generofissimum: and though he be content to subject himself to anothers commands, yet he will not endure his braves. A lash given to the soul, will provoke more, than the bodies cruel torture. Derision makes the Peasant brave the Prince. When Augustus saw one like himself, and ask'd him in a scoff, if his Mother were never at Rome! The Boy answers, No; but his Father was. When Julian in a mock, ask'd the reverend, and aged, blind Ignatius, Why he went not into Galilee, to recover his fight? Says he, I am contentedly blind, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thouart. We are all here fellow-servants: and we know not how our grand Master will brook Insolencies in his Family. How darest thou, that art but a piece of Earth, that Heaven has blown into, presume thy self into the impudent usurpation of a Majesty unsbaken? Thou canst not set upon so high a cog, but mayst with turning prove the lowest in the wheel: and therefore thou mayst think of the measure that thou would'st then have given me. If we have Enemies, 'tis better we deserve to have their friendship, than either to despise, or irritate them. No mans weakness shall occasion my greater weakness, in proudly contemning him. Our Bodies, out Souls have both the like original composure: If I have any thing beyond him, 'tis not my goodness, but Gods: and he, by time and means, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and we are but Twins of Nature. Why should any despise another, because he is better furnisht with that which is none of his own?

# LXIX. Of Aß milation.

Horow the whole world this holds in general, and is the end of all; That every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, like it felf. Fire converts all to fire. Air exficcates and draws to it felf. water moistens, and resolve the what it meets withal. Earth changeth all; that we commit to her, to her own nature. The world is all vicissitude and conversion. Nor is it only true in Materials and Substances; but even in Spirits, in incorporeals; nay, in these there is more aptness; they mix more subtilly, and pass into one another with a nimbler glide. So we see infection soone taken by breath than contaction: and thus it is in dispositions too: The Souldier labours to make his Companion valiant. The Scholar endeavours to have his Friend learned. The bad Man would have his company like himself. And the good Man strives to frame others virtuous. Every Man will be busie in dispending that

quality, which is predominant in him. Whence this Caveat may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuse to live withal. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of Time, allimilate us to it self. The choyce therefore of a mans Company, is one of the most weighty Actions of our lives: For, our future well or ill being depends on that Election. If we chuse ill, every day declines us to worfe: we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, that is ever finking us down to Vice. By living under Pharash, how quickly Joseph learned the Courtship of an Oath? Italy builds a Villain: Spain superbiates; Germany makes a Drunkard, and Venice a Letcher. But if we chuse well, we have a hand of Virtue, gently lifting us to a continual rifing Nobleness. Antisthenes used to wonder at those, that were curious but in buying an earthen Dift, to see that it had no cracks, nor inconveniences, and yet would be careless in the choyce of Friends; to take them with the flaws of Vice. Surely, a mans Companion is a second Genius, to sway him to the white, or bad. A good Man is like the Day, enlightning and warming all he sbines on, and is always raising upward, to a Region of more constant purity, than that wherein it finds the Object. The bad Man is like the night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholfom vapours upon all that rest beneath. Nature is so far from making any thing absolutely idle, that even to stones and dullest meddals, the hath given an operation: they grow, and spread, in our general Mothers veins: and by a cunning way of increachment, couzen the Earth of it self: and when they meet a Brother'd Constitution, they then unite and fortifie. Hence grows the height of friendship, when two fimilary Souls shall blend in their commixions. This causes, that we feldom fee different dispositions to be entirely loving.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi:
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi.
Potores Bibuli medià de nocte Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula—
Sadmen hate mirth; the pleasant, sadness shun:
Swift men, the slow; the slothful, those that run.
Who drinks at midnight, old Falernian Wine,
Scorns him that will not take his sups—.

It is likeness that makes the true-love-knot of friendship. When we find another of our own disposition, what is it, but the same soul in a divided body? What find we, but our selves intermutually transposed, each into other? And Nature, that makes us love our selves, makes us, with the same reason, love those that are like us. For this, a Friend is a more sacred name than a Brother. What avails it to have the Bodies from the same Original, when the Souls within them differ? I believe, that the applause which the Ancients gave to equal friendship, was to be understood of the likeness of minds, rather than of estate, or years: For, we find no season, nor no degree of Man, but hath been happy with this Sun of the World, Friendship: Whereas in jarring dispositions, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the minds be consonant, the best friendship,

friendship is between different fortunes. He that is low, looks upward with a greater loving reverence: and he that is high, looks downward more affectionately; when he takes it to be for his honour, to favour his Inferiour, whom he cannot chuse but love the more for magnifying him. Something I would look to outwards; but in a friend, I would especially chuse him full of worth, that if I be not so my felf, he yet may work me like him. So for Company, Books; or whatsoever; I would, if I have freedom, chuse the best: though at first I should not fansie them, continual use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces. If judgment direct me right in my choice, custom, winning upon my will, will never sail in time to draw that after it.

#### LXXL

### Of Poets and Poetry.

Curely he was a little wanton with his leisure, that first invented Poetry. 'Tis but a Play, which makes words dance, in the evennels of a Cadency: yet, without doubt, being a Harmony, it is necret to the mind than profe: for that it felf is a Harmony in heighth. But the words being rather the drossy part, Conceit I take to be the principal. And here though it digresseth from Truth, it slies above her, making her more rare, by giving curious rayment to her nakedness. The Name, the Grecians gave the men that wrote thus, shew'd how much they honour'd it: They call'd them Makers. And had some of them had power to put their Conceits in Act, how neer would they have come to Deity? And for the virtues of men; they rest not on the bare Demeanor, but slide into imagination: so proposing things above us. they kindle the Reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, Poets, that write thus, Plato never meant to banish. His own practice thews, he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his Poem, when all the Herd had left him: and he himself wrote both Tragadies, and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too bulle with his gods: and he, being the first that made Philosophy Divine, and Rational, was modest in his own beginnings. Another Name they had of honour too, and that was Vates. Nor know I how to distinguish between the Prophets and Poets of Israel. What is Jeremie's Lamentation, but a kind of Sapphick Elegie? David's Pfalms are not only Poems; but Songs, Snatches, and Raptures of a flaming firit. And this indeed I observe, to the honour of Poets; I never found them covetous, or scrapingly-base. The Jews had not too such Kings in all their Catalogue, as Solomon, and his Father; Poets both. There is a largence in their Souls, beyond the narrownels of other men: and why may we not then think, this may imbrace more, both of Heaven, and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason, that they, most of them, are poor: They find their minds so solaced with their own flights, that they neglect the study of growing rich: and this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice, and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty lovers of their their pallates; and this is known an impoverifber. Antigonus, in the Tented Field, found Antagoras cooking of a Conger himself. And they all are friends to the Grape and Liquor: though I think, many, more out of a ductible Nature, and their love to pleasant company, than their affection to the juyce alone. They are all of free Natures; and are the truest Definition of that Philosopher's man, which gives him, Animal risibile. Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them sensual: yet this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some Riming fools; but what have they to do with Poetry? When Salust would tell us, that Sempronia's mit was not ill; fays he, - Potuit versus facere, & jocum movere : She could make a Verse, and break a Jest. Something there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all in such measured Language, as may be marr'd by reading. I laugh heartily at Philoxenus his Jest, who passing by, and hearing some Masons, mis-sensing his lines, (with their ignorant sawing of them) falls to breaking amain: They ask the cause, and he replies, They spoyl his work, and he theirs. Certainly, a worthy Poet is so far from being a Fool, that there is force wit required in him that shall be able to read him well: and without the true accent, numbred Poetry does lose of the gloss. It was a speech becoming an able Poet of our own, when a Lord read his Verfes crookedly, and he befeecht his Lord-(bip not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latine, breaks Priscians head: but he that repeats a Verse ill, puts Homer out of joynt. One thing commends it beyond Oratory; it ever complyeth to the sharpest Judgments. He is the best Orator that pleaseth all, even the Crowd and Clowns. But Poetry would be poor, that they should all approve of. If the Learned and Judicious like it, let the Throng bray. These, when 'tis best, will like it the least. So, they contemn what they under stand not; and the neglected Poet falls by mant. Calphurnius makes one complain the misfortune,

Frange puer calamos, & inanes desere Musas:

Et potius glandes, rubicundag; collige torna.

Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venala per urbem

Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,

Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo

Prater ab bis scopulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho.

Boy, break thy Pipes, leave, leave thy fruitless Muse:

Rather the Mast, and blood-red Cornill chuse.

Go lead thy Flocks to milking; sell and and cry

Milk through the City: what can Learning buy,

To keep back hunger? None my Verses mind,

But Eccho, babbling from these Rocks and Wind.

Two things are commonly blamed in Poetry:nay, you take away That, if Them: and these are Lyes, and Flattery. But I have told them in the worst words: For, 'Tis only to the shallow in sight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an Allegory, or a moral d Fable, than in a bare Narration. And for Flattery, no man will take Poetrie

literal: fince in commendations, it rather shows what men should be. than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know, Hyperbole's in Poetry do bear a decency, nay, a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it, is, that it wantons the Bloud, and Imagination; as carrying a man in too high a Delight. To prevent these, let the wife Poet strive to be modest in his Lines. First, that he dash not the Gods: next, that he injure not Chastity, nor corrupt the Ear with Lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave Foem the deepest kind of Writing. It wings the Soul up higher, than the flacked pace of Profe. Flashes that do follow the Cup, I fear me, are too spritely to be solid: they run smartly upon the loose, for a Distance or two; but then being foul, they give in, and tyre. I confess, I love the sober Muse, and fasting: From the other, matter cannot come so cleer, but that it will be misted with the fumes of wine. Long Poetry some cannot be friends withal: and indeed, it palles upon the reading. The wittiest Poets have been all short, and changing soon their Subject; as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and the two Comædians. Poetry should be rather like a Coranto, short, and nimbly-lofty; than a dull Lesson, of a day long. Nor can it but be deaddiff, if distended: For, when 'tis right, it'centers Conceit, and takes but the spirit of things: and therefore foolish Poefie is of all writing the most Ridicalous. When a Goose dances, and a fool Versisses, there is sport alike. He is twice an Ass, that is a riming one. He is something the less unwife, that is unwise but in Profe. If the Subject be History, or contexted Fable, then I hold it better put in Prose, or Blanks: for ordinary discourse never shews so well in Meter, as in the strain that it may seem to be spoken in? the commendation is, to do it to the life: Nor is this any other, then Poetry in Prose. Surely, though the world think not so, he is happy to himself, that can play the Poet. He shall vent his passions by his Pen, and case his heart of their weight: and he shall often raise himself a foy in his Raptures, which no man can perceive, but he. Sure, Ovid found a pleasure in't, even when he writ his Tristia. It gently delivers the mind of distempers; and works the thoughts to a sweetness, in their fearthing conceit. I would not love it for a Profession: and I would not want it for a Recreation. I can make my felf harmless, nay, amending mirth with it; while I should perhaps be trying of a worser pastime. And this I believe in it further, Unless Conversation corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to Nobleness; and is never in any rightly, but it makes him of a Royal and capacious Soul.

## LXXII. Of Fear and Cowardice.

Hey, that are made of fearful dispositions, of all others, may seem the least beholding to Nature. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more unfortunate. They enjoy nothing without a frighted mind; no, not so much as their sleeps. They doubt what they have

done, lest it may hurt them: they tremble at the present; and Miseries. that but may come, they anticipate and fend for, and inferr in a more horrid habit, than any Enemy can devise to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but fear more miseries, than the bolder people: But it plainly appears, that the Coward really meets more dangers, than the valiant man. Every base Nature, will be ready to offer injuries, where they think they will not be repayed. He will many times beat a Comard, that would not dare to strike him, if he thought him valiant. When the Passenger gallops by, as it his fear made him speedy; the Carfollows him with an oven mouth, and swiftness: let him walk by, in a confident neglect; and the Dog will never ftir at him. Surely, 'tis a weakness that every Creature (by a native instinct) takes advantage of: and Cowards have fouls of a courfer mixture, than the common spirits of men. Evils that mult be, they meet with before their time: as if they strived to make themselves miserable, sooner, than God appointed them. Evils that are but probable, they aftertain. They that by an even poize might fit safe, in a Boat on a rough Sea, by rising up to avoid drowning, are drowned. For this is sure; It cozens the weak mind infinitely, both in making of her falfely believe the may avoid dangers by flying, and in counterfeiting whatfoever is ill. All difeafes are belyed by feat, and conceit: and we know some, out of fear of Death, have dy'd. In a Battel we see the valiant man escape oft safe, by a constant keeping his rank; when the Coward, thifting dangers, runs, by avoiding one, into the several walks of many. Multas in summa pericula misit Venturi timor ipse mali. Certainly I have studied in vain, in thinking what a Coward may be good for: I never heard of any Att becoming virtue, that ever came from him. All the Noble deeds that have beat their Marches through succeeding Ages, have all proceeded from men of courage. And I believe many times, their confidence kept them fafe. An unappalled look does daunt a base attempter. And oftentimes, if a Man has nothing but a couragious eye, it protects him. The brave foul knows no trembling. Cafar spake like Cafar, when he bade the Mariners feat nothing; for they carryed him and his Fortunes. And indeed valour casts a kind of honour upon God; in that we shew that we believe his goodness, while we trust our selves, in danger, upon his care only: Whereas the Coward eclipses his sufficiency, by unworthily doubting, that God will not bring him off. So unjuftly accusing either his power, or his will, he would make himself his own Saviour, and becomes his own confounder. For when man mistrusts God, 'tis just with God to leave Man. Marcus Antonius would not believe, that Avidius Crassus could ever have deposed him: and his reason was, The Gods had greater care of him than to let Crassus wrong him undeservedly. And this winning him love, establish't him: whereas, Fear on the other side frustrates a sufficient defence. Themistocles compared a Coward to the Sword-fift, which hath a weapon, but wants a heart, And then what use can the quaking hand put it to? Nay, when he may flie, cowardize hinders him from playing the Comura; He would run away, and fear

fear arrests him with a senseles amazement, that betrays him to the pursuit of his Foes. No armour can defend a searful heart. It will kill it self, within. Cleomenes was so far out of charity with this pale passion, as the Spoyls he wan from Cowards, he would neither sacrifice to the Gods, nor let the Lacedemonian Youth behold them, There are two miseries, for which it is samous beyond all other passions. Love, anger, Sorrow, and the like, are but for a time, and then over: but this is perpetual, A disease of a life long, which every day slaves a man to whatsoever ill he meets with. It vassails him to the morth, to beasts, and men. And like a surly Tyrant, inforcers whatsoever it proposeth. For this, does Martial Epigram upon it.

Quid si me Tonsor, cum stricta novacula sapera est, of Tunc Libertatem, Divitiasque roget?

Promittam: nec enim rogat illo tempore Tousor, Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa Timor.

Suppose my Barber, when his Razor's nigh My throat, should then ask wealth, and liberty; I'd promise sure. The Barber asks not this,

No, 'Tis a Thief, and Fear imperious is. W deward and Next, whereas other passions are grounded upon things that are as En vie upon happiness: Rage upon Injury, Love upon Beauty, and so the rest. This is as well upon things that are not at coopies mischiefs that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no object to bound it, it runs in infinitum, and cannot be fecured by any condition of life. Let the Comard have a guard, and he fears that : Let him have none; and he will fear for want of it. I have known some, as hoppy as the world could make them; and their own needles fears have made their lives more four, than his that hath been freightned in all. I have pitied them : to think that a weak, vexations, and unprofitable passion should quite ruine the bleffings of a fair effate. Some things I may doubt, and endevour to soun: but I would never fear them to a fervility. If I can keep but Reason Lord, fear will serve, and benefit me: but when that gets the Throne, it will domineer infultingly. Let me rather have a mind confident, and undannted with forme troubles; than a Pulfe Rid! beating fear, in the flush of Proferity.

#### LXXII.

That Man is neither bappy, nor miferable, but by comparison.

Here is not in this world, either perfect mistry, or perfect bappiness. Comparison, more than Reality, makes onen nappy, and can make them wretched. What should we account mistrable, if one did not lay it in the balance with some thing, that hath more felicity in If we saw not some men vaulting, in the gay trim of Honour, and Greatness, we should never think a poor estate so lamentable. Where all the world ugly, Deformity would be no Manster. In shore communicy where all go naked, they neither shame at their being uncovered, nor complain

that they are expos'd to the violence of the Sun and Winds. 'I is without doubt, our eyes, gazing at others above, call us into a shade, which before that time, we met not with. Whatfoever is not pain, or sufferance, might well be born without grumbling: did not other objects, fuller of contentedness, draw away our souls from that we have, to those things which we see, we have not. 'Tis Envy, and Ambition, that makes us far more miserable, than the constitution which our liberal Nature hath allotted us. Many never find themselves in want, till they have discovered the abundance of some others. And many again, do bear their wants with ease, when they find others below themselves in happiness. It was an answer bewraying a Philosopher, which Thales gave to one, that asked him how Adversity might best be born? By feeing our Enemies in worse estate than our selves. We pick our own forrows, out of the Joys of other men : and out of their forrows, likewile, we assume our joys. When I see the toyling Labourer sweat thorow both his skins, yet can scarce get so much, as his importunate belly consumes him; I then look upon my self with gladness. But when I eye the Distributors of the Earth, in their Royalty : when I think of Nero in his journey, with his thousand Chariots, and his Mules all shod with filver; then, what a poor Atome do I account my felf, compar'd with these huge piles of State?

Tolle felices, removeto multo
Divites auro, removeto centum
Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus;
Pauperi surgent animi jacentes.
Est miser nemo, nist comparatus.
Void the blest, and him that slows
With the weighty Gold, and sifty Ploughs
Furrowing wealthy pastures goes;
Poor minds then will spring. For none

Is poor but by comparison. It was comparison, that first kindled the fire to burn Troy withal. Give it to the fairest, was it, which jarr'd the Goddesses. Paris might have given the Ball with less offence, had it not been so inscribed. Surely, June was content with her beauty, till the Trojun Youth cast her, by advancing Venus. The Roman Dame complained not of her husbands breath, while she knew no kiss but his. While we spy no joys above our own, we in quiet count them bleffings. We see, even a tew companions can lighten our miferies: by which we may guess the effect of a generality. Blackness, a flat nose , thick lips, and goggle eyes, are beauties, where no fapes nor colours differ. He is much impatient, that refuseth the general Lot. For my felt, I will reckon that mifery, which I find hurts me in my felf; not that which coming from another, I may avoid, if I will. Let me examine whether that I enjoy, be not enough to felicitate me, if I stay at home. If it be, I would not have anothers better fortune put me out of conceit with my own. In outward things, I will look to those that are beneath me; that if I must build my self

out of others, I may rather raise content than murmur. But for accomplishments of the mind, I will ever fix on those above me; that I may, out of an honest emulation, mend my self, by continual striving to imitate their Nobleness.

#### LXXIII. .

## Of Pride and Choler.

He Proud man and the Cholerick seldom arrive at any height of virtue. Pride is the choler of the mind; and choler is the pride of the body. They are sometimes born to good parts of Nature, but they rarely are known to add by industry. 'Tis the mild and suffering di-Sposition, that oftenest doth attain to Eminency. Temper, and Humility are advantagious Virtues, for business, and to rife by. Pride and Choler make fitch a noise, that they awake dangers; which the other with a soft cread steal-by undiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too big to pals the narrow way. Temper and Humility are like the Fox, when he went into the Garner; he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at plenty. Pride and Choler are like the Fox offering to go out, when his belly was full; which infarging him bigger than the paffage made him stay, and be taken with shame. They, that would come to preferment by Pride, are like them that ascend a pair of Stairs on Horseback; 'tis ten to one, but both their Beasts will cast them, ere they come to tread their Chamber. The minds of proud men have not that clearness of discerning, which should make them judge aright of themselves, and others. Tis an uncharitable vice, which reaches of themselves, and others. Tis an uncharitable vice, which reaches men how to neglett and contemn. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it self: and by this depression angers them, that they bandy against it, till it meets with the loss. One thing it hath more than any vice that I know: It is an Enemy to it fells The proud man cannot endure to see pride in another. Diogenes trampled Plato: though indeed 'tis rare to find it in men to qualified. The main thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the Reprehension of a friend. Pride scorns a Corrector, and thinks it a disparagement to learn: and Choler admits no counsel that croffes him; croffing angers him, and anger blinds him. So if ever they hear any fault, it must either be from an Enemy in distain, or from a Friend, that must resolve to lose them by't. M. Drufus, the Tribune of the People, cast the Conful, L. Philippus, into Prison, because he did but interrupt him in speech. Other Dispositions may have the benefits of a friendly Monitor; but these by their vices do feem to give a defiance to Counfel. Since, when men once know them, they will rather be filent, and let them reft in their folly, than, by admonibing them, run into a certain Brand. There is another thing thews them to be both base. They are both most amed by the most abject passion of the mind, Fear. We dare neither be proud to one that can punish us; nor cholerick to one much above us. But when we have to deal with fuch, we clad our felves in their contraries: as knowing they are habits of more fafety, and better liking. Every man flies from the burning house: and one of these hath a fire in his heart, and the other discovers it in his face. In my opinion, there be no vices that incroach so much on Man as these: They take away his Reason, and turn him into a storm; and then Virtue her self cannot board him, without danger of defamation. I would not live like a Beast, pusht at by all the world for lostiness; nor yet like a Wash, stinging upon every touch. And this moreover shall add to my milliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of strife among Brethren.

#### LXXIV.

## That great Benefits caufe Ingratitude.

S the deepest hate is that which springs from the most violent love; So, the greatest discourtesses oft arise from the largest favours. Benefits to good Natures, can never be so great, as to make thanks blush in their tendering: but when they be weighty, and light on ill ones, they then make their return in Ingratitude, Extraordinary favours make the giver hated by the receiver, that should love him. Experience hath proved, that Tacitus wrote truth, Beneficia ufque adeo leta sunt, dum videntur posse exsolvi: ubi multum antevenere, progratia, odium redditur. Benefits are so long grateful, as we think we can repay them: but when they challenge more, our thanks convert to hate. It is not good to make men owe us more than they are able to pay: except it be for virtueus deserts, which may in some fort challenge it. They that have found transcending courtesias, for Offices that have not been found; as in their first actions they have been stained, so in their progress they will prove ungrateful: For, when they have ferved their turn of his benefits, they feldom fee their Patron without thraldom; which (now by his gifts being lifted into happinels) they grieve to see, and strive to be quit of. And if they be defensive favours, for matter of fact, they then, with their thraldom, shew them their shame: and this pricks them forward to wind out themselves, though it be with incurring a greater. The Malefactor, which thou faveit, will, if he can, condemn thee, Some have written, that Cicero was flain by one, whom his Oratory had defended, when he was accused of his Fathers murther. I knew a French Gentleman invited by a Dutch to his House; and, according to the vice of that Nation, he was welcom'd so long with full cups, that in the end the drink distemper'd him: and going away, in stead of giving him thanks, he quarrels with his Hoft, and Strikes him. His friend blaming him, he answered, It was his Hofts fault, for giving him liquor to strong. It pals'd for a jest: but certain, there was something in it more. Men that have been thus beholding to us, think we know too much of their vileness: and therefore they will rather free themselves by their Benefactors raine, than fuffer themselves to be had in so low an esteem. When kindnesses are fuch as hinder Justice, they seldom yield a fruit that is commendable:

as if vengeance followed the Bestower, for an injury to equity, or for not faffering the Divine Edicts to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robbilt the Law of a Life, to give it to an ill-deferving man. The wrong thou doft to that, is greater than the benefit that thou doft confer upon him. Such pity wounds the Publike, which is often revenged by him thou didft bestow it upon. Benefits, that are good in themselves, are made ill by their being mis-placed. Whatsoever savours thou imparteft, let them be to those of defers. It will be much for thy Honour, when, by thy kindness, men shall see that thou affectest Virtue : and when thou layest it on one of worth, grudge not that thou hast plac'd it there: For, believe it, he is much more Weble that deferves a benefit, than he that bestows one. Rishes, though they may reward Virtues, yet they cannot cause them. If I shall at any time do a courte fie, and meet with a neglett, I shall yet think I did well, because I did well intend it. Ingratitude makes the Author worfe, but the Benefactor rather the better. If I shall receive any Kindnesses from others, I will think, that I am tyed to acknowledge, and also to return them; small ones, out of Courtefie; and great ones out of day. To neglect them, is inhumanity: to requite them with ill, Satanical. 'Tis only in ranck grounds, that much rain makes weeds fpring: where the foyl is clean, and well planted, there is the more fruit return'd, for the shewers that did fall upon it.

### LXXV.

## Of Virtue and Wifdom.

Here are no fuch Guards of Safety, as Virtue and Wisdom. The one secures the fool; the other, the offere and Bedy. The one defends us against the stroke of the Law; the other against the mutability of Fortune. The Low has not power to firthe the virtuous : nor can Foreuse subvert the Wife. Surely there is more Divinity in them, than we are aware of: for, if we confider rightly, we may observe, Virtue or Goodness to be habitual, and wisdom the distributive or actual part of the Deisy. Thus, all the Oremers flowing from these two, they appeared to valde bane, as in the Text. And the Son of Sirach couples them more plainly together; for he lays, Althe works of the Lord are exceeding good and all his Commandements are done in due feafon. These only perfect and defend a man. When unjust Kings defire to cur of those they distalte, they first lay trains to make them fall into Pice: or at last, give out, that their Actions are already crimimal; fo rob them of their Wirtue, and then let the Law feiz them. Otherwife, Virtue's garment is a Sanctuary for facred, that even Princes dare not strike the man that is thus roubed. Tis the Livery of the King of Heaven: and who dares arrest one that wears his Clath? This protects us when we are unarmed a and is an Armour that we cannot, unless we be falfe to our felves, lofe. Demetrin could comfort himfelf with this, that though the Athenians demolished his Statues, yet the

went to Rome, on purpose to see him: where finding his behaviour stretched all to pride and state, departs, and makes him a Mourning Sute; wherein next day he comes again to vifit him: who asking the earle of his blacks, was answered, It was for the death of Humility, which dy'd in him, when he was Elected Cardinal. Authority displays the Man. Whatfoevr opinion in the world, thy former virtues have gained thee, is now under a Jury, that will condemn it, if they flack here. The way to make Honour last, is to do by it, as men do by rich Jewels; not incommon them to the every-day eye: but case them up, and wear them but on Festivals. And, be not too glorious at first; it will send men to too much expectation, which when they fail of, will turn to neglett. Thou hadft better shew thy felf by a little at once; than, in a windy oftentation, pour out thy felf together. So, that respect, thou gainest, will be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste. Some profit thou mayest make of thinking from whence thou camest. He that bears that still in his mind, will be more wary, how he trench upon those, that were once above him.

Fama est, sittilibus canasse Agathoclea Regem;
Atque abacum Samio sape onerasse luto:
Fercula gemmatis cum poneret horrida vasis,
Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul.
Quarenti causam, respondit: Rex ego qui sum
Sicania, sigulo sum genitore satus.
Fortunam reverenter habe, quicunque repente
Dives ab exili progrediere loco.
With Earthen Plate, Agathocles (they say)
Did use to meal: so serv'd with Samo's Clay.
When Jewell'd Plate, and rugged Earth was by,
He seem'd to mingle mealth, and poverty.
One ask'd the cause: he answers: I, that am

One ask'd the cause; he answers: I, that am
Sicilia's King, from a poor Potter came.

Hence learn, thou that are rais'd from mean estate

To sudden riches, to be temperate.

It was the Administration of the dying Otho, to Cocceius: Neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that Casar was his Oncle. When we look on our selves in the shine of prosperity, we are apt for the past and scarn. When we think not on at all, we are likely to be much imbased. An estate evened with these thoughts indureth: Our advantement is many times from Fortune; our moderation in it is that, which the can neither give nor derrive us of In what condition soever I tive. I would neither bite, nor fawn. He does well that subscribes to him that writ.

are won without he . Mem extrained of the stands of a result of a declined declineth Energy. It is better to defeend a little from State, than affiliance any thing, that may beem above it. It is not fafe to tenter Authority. Pride to electh Energies: but it puts our friends to flight. It was a just chair, that a proof Cardinal had from a friend, that upon his Elettion

## LXXVII. Of Modesty.

Here is Modesty, both a Virtue, and a Vice; though indeed, when it is blameable, I would rather call it a foolish bashfulness. For then it betrays us to all inconveniencies. It brings a Fool into Bonds, to his utter undoing: when, out of a weak flexibility of Nature, he has not courage enough to deny the request of a seeming friend. One would think it strange at first, yet is it provedly true: That, Modesty undoes a Maid. In the face, it is a lure to make even leved men love : which they oft express with large gifts, that so work upon her yielding nature, as she knows not how to deny: so rather than be ungrateful, she oft becomes unchafte: Even blushing brings them to their Devirgination. In friendship, 'tis an odious vice, and lets a man run on in absurdities; for fear of displeasing by telling the fault. 'Tis the Fool only, that puts Virtue out of countenance. Wife men ever take a freedom of reproving, when Vice is bold, and daring. How plain was Zeno with Nearchus? How blunt Diogenes with Alexander? How serious Seneca with the savage Nero? A Spirit modestly bold, is like the wind, to purge the worlds bad air. It disperses Exhalations from the muddy Earth, which would, unstirr'd, infect it. We often let Vice spring, for wanting the andacity and courage of a Debellation. Nay, we many times forbear good actions, for fear the world should laugh at us. How many men, when others have their flore, will want themselves, for shaming to demand their own? And sometimes in extremes, we unwifely stand upon points of insipid Modesty. But, Rebus semper pudor absit in arctis. In all extremes flye Basbfulness. In any good Action, that must needs be bad, that hinders it : of which strain, many times, is the foundness of a blushing shamefastness. But to blush at Vices is to let the world know, that the heart within hath an inclination to Virtue. Modesty a virtue, is an excellent curb to keep us from the firm, and offence. I am perswaded, many had been bad, that are not: if they had not been bridled by a basbful nature. There are divers that have bearts for vice, which have not face accordingly. It chides us from base company, restrains us from base enterprizes; from beginning ill, of continuing where we fee it. It teaches to love virtue only: and directs a man rather to mix with a chafte foul, than to care for pressing of the ripened bosom. It aws the uncivil tongue; chains up the licentions hand; and with a filent kind of Majesty, (like a watch at the dore of a Thief's Den) makes Vice not dare peep out of the heart, wherein it is lodged. It withholds a man from vain-boafting: and makes a wife man not to fcorn a fool. Surely, the Graces Sojourn with the blushing man! And the Cynick would needs have Virtue to be of a bluft-colour. Thus Aristotle's Daughter shew'd her self a better Moralist, than Naturalift: when being asked which was the best colour, the answered: That which Modesty produced in Men ingenuous. Certainly, the heart of the blushing man, is neerer Heaven than the brazed forehead. For

For it is a branch of Humility; and when that dyes, Virtue is upon the vanish. Modesty in Women, is like the Angels slaming Sword, to keep vile man out of the Paradise of their Chastity. It was Livia's modesty, that took Angustus: and she that wan Cyrus from a Multitude, was a modest one. For though it be but exterior, and face-deep only, yet it invites affection strongly. Plantus had skill in such commodities;

Meretrisem pudorem gerere magis deset, quàm purpuram : Magis quidem mertrisem pudorem, quàm aurum gerere condeset.

Even in a where, a modest look, and fashion, Prevails beyond all gold, and purple dyes.

If that be good which is but counterfeit, how excellent is that which is real? Those things that carry a just infamy with them, I will justly be asbam'd to be seen in. But in actions either good, or not ill, it may as well be a crime. 'Tis sear and comardize, that pulls us back from Goodness. That is base bloud, that blusbes at a virtuous action. Both the action, and the moral of Agesilans was good: when in his Oblations to Pallas, a Lowse bit, and he pulls it out, and kills it before the People, saying; Trespassers were even at the Altar to be set upon. I know, things unseally, though not dishoness, carry a kind of shame along, but sure, in resisting villany, where Courage is asked, Bastulness is, at best, but a weak, and treacherous virtue.

#### LXXVIII.

## Of Suspicion.

Sufficions are sometimes out of Judgment. He that knows the world bad, cannot but suffect it will be so still: but where men suffect by judgment, they will likewise, by judgment, keep that suffect from hurting them. Sufficion for the most part, proceeds from a felf-defect : and then it gnaws the mind. They that in private liften others, are commonly fuch as are ill themselves. The wife and honest are never fooled with this quality. He that knows he deferves not ill, why should he imagine that others should speak him so? We may observe how a man is disposed, by gathering what he doubts in others. Saint Chrysoftom has given the rule; Sient difficile aliquem sufpicatur malum, qui bonus eft ? Sie difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malue est. Nere would not believe, but all men were most foul Libidinists. And we all know, there was never fuch a Roman Beaft as he. Sufpetting that we fee not, we intimate to the world, either what our acts have been, or what our diffefitions are. I will be wary in suspecting another of ill, lest, by so doing, I proclaim my felf to beguilty: But whether I be, or not, why should I strive to hear my felf ill spoken of? Jealousie is the worst of madness. We seek for that, which we would not find: or, if we do, what is it we have got, but matter of vexation? which we cause to bafely by, as we are asham'd to take notice of it. So we are forced to keep it boyling in our brefts: like new Wine, to the hazard of the Hogfbead, for want of venting. Jealousie is a gin that we fet to catch Serpents; which, af-

foon as we have caught them, King w. Like the Fool; that finding a box of portion, talts, and is portion'd indeed. Are we not mad, that being quiet, as we are, must needs go fearch for discontenements? So fat should we be from feeking them, as to be often tareless of those we find. Neglect will kill an injury, looner than revence. Said Socrates, when he was told that one rail'd on him; Let him beat me tob, fo The absent, I care not. He that will queftion every diferactive word, which he hears is spoken of him, thall have few friends, little wir, and much trouble. One told Chrysppus that his friend reproached him privately. Says he, sye, but chief him not, for then he will do as much in publick. We shall all meet with vexation enough, which we cannot avoid. I cannot think any man loves forem to well, as our offirs differetion, to invite it to lodge in his heart. Pomper did well to commit those Letters to the fire, before he road them, wherein he expected to find the cause of his grief. I will never undertake an anworthy watch for that which will but trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to do that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in? Gereatnly, they that fer purition others; or by liftening, put the base office of Intelligencer upon themselves; would blush to be discovered in their projects: and the best way to avoid the discovery, is at first to avoid the act. If I hear any thing by accident, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take only the good: but I will never lye in wait for mine own abase; or for others that concern me not. Nor will I flame at every vain tongues puffe. He has a poor pirit that is not planted above petty mrongs. Small injuries I would either not hear, or not mind: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the Author: for by this I may menamy felf, and never malice the person.

# LXXIX.

Ertainly, there is a Fate that hurries Man to his end beyond his own intention. There is uncertainty in wisdom, as well as in folly. When man plotteth to save himself, that plotting delivers him into his raine. Decrees are past upon us: and our own wit often hunts us into the sares, that above all things we would shun. What we suspect and would sty, we cannot i what we suspect not, we fall into. That which save dus now, by and by kills us. We use means of preservation, and they prove destroying mes. We take courses to ruspe us, and they prove means of safety. When Agrippina's death was platted, her moment chought so save her self, by assuming of her Mistris name; and that only was the cause of her killing. Plorus tells of one, to whom, victorium praise error destit; an error in the fight, gave victory. How many have, slying from danger, met with death? and, on the other side, sound pretestion even in the very jams of missing?

And when Fare lifts, a doubled poplar laves.

Some

Some men in their fleep are cast into Fortunes lap : while others with all their industry, cannot purchase one smile from her. How strange a Refene from the fackage of an Enemy had that Gity, that by the Leaders crying, Back, back, when he wanted room for the fetching of his blow, to break a chain that hinder'd him, was, by mif-apprehending the Word, put back in a violent flight? There is no doubt, but Wisdom is better than Folly, as light is better than darkness. Yet, I see, faith Solomony It happens to the wife and fool alike. It fell out to be part of Mithridates misery, that he had made himself unpersonable. All humane wisdom is desective: otherwise it might help us, against the flash and form. As it is, it is but leffer folly; which preferving sometimes, fails as often. Grave directions do not always prosper: nor does the Fools bolt ever miss. Domitian's reflective Galleries could not guard him from the skarfed arm. Nor did Tiens his freeness to the two Patrician afirers, hurt him : For, his confidence was, That Fate gave Princes Soveraignty. Man is meerly the Ball of Time; and is sometime taken from the Plan to the Throne; and sometimes again from the Throne to a Halter: as if we could neither avoid being wretched, or happy, or both.

Non sollicita possunt cura Mutare rati stamina fusi. Quicquid patimur mortale genus Quioquid facimus, venit ex alto. Servata; sua decreta colús Lachefis, durâ revoluta manu: Omnia certo tramite vadunt: Primusq; dies dedit extremum. Our most thoughtful cares cannot Change establisht Fates firm plot. All we fuffer, all we prove, All we act comes from above. Fates Decrees still keep their course: All things strictly by their force Wheel in undisturbed ways; it or desired and some Ends are fet in our first days. And are covered swing

Whatfoever Man thinks to do in contrariety; is by GOD turned to be a help of haftening the end he hath appointed him: It was not in the Emperous power, to keep Afelesarius from the Dogs, no, though it was foretold him: and he bent himself to cross it. We are govern'd by a Power, that we cannot but obey; our minds are wrought against our minds, to alter us. Man is his own Traiter, and maddeth to undo himself. Whether this be Nature order'd and relinquisher; or whether it be accidental; or the operating power of the Stars; or the exernal connexion of canses; or the execution of the mill of God; whether it takes away all freedom of mill from Man; or by what means we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not think any thing, that should derogate from the Majesty of God. I know, there is a Providence ordering

ing all things as it pleaseth; of which, Man is not able to render a reason. We may believe St. Jerome, Providentia Dei omnia gubernantur; &, qua putatur pæna, Medicina est. But the secret progressions, I confess, I know not. I see, there are both Arguments and Objections on every side. I hold it a kind of Mundane predestination, writ in such Characters, as it is not in the wit of man to read them. In vain we murmur at the things that must be: in vain we mourn for what we cannot remedy. Why should we rave, when we meet with what we look not for? 'Tis our ignorance that makes us wonder our selves to a dull supefaction. When we consider but how little we know, we need not be disturbed at a new event.

Regitur Fatis mortale genus,
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest
Firmum; & stabile: perq; casus
Volvitur varios semper nobis
Metuenda dies.
All Mankind is rul'd by Fate,
No man can propose a state
Firm and stable: various chance,
Always rowling, doth advance
That Something which we sear.

That something which we fear.

Surely out of this, we may raise a Contentment Royal; as knowing we are always in the hands of a Noble Protector; who never gives ill, but to him that has deserved ill. Whatsoever befals me, I would subscribe to, with a squared soul. It were a super-insaniated folly, to struggle with a power, which I know is all in vain contended with. If a fair endeavour may free me, I will practise it. If that cannot, let me wait it with a calmed mind. Whatsoever happens as a monder; I will admire and magnifie, as the Act of a Power above my apprehension. But as it is an alteration to Man, I will never think it marvellous. I every day see him suffer more changes; than is of himself to imagine.

# Of Oftentation.

Vain-glory, at best, is but like a window-Cussion, specious without, and garnished with the suxled pendant; but within, nothing but hey, or tow, or some such trast, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tengue, I have often found the heart empty. Tis the hollow Instrument that sounds loud: and where the heart is stell, the tengue is seldom liberal. Cortainly, he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate; and knows not the slides and sassalties that hang on Man. It he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay til the world had sound it, than so undecently be his own Prolocutor. If thou beest good, thou mayst be sure the world will know thee so. If thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse; while the assistant of thy life consuce thee. It thou wilk yet boast the good thou truly

haft, thou obscureft much of thine own worth, in drawing of it up by fo unfeemly a Bucket, as thine own tongue. The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him fo. Virtue is built upon her felf. Flourisbes are for Networks; better Contextures need not any other additions, Phocion call'd bragging Laosthenes, The Cypress Tree; which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit. Why may he not be emblem'd by the cozening Fig-tree, that our Saviour curs'd; 'Tishe that is conscious to himself of an immerd defect, which, by the brazen Bell of his tongue, would make the world believe, that he had a Church within. Yet, fool that he is! this is the way to make men think the contrary, if it were fo. Oftentation after, overthrows the Action, which was good, and went before; or at least, it argues that good not done well. He, that does good for praise only, fails of the right end. A good work ought to propound, He is virtuous; that is so for virtue's sake. To do well, is as much applause as a good man labours for. Whatsoever good work thy hand builds, is again pull'd down by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blazings of the proud will go out in a stench and smoke: Their braggings will convert to shame. Saint Gregory has it wittily: Sub hofte quem prosternit, moritur, qui de culpa quam superat elevatur. He both loseth the good he hath done, and hazardeth for (bame with men : For clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of Ostentation. He that remembers too much his own Virtues, teacheth others to object his Vices. All are Enemies to assuming Man. When he would have more than his due, he seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealousie, that by promulgating his Virtues we vainly think he should rob us of the worlds love; or whether we take his exalting himself, to be our depression; or whether it be our envy; or that we are angry, that he should so undervalue goodness, as, despiting her approbation, he should feek the uncertain warrant of men:or whether it be an Instinct instampt in Man, to diflike them; 'Tis certain, no man can endure the puffs of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs: and in stead of a clapping hand, they find a check with scorn. When a Souldier brag'd too much of a great skar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it, when he looked back, as he fled? Certainly, when I hear a waunting man, I shall think him like a Peece that is charged but with powder; which neer hand gives a greater report, than that which hath a Bullet in't. If I have done any thing well, I will never think the world is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to effential virtue, by the hoarse clamor of the blundering Rabble. If I have done ill; to boast the contrary, I will think, is like painting an old face, to make it so much more ugly. If it be of any thing past, the world will talk of it, though I be filent. If not, 'tis more Noble to neglect Fame, than feem to beg it. If it be of ought to come, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to perform. We diffrace the work of Virtue, when we go about any way to seduce voyces for her approbation.

## LXXXI. Of Hope.

Uman life hath not a furer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than Hope.'Tis the miserable mans God, which in the hardest gripe of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort. Tis the presumptuous mans Devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. Hope is to Man, as a bladder to a learning swimmer; it keeps him from sinking, in the bosom of the waves; and by that help it may attain the exercise: but yet many times it makes him venter beyond his height, and then, if that breaks, or a form rifes, he drowns without recovery. How many would dye, did not Hope sustain them? How many have dy'd, by hoping too much? This wonder we may find in Hope; that the is both a flatterer, and a true friend. Like a valiant Captain, in a lofing Battel, it is ever incouraging Man; and never leaves him, till they both exspire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is Hope fleeting in the maving Soul. 'Tis almost as the air, by which the mind does live. There is one thing which may add to our value of it; that it is appropriate unto Man alone : For furely, Beafts have not hope at all ; they are only capable of the present; whereas Man, apprehending future things, hath this given him, for the sustentation of his drooping Soul. Who would live rounded with calamities, did not smiling Hope cheer him, with expectation of deliverance? The common one is in Tibulus:

Spes fovet, & melius cras fore semper ait.

Spes fovet, & melius cras fore semper ait.

Spes alit agricolas; spes sulcis credit aratis

Semina, qua magno fanore reddat ager.

Hac laqueo volucres, hac captat arundine pisces,

Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.

Spes etiam valida solatur compede vinctum;

Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus.

Hope flatters Life, and says shee's still bequeath

Better; else I had cur'd all ills by Death.

She blythes the Farmer, does his grain commit

To Earth, which with large use replentieth it.

She snares the Birds; and Fishes, as they glide,

Strikes with small hooks, that cozning baits do hide:

Shee cheers the shackled Prisher, and whil's thigh

Rings with his Chain, he works and sings on high.

Rings with his Chain, he works and fings on high.

There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, wex, fright, torture, shew death with his horridest brow; yet Hope will dart in her reviving rays, that shall illumine and exhilarate, in the tumour, in the swell of these. Nor does she more friend us with her gentle shine, than she often fools us with her sleek delusions. She dandles us into killing slames, sings us into Lethargies; and, like answer-hasty Chirurgeon, skinneth dangers, that are full, and foul within. She cozens

the Thief of the Coin he steals: and cheats the Gamester more than even the falfest Dye. It abuseth universal Man, from him that stoops to the lome wall, upon the naked Common, to the Monarch in his par pled Throne. It undoes the melting Prodigal; it delivers the Ambitious to the edged Axe, and the raft Souldier to the shatterings of the fired Vomit. What soever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it: and in a little time, tumble our selves in the Down of our wishes: but it often performs like Domitian, promising all, with nothing. 'Tis (indeed) the Rattle, which Nature did provide, to still the froward crying of the fond child Man. Our Life is but a Run after the drag of something that doth itch our fenfes: which when we have hunted home, we find a meer delufion. We think we serve for Rachel, but are deceiv'd with blear d-eye Leab. Jacob is as Man, Laban is the shurlish, envious, ungrateful World : Leah is the pleasure it pays us with, blemisht in that which is the life of beauty, peritht even in the Eye; emblem'd too by the fex of frailty, women. We see a Box, wherein we believe a Pardon; so we are merry in the brink of Death. While we are dancing, the Trapdoor falls under us, and Hope makes us jocond, till the ladder turns, and then it is too late to care. Certainly, it requires a great deal of judgment to balance our hopes even. He that hopes for nothing, will never attain to any thing. This good comes of over-hoping, that it fweetens our passage thorow the world, and sometimes so sets us to work, as it produces great actions, though not always pat to our ends. But then again, he that hopes too much, shall cozen himself at last; especially, if his industry goes not along to fertile it. For, hope without attion is a barren undoer. The best is to hope for things possible, and probable. If we can take her comforts, without transferring her our confidence, we shall furely find her a sweet companion. I will be content my Hope should travail beyond Reason; but I would not have her build there. So by this, I shall reap the benefit of her present service, yet prevent the Treason she might beguil me with.

#### LXXXII.

## That Sufferance causeth Love.

In Noble Natures, I never found it fail, but that those who suffered for them, they ever lov'd intirely. 'Tis a Justice living in the Soul, to indear those that have smarted for our sakes. Nothing surer tyes a friend, than freely to subhumerate the burthen which was his. He is unworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both affection, and thanks, to him that hath under-gone a mischief, due to himself. He hath in a sort made a purchase of thy life, by saving it: and though he doth forbear to call for it, yet I believe, upon the like, thou owest him. Sure, Nature, being an Enemy to all injustice, since she cannot recal a thing done, labours some other way, to recompense the passed injury. It was Darius his confession, that he had rather have one whole Zopyrus, than ten such Babylons as his mangling wan. Volumnius would needs

needs have dy'd upon Lucullus corps, because he was the cause of his undertaking the war. And Achilles did alter his purpose of refraining the Gracian Camp, to revenge Patroclus his death, when he heard that he was slain in his borrowed Armour. Sure, there is a sympathy of souls; and they are subtilly mixed by the Spirits of the Air; which makes them sensible of one anothers sufferances. I know not by what hidden way; but I find that love increaseth by adversity. Ovid confesses it:

We often find in Princes, that they love their Favourites, for being skreens, that take away the envy of the People; which else would light on them: and we shall see this love appear most, when the People begin to lift at them : as if they were then ty'd to that out of Tuffice and Gratitude, which before was but matter of favour, and in the way of coursefie. To make two friends intire, we need but plot, to make one suffer for the others sake. For this is always in a worthy mind; it grieves more at the trouble of a friend, than it can do for it felf. Men often know in themselves how to manage it, how to entertainit: in another they are uncertain how it may work. This fear troubles love, and fends it to a neerer fearch, and pity. All creatures shew a thankfulness to those that have befriended them. The Lyon, the Dogg, the Stork in hindnesses are all returners : Whole Nature leans to mutual requitals; and to pay with numerous use, the favours of a free affection. And if we owe a Retribution for unpainful Courtefies, how much should we reflew, when they come arrayed in sufferings? Though it be not to our selves a benefit of the largest profit; yet it is to them a service of the greatest pains: and it is a great deal more Honour to recompense after their Att, than our Receipt. In Courtefies, 'tis the most Noble, when we receive them from others, to prize them after the Authors insention, if they be mean; but after their effect, if they be great: and when we offer them to others, to value them less good, but as the sequel proves them to the Receiver. Certainly, though the world hath nothing worth loving, but an honest man : yet this would make one love the man that is vile. In this cafe I cannot exempt the ill one out of my affection: but I will rather with he may still be free, than Lin bonds to levelness. Nor will I, if my industrious care may void it, ever let any indure a torment for me; because it is a courte-sie, which I know not bow to require. So till I meet with the like operamity, I must rest in his debt, for his passion. It is not good to receive favours, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those, bonds are ernel tyes, which make man ever subjett to debt, without a power to cancel them.

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#### LXXXIII.

### That Policy and Friendship are scarce compatible.

S Policy is taken in the general, we hold it but a kind of crafty A wisdom, which boweth every thing to a self-profit. And therefore a Politician is one of the worlt forts of men, to make a friend on. Give me one, that is virtuously wife, not cunningly hid, and twined to himfelf. Policy in friendship, is like Logick in truth : something too subtil for the plainness of of disclosing hearts. And whereas this works ever for appropriate ends; Love ever takes a partner into the Benefit. Doubtless, though there be that are sure, and straight to their friend: yet in general, he is reckon'd, but a kind of postpositum: or an Heir that must not claim till after. We have found out an Adage, which doubles our love to our selves : but withal, it robs our Neighbour. Proximus ipse mihi, is urged to the ruine of friendsbip. They that love themselves over-much, have feldom any expressive goodness. And indeed, it is a quality that fights against the twist of friendsbip. For what love joyns, this divides, and distanceth. Scipio would not believe it was ever the speech of a mise man, which wills us, so to love, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affection projecteth perpanity. And that love which can presently leave, was never well begun. He that will not in a time of need, halve it with a streightned friend, does but usurp the name, and injure it. Nor is he more to be regarded, that will kick at every fail of his friend: A friend invited Alcibiades to supper: He refused; but in the middle of their meal, he rushes in with his servants, and commands them to catch up the mine, and carry it home to his house: they did it, yet half they left behind. The Guests complained of this uncivil violence: but his friend with this mild feech, excused him, faying: He did courteoufly to take but half, when all was at his service. Yet in these lenities I consess Politicians are most plansible. There are that will do as Fabins said of Syphax, keep correspondency in small matters, that they may be trusted, and deceive in greater : and of graver consequence. But these are to be banish'd the League. The politick heart is too full of cranks and angles, for the discovery of a plain familiar. It is uncertain finding of him, that wheth often tou shift his habitation: and so it is a heart, that hath devices, and invertions for it self alone. Things that differ in their end, will surely part in their way. And fuch are these two: The end of Policy, is to make a mans felf great. The end of love, is to advance another. For a friend to converse withal, let me rather meet with a sound affection, than a crafty brain. One may fail me by accident, but the other will don't out of fore-intent. And then there is nothing more dangerous, than studied adulation; especially, where it knows 'tis trusted. The soundest affection, is like to be between those, where there cannot be expectation of finister ends. Therefore have your Poets seigned, the entirest love, among humble Shepheards: where wealth and honour have had no fway in their unions.

## LXXXIV. Of Drunkenness.

Ald Musaus, The remard of Virtue, is perpetual Drunkenness. But he meant it, of celestial exhibitration: and surely so, the good man is full of gladding vivification, which the world does never reach unto. The other drunkenness, arising from the Grape, is the floating of the sternless senses in a sea, and is as great a Hydra, as ever was the multitude. That dispositions differ, as much as faces, Drink is the clearest prover. The Cup is the betrayer of the mind, and does disapparrel the foul. There is but one thing which difting uisbeth Beast and Man; Reafon. And this it robs him of : Nay, it goes further, even to the subverting of Natures institution. The thoughts of the heart, which God hath secluded from the very Devil, and Spirits, by this do suffer a search, and denudation. Quod in corde sobrii, in lingua ebrii. He that would Anatomize the Soul, may do it best, when wine has numm'd the fenses. Certainly, for confession, there is no such rack as wine; nor could the Devil ever find a cunninger bast to angle both for acts, and meaning: Even the most benighted cogitations of the foul, in this floud, do tumble from the fivelled tongue; yet madly we pursue this Vice, as the kindler both of wit and mirth. Alas! it is the blemish of our times, that men are of fuch flow conceit, as they are not company one for another, without excessive draughts to quicken them. And surely 'tis from this barrenness, that the impertinencies of drink, and smoak, were first cane in at meetings. It were an excellent way, for men of quality, to convert this madness, to the discussion and practice of Arts, either Military or Civil. Their places of refort might be so fitted with instruments, as they might be like Academies of instruction, and proficiency. And these they might sweeten, with the adding of illasive games. What several Plays and Exercises had their continual use with the flourishing Romans? was there not their Compitales, Circenfes, Scenici, Ludicri, and the like? all which, were as Schools to their Touth, of Virtue, Activeness, or Magnanimity: and how quickly, and how eagerly, were their Bacchanalia banished, as the teachers only of detested vice? Indeed Drunkenness besors a Nation, and bestiates even the bravest spirits. There is nothing which a man that is foked in drink is fit for, no not for fleep. When the fword and fire rages, tis but man warring against man: when Drunkenness reigns, the Devil is at war with man, and the Epotations of dumb liquor damn him. Macedonian Philip would not war against the Persians, when he heard they were such Drinkers: For he said, they would ruine alone. Doubtless, though the Soul of a Drunkard should be so drowned, as to be insensate; yet his Body, me thinks, should irk him to a penitence and discession. When like an impoysoned bulk, all his powers mutiny in his distended skin, no question but he must be pained, till they come again to fetling. What a Monster Man is, in his Inebriations! a swimming eye, a Face both roust and sod, a temulentive Tongue, clammed to the roof and gums; a drumming Ear, a feavoured

body; a boyling Stomach; a Mouth Halty with offensive fumes, till it ficken the Brain with giddy verminations; a palfied hand, and legs tottering up and down their moystened burthen. And whereas we eat our difbes several, because their mixture would loath the taste, the eye, and (mell ; this, when they are half made excrement, reverts them, mashed in an odious vomit. And very probable 'tis, that this was the poylon, which kill'd the valiant Alexander. Proteas gave him a quaffe of two gallons, which fet him into a difease he dyed of. 'Tis an ancient Vice; and Temperance is rare. Cato us'd to fay of Cafar, that He alone came fober, to the overthrow of the state. But you shall scarce find a man much addicted to drink, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the snares of his Enemies, or over-bears his Nature, to a final finking. Yet there be, whose delights are only to tunn in: and perhaps, as Bonofus, they never strain their bladder for't. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the Countries fat. That 'tis practis'd most of the meanest people, proves it for the baser vice. I knew a Gentleman that followed a Noble Lady, in this Kingdom, who would often complain, that the greatest inconvenience he found in Service was, his being urged to drink. And the better he is, the more he shall find it. The eyes of many are upon the Eminent: and Servants, especially those of the ordinary Rank, are often of so mean breeding, as they are ignorant of any other entertainment. We may observe, it ever takes footing first in the most Barbarous Nations. The Scythians were fuch lovers of it, as it igrew into their name: and unless it were one Anacharsis, how barren were they both of wit and manners? The Grecians, I confess, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in brain. The Italians and Spaniards, which I take to be the most civilized, I find not tainted with this for. And though the Heathen (in many places) Templed and adored this drunken God; yet one would take their ascriptions to him, to be matter of dishonour, and mocks : As his troup of furied Women : his Chariot drawn with the Linx and Tyger: And the Beafts facred to him, were only the Goat and Swine. And such they all prove, that frequently honour him with excessive draughts. I like a Cup, to brisk the spirits; but continuance dulls them. It is less labour to plow, than to pot it : and urged Healths do infinitely add to the trouble. I will never drink but Liberties, nor ever those fo long, as that I lose mine own.

Horace reads it thus: —Non ego te, sandidei Bassareû!

Invitum quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene Berecynthio
Cornu tympana; que subsequitur cacus amor sui,
Et tollens vacaum, plus nimio, gloria verticem,
Arcaniq; sides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.
—Dear Bacchus, Ile not heave
The shak'd Cup 'gainst my stomack: nor yet reave
Ope' arbor'd seerets. Let thy Tymbrels sierce,
And Phrygian Horn be mute: blind self-loves curse,

Braves

Braves without brain; Faith's closetings, alas! Do follow thee, as if but cloath'd with Glass.

Let me rather be disliked for not being a Beast, than be good-fellowed with a hug, for being one. Some laugh at me for being sober: and I laugh at them for being drunk. Let their pleasures crown them, and their mirth abound: the next day they will stick in mud. Bibite, & pergracamini, ô Cimmerii! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.

#### LXXXV.

## Of Marriage, and fingle life.

Oth Sexes made but Man. So that Marriage perfects Creation. When the Huband and the Wife are together, the World is contracted in a Bed; and without this, like the Head and Body parted, either would confume, without a possibility of reviving. And though we find many Enemies to the name of Marriage; yet 'tis rare to find an Enemy to the use oner. Surely he was made impersett, that is not tending to propagation. Nature, in her true work, never made any thing in vain. He that is perfect, and marries not, may in some fort be said to be guilty of a contempt against Nature; as disdaining to make use of her endownents. Nor is that which the Turks hold without some colour of Reason: They say, He that marries not at a fitting time (which they hold is about the age offive and twenty years) is not just, nor pleafeth God. I believe it is from hence, that the Vow of Chaftity is many times accompanyed with such inconveniences as we see ensue. I cannot think God is pleased with that, which crosseth his first Ordination, and the current of Nature. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to root out an inseparable smay of Nature, than they are aware of. The best chastity of all, I hold to be Matrimonial chastity: when Pairs keep themselves in a moderate intermutualness, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to union, and continuance of the world in posterity. And 'tis fit even in nature and Policy, that this propriety should be inviolable: First, in respect of the impurencis of mixt posterity. Next, in respect of peace and concord among Men. If many Men should be interested in one Woman, it could not be, but there would infinite Jars arise. Some have complained of Christian Religion, in that it tyes men so strictly in this point, as when matches happen ill, there is no means of Remedy. But furely, if liberty of change were granted, all would grow to confusion : and it would open a gap to many mischiefs, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are digested, and made straight again. Those I observe to agree best, which are of free natures, not subject to the fits of choler. Their freedom thuts out Jealoufie, which is the canker of wealers, and withal, it divideth both jey and forrow. And when hearts alike disclose, they ever link in love. Nay, whereas small and domestick Jars more fret marriages, than great ones and publick; these two will take them away. Freedom reveals them, that they ranckle not

the Heart to a fecret loathing; and mildness hears them, without Anger, or bitter words: so they close again after discussion, many times in a Braighter Tye. Poverty in Wedlock, is a great decayer of love and contentation; and Riches can find many ways, to divert an inconvenience: but the mind of a Man is all. Some can be fervile, and fall to those labours which another cannot stoop to. Above all, let the generous mind beware of marrying poor: for though he cares the least for wealth, yet he will be most galled with the mant of it. Self-conceited people never agree well together: they are wilful in their branks, and Reason cannot reconcile them. Where either are only opinionately wife, Hell is there, unless the other be a Patient meerly. But the worst is, when it lights on the woman: The will think to rule, becanfe the hath the subtiller brain: and the Man will look for't, as the priviledge of his fex. Then certainly, there will be mad mork, when wit is at war with Prerogative. Yet again, where Marriages prove unfortunate, a Woman with a bad Husband, is much worfe, than a Man with a bad wife. Men have much more freedom, to court their Content abroad. There are, that account momen only as feed-plots for posterity: others worse, as only quench for their fires. But furely there is much more in them, if they be discreet and good. They are women but in body alone. Questionless, a moman with a mife foul, is the fittel Companion for man: otherwise God would have given him a Friend rather than a wife. A wife wife comprehends both fexes: The is moman for her body, and the is man within : for her foul is like her Husbands. It is the Crown of bleffings, when in one moman a man findeth both a mife and a Friend. Single life cannot have this happiness; though in tome minds it hath many it prefers before it. This hath fewer Cares, and more Longings: but marriage hath fewer Longings, and more Cares. And as I think Care in marriage may be commendable; fo I think Defire in fingle life, is not an evil of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a thing that accompanies Nature, and Man cannot avoid in some things there are, that Confeience in general Man condemns, without a Literal Law: as Injustice, Blashhemy, Lying, and the tike: Burto curb and quite beat down the defires of the flesh, is a work of Religion, rather than of Nature. And therefore fays Saint Raul, I had not known Luft to have been a fin, if the Law had not faid, Thou falt not Luft. Votive ab-Rinence, some cold constitutions may endure with a great deal of vexatious penitence. To live chaste without voming, I like a great deal better : nor shall we find the Divel so busie to tempt us to a single fin of unchastity; as he will, when it is a fin of amchastity and perfury too. I find it commended, but not imposed. And when Jeptha's Daughter dyed, they mourned, for that The dy'de a Maid. The Grecians, the Romans did, and the Spaniards at this day do (inhonour of marriage) priviledge the wedded. And though the Romans had their Veffals, yet after their thirty years continuance, the crueley of inforced chaftity was not in force against them. Single life I will like in some, whose minds can fuffer continency: but should all live thus, a hundred years would make the world a Defart. And this alone may excuse me, though I like of marriage better. One tends to ruine, the other to increasing of the glory of the world, in multitudes.

# LXXXVI. Of Charity.

Harity is communicated goodness: and without this, Man is no other than a Beast, preying for himself alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon Charity, than there are, that do subfift of themselves. The world, which is chain'd together by intermingled love, would all shatter, and fall to pieces, if Charity should chance to dye. There are some secrets in it, which seem to give it the chair from all the rest of virtues. With Knowledge, with Valour, with Modesty, and so with other particular Virtues, a man may be ill with some contrarying vice: But with Charity we cannot be ill at all. Hence, I take it, is that saying in Timothy; The end, or consummation of the Law is love out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest : habere autem Charitatem, & malus effe non potest, said Saint Augustine of old. Next, whereas other virtues are restrictive, and looking to a mans self: This takes all the world for it's object: and nothing that hath sense, but is better for this Displayer. There be among the Mahometans, that are so taken with this beauty, that they will with a price redeem incaged Birds, to restore them to the liberty of their plumed wing. And they will oftentimes, with cost feed fifbes in the streaming water. But their opinion, of deferving by it, makes it as a Superstitions folly: and in materials, they are nothing so zealous. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to God, than Charity. As all things are filled with his goodness, so the Universal is partaker of the good mans spreading love. Nay, it is that which gives life to all the Race of other Virtues. It is that which makes them to appear in Act. Wisdom and Science are worth nothing, unless they be distributive, and declare themselves to the world. Wealth in a Misers hand is weeless, as a lockt-up Treasure. 'Tis Charity only, that maketh Riches worth the owning. We may observe, when charitable men have ruled, the world hath flourished, and enjoyed the bleffings of Peace and Proferity; the times have been more pleasant and Smooth: nor have any Princes fate more secure or firm in their Thrones, than those that have been clement and benign: as Titus, Trajane, Antonine, and others. And we may observe again, how rugged, and how full of bracks those times have been wherein cruel ones have had a power. Cicero says of Sylla's time, - Nemo illo invito, nec bona, nec patri-am, nec vitam retinere potuerat. And when the Senate in Council was frighted at the cry of feven thousand Romans, which he had fent to execution at once, he bids them mind their business, for it was only a few Seditiaries, that he had commanded to be flain. No question but there are, which delight to see a Rome in flames, and like a Ravillet Trey, mocking the ablent day with earthly fires, that can linger Men to martyrdom,

martyrdom, and make them dye by piecemeal. Tiberius told one that petitioned to be quickly kill'd; that he was not yet his friend. And Virellius would needs see the Scrivener dye in his presence, for he said he would feed his eyes. But I wonder, whence these men have their minds. God, nor Man, nor Nature ever made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the Wilderness, from the imboasted Savage, and from tormenting spirits. When the Legge will neither bear the Body, nor the stomach disperse his receit, nor the hand be serviceable to the directing Head, the Whole must certainly languish, and dye: So in the body of the world, when Members are fullen'd, and fnarl one at another, down

falls the frame of all.

Quod mundus, stabili fide, Concordes variat vices: Quod pugnantia semina Fædus perpetuum tenent: Quod Phabus roseum diem, Carra provebit aureo. Ut quas duxerit Hesperus, Phabe noctibus imperet: Ut fluctus avidum mare Certo fine coerceat, Ne terris liceat vagis myright. Latos tendere terminos: Hanc Rerum feriem light distribution of or about (Terras as Pelagus regens, Et Calo imperitans) Amor. That the world in constant force, Varies his concordant course: (1) That feeds jarring hot and cold, Do the breed perpetual hold: That the Suns in's golden Car, Does the Rofie Day Still rere. That the Moon sways all those lights, Hesper ushers to dark mights. That alternate Tydes be found, Seas high-prided waves to bound; Lest his fluid waters Mace, Creek broad Earths invalled face. All the Frame of things that be, Love (which rules Heaven, Land, and Sea) Chains, keeps, orders, as you fee.

Thus Boetius. The World contains nothing, but there is fome quality in it, which benefits some other creatures. The Air yields Forols ; the Water Fish; the Earth Fruit. And all these yield something from themselves, for the use and behalf, not only of Man, but of each other. Surely, he that is right, must not think his charity to one in need, a courtefie; but a debt, which Nature at his first being, bound him to pay. I

would not mater a strange ground, to leave my own in drought: yet I think to every thing that hath sense, there is a kind of pity owing. Solomons good man, is merciful to his Beast: nor take I this to be only intentional; but expressive. God may respect the mind, and mill; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my mind be charitable, that God may accept me. Let my actions express it, that man may be benefited.

# Of Travail.

Speech which often came from Alexander was ; that he had difcovered more with his eye, than other Kings did comprehend in their thoughts. And this he spake of his Travail For indeed, men can, but guess at places by relation only. There is no Map like the view of the Country. Experience is best Informer. And one Journey will shew. a man more, than any description can. Some would not allow a man to move from the fell of his own Country. And Claudian mentions it as a happiness, for birth, life, and burial, to be all in a Parish. But fure-Ny Travail fulleth the Man: he hath liv'd but look'd up in a larger cheft, which hath never feen but one Land. A Kingdom to the World, is like a Corporation to a King dom: a man may live in't like an unbred man. He that feartheth forain Nations, is becoming a Gemleman of the world. One that is learned, honest, and travail dis the best compound of man; and fo corrects the Vice of one Country, with the Virtues of another, that like Michridate, he grows a perfect mission, and an Antidote. Italy, England, France and Spain are as the Court of the World; Germany, Denmark, and China, are as the City. The rest are most of them Country, and Barbarism: who hath not seen the best of these, is a little lame in knowledge. Yet I think it not fit, that every man should travail It makes a wife man better, and a Fool worfe. This gains nothing but the gay fights, vices, exotick gestures, and the apery of a Country. A Travailing fool is the shame of all Nations. Ho shames his own, by his weakness abroad: He shames others, by bringing home their follies alone. They only blab abroad domestick vices and import them that are transmarine. That a man may better himfelf by Travail, he queht to ob ferve, and comment : noting as well she bad, to avoid it : as taking the good, into use. And without Registring these things by the Pers. they will flide away unprofitably. A man would not think, how much the Charafterizing of a thought in Raphre faftens it. Litera fripta manet, has a large fense. He, that does this, may, when he please on rejentney all his Voyage, in his Closer. Grave Natures are the best proficients by Travail: they are not fo apt to take a Soil; and they observe more: but then they must put on an outward freedom, with an inquisition feemingly eareless. It were an excellent thing in a State sto have always a felect number of Touth, of the Nobility and Gentry; and a years of lome maturity, fend them abroad for Education. Their Parrats could not

better dispose of them, than in dedicating them to the Republick. They themselves could not be in a fairer way of preferment: and no question but they might prove mightily ferviceable to the State, at home; when they shall return well versed in the world, languaged and well read in men; which for Policy, and Negotiation is much better than any Book-learning, though never fo deep, and knowing. Being abroad, the best is to converse with the best, and not to chuse by the eye, but by Fame. For the State, instruction is to be had at the Court; For Traffick, among Merchants. Fot Religious Rites, the Clergie; for Government, the Lawyers; and for the Country, and rural knowledge, the Boors, and Peasantry can best help you. All Rarities are to be seen, especially Antiquities; for these thew us the ingenuity of elder times in Act: and are in one hoth example, and precept. By these, comparing them with with modern Invention, we may see how the World thrives in ability, and brain. But above all, see rare men. There is no monument, like a worthy man alive. We shall be fure to find something in him, to kindle our spirits, and inlarge our minds with a worthy emulation of his virtues. Parts of extraordinary note cannot so lie hid, but that they will Shine forth through the tongue, and behaviour, to the inlightning of the ravifo d beholder. And because there is less in this, to take the fense of thefeye, and things are more readily from a living pattern; the Soul shall more easily draw in his excellencies, and improve it felf with greater profit. But unless a man has judgment to order these aright, in himself, at his return, all is in vain, and lost labour. Some men, by Travel will be changed in nothing : and fome again, will thange too much. Indeed, the moral outfide, wherefoever we be, may feem best, when something fitted to the Nation we are in but wheresoever I should go, or stay, I would ever keep my God, and Friends unchangeably. Howfoere he returns, he makes an ill Voyage, that changeth his Faith with his Tongue and Garments.

# Of Musick.

In skill; that, Wisdom govern'd Cities; but with Songs, and Measures, a house would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for pleasure, than any profit of man. Being but a sound, it only works on the mind for the present; and leaves it not reclaimed, but rapt for a while: and then it returns, forgetting only ear-deep marbles. It is but manton'd dir, and the Titillation of that spirited Element. We may see this, in that 'tis only in hollowed Instruments, which gather in the stirred Air, and so cause a sound in the Motion. The advantage it gains upon the mind, is in respect of the nearness it hath to the spirits composure, which being Athereal, and harmonious must need delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the air is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the ear by whose minding entrance; it is made more pleasant, and

by that in-effent Air, carried to the Auditory nerve, which presents it to the common fense; and so to the intellectual. Of all Musick, that is best which comes from an articulate voice. Whether it be that man cannot make an Instrument so melodious, as that which God made, living man: or, because there is something in this, for the rational part, as well as for the ear alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a careless freeness, and a kind of a neglective easiness. Nature being always most lovely, in an unaffected and spontaneous flowing. A dexterous Art shews cunning, and industry; rather than judgment, and ingenuity. It is a kind of disparagement, to be a cunning Fidler. It argues his neglest of better imployments, and that he hath spent much time upon a thing unnecessary. Hence it hath been counted ill, for great Ones, to fing, or play, like an Arted Musician. Philip ask'd Alexander, if he were not albamed, that he fang to artfully. And indeed, it foftens the mind; the curiofity of it, is fitter for women than Men, and for Curtezans than Women. Among other descriptions of a Roman Dame; Saluft puts it down for one, that the did - Pfallere, & falture, elegantins, quam necesse est proba. But yet again 'tis pity, that these should be so excellent, in that which hath fuch power to fascinate. It were well, vice were barr'd of all her helps of moving. Many a mind harh been angled unto ill, by the Ear. It was Stratonice, that took Mithridates with a Song. For as the Notes are framed, it can draw, and incline the mind. Lively Tunes do lighten the mind: Grave ones give it Melancholy. Lofty ones raise it, and advance it to above. Whose dull blond will not caper in his veins, when the very air, he breaths in, frisketh in a tickled motion? Who can but fix his eye, and thoughts, when he hears the fighs, and Dying groans, gestur'd from the mournful instrument? And I think he hath not a mind well temper'd, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly Anthem, So that indeed mufick is good, or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did mean it excellent, that made Apollo, who was god of wifdom, to be god of mufick alfo. But it may be the Berpriam, attributing the invention of the Harp to him, the rarriy and pleasing mess made them so to honour him. As the Spartans tifed it, it served Hill for an excitation to Valour, and Honourable actions: but then they were so careful of the manner of it, as they fined Terpander, and nailed his Harp to the post, for being too inventive, in adding a fiving more than usual ! Yer had he done the State good fervice ? for he appealed a Sodition by his play, and Poetry. Sometimes, light Notes are useful; as in times of general Joy, and when the mind is presed with fidness. But certainly those are best, which inflame zeal, incite to courage, or induce qui gravity. One is for Religion; forthe Jews. The other for many fo the Grecians, and Romans. And the last for Peace, and Morality ! Thus Orpheus civilized the Saryrs, and the bad rude mess. It argues it of some excellency, that 'tis used only of the most arriateressures, loved, and understood by man alone; the Birds next, have wartery of nates. The Beafts, Fifbes, and the reptilia, which are of groller composition, have only silence, or unruned founds. They that despite to wholly, may well

be suspetted, to be something of a Savage nature. The Italians have somewhat a smart censure, of those that affect it not: They say, God loves not him, whom he hath not made to love musick. Aristotle's concert, that fove doth neither Harp not sing, I do not hold a dispraise. We find in Heaven there be Hallelujahs sung. I believe it, as a helper both to good and ill; and will therefore honour it, when it moves to Virtue, and beware it when it would flatter into Vice.

# LXXXIX. Of Repentance.

Le that will not repent, (hall ruine; nor is he to be pitied in his fufferings, that may escape a torment, by the compunction of a heart, and tears. Surely, that God is merciful, that will admit offenses to be expiated by the figh, and fluxed eyes. But it is to be wondered at, how Repentance can again infavour us with an offended God; fince when a fin is past, grief may lessen it, but not unfin it. That which is done, is unrecallable; because a fin does intend in infinitum. Adultery once committed, maugre all the tears in man, for the Act remains Adultery still: yea though the guilt, and punishment be remitted: nor can a man un-act it again. When a Maid is robbed of her Virgin honour, there may be some satisfaction, but no restitution. Certainly, there are secret walks of Goodness and Purity, whereby all things are revolved in a conflant way, which by the Supreme Power of God, they were at first invefed in. And when man strays from this Instinct, the whole course of Nature is against him, till he be reduced into his first rank, and order. And this, I think, may excuse God of changeableness, when he turns to man, upon his Penitence: for indeed 'tis man that changes, God is still the un-alteredsame. And the first Immutability of things, never leaves a man, till he be either fettled again in his place, or quite cut off from troubling of the Motion. And as he is not rightly re-inserted, till he does co-operate with the Noble revolution of all : To he is not truly penitent, that is, not progressive in the Motion of aspiring goodness. When he is once thus again, though he were a straggler from the Round, and like a wry Cog in the wheel; yet now, he is streighted, and fet again in his way, as if he had never been out. Says the Tragedian:

Remeemus illuc, unde non decuit prius

Abire.

Return we whence it was a shame to stray :

And presently after,

Quem panitet pescasse, pane est innocens. He that repents, is well-near innocent.

Nay, sometimes a failing, and return, is a prompter to a surer hold. Saint Ambrose observes, that Peters Faith was stronger after his fall, than before: so as he doubts not to say, that by his fall, he found more grace, than he less. A man shall beware the steps he once hath stumbled on. The Devil sometimes coozens himself, by plunging man into a

deep offense. A sudden ill Act grows abhorred in the mind that did it. He is mightily careles, that does not grow more vigilant, on an Enemy that hath once surprised him. A blow that smarts will put us to a safer ward. But the danger is, when we glide in a smoothed way: for then we shall never return of our felves alone. Questionless, Repentance is so powerful, that it cannot be but the gift of Deity. Said the Roman Theodosius: That living men dye, is asual, and natural; but that dead men live again by Repentance, is a work of Godhead only. How far, how fecure should we run in Vice, did not the power of goodness, check us in our full-blown fail? Without doubt that is the best life, which is a little sprinkled with the falt of Crosses. The other would be quickly rank, and tainted. There are whose paths are wast with Butter, and the Rosebud crowns them: but doubtless, 'tis a misery to live in oyled vice, when her ways are made flippery with her own flime: and the bared track inviteth to a ruinom race. Heaven is not had without repentance, and repentance seldom meets a man in jellity, in the career of Lust, and the bloods loofe riot. A Father faid of David; He finned, as Kings use to do; but he repented, fighed, and wept, as Kings have used not to do. I would not be so happy, as to want the means whereby I might be penitent. I am fure no man can live without fin : and I am fure no finner can be faved without it. Nor is this in a mans own choice, to take it up when he please. Surely, man, that would never leave to fin, would never of himself begin to repent. It were best, if possible, to live so, as we might not need it : but fince I can neither not need it, not give it my felf, I will pray him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both release and glory.

#### XC.

### Of War, and Souldiers.

A Frer a long Scene of Peace, War ever enters the Stage; and indeed, is so much of the Worlds Physick, as it is both a Purge, and bloodletting. Peace, Fulness, Pride, and War, are the four Fellies, that being let into one another, make the wheel, that the Times turn on. As we fee in Bees, when the Hyve multiplies and fills, Nature hath always taught it a way of ease by swarms: So the world and Nations, when they grow over-populous, they discharge themselves by Troups, and Bands. 'Tis but the distemper of the body Politick, which (like the natural) Rest, and a full dyet hath burthen'd with repletion: and that heightens humours, either to sickness or evacuation. When is eased of thele, it subsides again to a quiet rest and temper. So war is begotten out of Peace graduately, and ends in Peace immediately. Between Peace and War are two Stages; Luxury, Ambition: between War and Peace, none at all. The causes of all wars, may be reduced to five heads: Ambition, Avarice, Revenge, Providence, and Defense. The two first, were the most vsual causes of war among the Heathen. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd Pride and Coveroufness; both the Romans and Grecians

Grecians were taught by their high bloods, to call Honour and increase of Empire. The original of all Tibulus will needs have gold.

Quis fuit, horrendos primme qui protulit enses? Quam ferus, & vere ferreus ille fuit ? Tunc cades hominum generi, tunc pralia nata; Tunc brevior dira mortis aperta via eft. At nihil ille miser meruit; nos ad mala nostra, Vertimus, in sevas quod dedit ille feras. Divitis hoc vitium est auri : nec bella fuerunt, Faginus abstabat dum sephus ante dapes. Of killing Swords who might first Author be? Sure, a feel mind, and bloody thought had he. Mankinds destruction, wars were then made known, And shorter ways to death with terrour shown. Yet (curs'd) he's not i'th fault; we madly bend That on our selves, he did for beasts intend. Full gold's i'th fault : no wars, no jars were then, When Beesh-bowls only were in use with men.

That which hath grown from the propagation of Religion, was never of such force, as since the Mahumetan Law, and Catholisk cause, have ruffled among the Nations. Yet questionless to lay the foundation of Religion in blood, is to condemn it, before we teach it; The sword may force Nature, and destroy the Body, but cannot make the mind believe that Lawful, which is begun in unlawfulness: Yet without doubt in the enterprizers, the opinion has animated much: we see how it formerly fired the Turk, and is yet a strong motive to the Spanish attempts: Unless he throws this abroad to the World, to blanch his Rapine and his cruelty. For that of Revenge; I fee not, but it may be lawful for a Prince, even by War, to vindicate the honour of himself, and People. And the reason is, because in such cases of injury, the whole Nation is interested: and many times the recompense, is more due to the Subjects, than the Soveraign. That of Providence may well have a pass: as when Princes make War to avoid War: or, when they fee a florm inevitably falling, 'tis good to meet it, and break the force: Should they ever fit still while the blow were given them, they might very well ando themselves by patience. We see in the body, men often bleed to prevent an imminent fickness. For that of Defence, both Religion and all the Rules of Nature plead for't. The Commanders in war ought to be built upon these three Virtues; they should be Wife, Valiant, Experient'd. Wifdom in a General, many times ends the war without war. Of all Victories, the Romans thought that best, which least was stain'd with blood. And they were content to let Camillas triumph, when he had not fought. In these times it is especially requisite, since Stratagems and Advantages are more in use than the open and the daring Valour. Yet Valiant he must be; else he grows contemptible, loses his Command, and, by his own fear, infects his Troups with Cowardice. To the eternal honour of Cafar, Cicero reports that in all his Commands of the Field, there

there was not found an Ito, but a Veni : as if he scorn'd in all his Onfets, to be any thing, but still a Leader. Always teaching by the strongest Authority, his own forwardness, his own example. And though these be Excellencies, they be all, without Experience, lame. Let him be never to learned, his Books cannot limit his Defigns in feveral: and shough he be perfect in a Paper-plot, where his eye has all in View; he will fail in a Leaguer, where he sees but a limb at once: Besides, Experience puts a credit on his Actions, and makes him far more prompt in undertakings. And indeed, there is a great deal of reason, why we should respect him, that, with an untainted Valour, has grown old in Arms, and heafing the Drum beat. When every minute, Death feems to pals by, and thun him ; he is as one that the Supreme God has car'd for, and, by a particular Guard, defended in the Hail of Death. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to exhorbitancy; yet this is more in the common fort, that are prefled as the reffuse, and burthen of the Land, than in those that, by a Nobler breeding, are able to Command. Want, Idleness, and the desperate sace of blood, hath hardened them to Out-rages. Nor may we wonder, fince even their life is but an order'd Quarrel, raised to the fend of killing. Certainly, it was with such that Lucan was fo out of charity.

Nulla fides, pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur, Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces. Not Faith, nor Conscience, common Souldiers carry: Best pay is right: their hands are mercenary.

For the weapons of war, they differ much from those of ancient times: and I believe, the invention of Ordnance hath mightily faved the lives of men. They command at fuch distance, and are so unresistable, that men come not to the flock of a Battel, as in former Ages. We may observe, that the greatest numbers have fall by those meapons, that have brought the Enemies neerest together. Then the pitched field was the trial, and men were so ingaged that they could not come off, till bloud had decided victory. The same advantages are still, and rather greater now, than of old: The wind, the Sun, the better ground. In former wars, for all their arms, the air was ever clear: but now their Peeces do mist, and thicken it; which, beaten upon them by disadvantages, may soon indanger an Army. Surely, wars are in the same nature with offenses, Necesse est ut veniant, They must be; yet, Ve inducenti, They are mightily in fault that cause them. Even reason teaches us to cast the bloud of the slain, upon the unjust Authors of it. That which gives the mind security, is a just cause, and a just deputation. Let me have thefe, and of all other; I thall think this, one of the noblest, and most manly ways of dying.

#### XCI. Of Scandal.

Is unhappiness enough to himself, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, he shall pull a stain on a whole Society, his guilt will gnam him with a sharper tooth. Even the effect is contrary to the sway of Nature, and the wishes of the whole extended Earth. All men desire, that, vexing their foes, they may gratifie and glad their friends: only he that scandals a Church, or Nation makes his Friends mourn, and his Enemies rejoyce. They figh, for his just shame unjustly flung on them: these smile, to see an adversary faln, and the blow given to those that would uphold him. And though the Author lives where he did, yet his foul has been a Traytor, and upheld the contrary side. One ill man may discountenance even the warranted and maintained canse of a Nation; especially if he has been good. Blots appear fouler in a strict life, than a loose one; no man wonders at the Swines wallowing: but to see an Ermine myr'd, is a Prodigie. Where do Vices shew so toul, as in a Minister, when he shall be heavenly in his Pulpit alone? Certainly, they wound the Gospel, that preach it to the world, and live, as if they thought to go to Heaven some other way than that they teach the people. How unfeemly is it, when a grave Caflock, shall be lin'd with a manton Reveller, and with crimes, that make a loose one odious? Surely, God will be severest against those, that will wear his badge, and feem his fervants, yet inwardly fide with the Devil, and lufts. They spot his Honour, and cause prophane ones jest at his Holiness. We see, the Prince Suffers in the fails of his Ambassadour: and a servants ill action is some touch to his Masters reputation: nor can he free himself, but by delivering him up to justice, or discarding him : otherwise, he would be judg'd to patronize it. Other offenses God may punish, this he must, lest the Enemies of his Truth triumph against him. David had his whip for this: Because by this he had caused the Enemies of God to blaspheme, the Childmust dye. When he that had Anthem'd the pureness of the God of Israel, and proclaimed the Noble Acts he did of old; and scem'd as one indear'd to the Almighties love: how would the Philiftims rejoyce, when he should thus become Apofate, and with a mild licentiousness, mix his lust with murther and ingratitude? Surely, the Vices of Alexander the fixth did mightily discolour Papacy: till then, Princes were afraid of Bulls and Excommunications: but it was so usual with him, to curse upon his own displeasure, and for advancing of his spurious race : that it hath made them slighted, ever fince his passions so impublik'd them. What a stain it was to Christendom, that the Turk should pull a Christian-Kings violated Covenant from his besom, in the War, and present it the Almighty, as an act of those, that profess'd themselves his Servants? Beware how thy Actions fight against thy Tongue or Pen. One ill life will pull down more, than many good tongues can build. And doutless, GOD, that is jealous of his Honour, will vindicate these foils, with his most destructive arm.

Take heed, not of firstness, but of falling foully after it. As he that frames the strongest Arguments against himself, and then does fully answer them, does the best defend his cause: So he that lives strictest, and then forgoes his hold, does work difgrate his Patron. Sins of this nature, are not faults to our selves alone, but, by a kind of argumentatified may, dishonour GOD in the confequent. And even all the Church of sincerest good men, suffer in a feeming good mans fall. This is to be religiously level. If thou beeft unfound within, foyl not the glorious Road of Truth, by putting it upon thy beaftliness. When Diogenes law a wanton vaunting in a Lion's skin, he calls unto him, that he should forbear to make Virtues garment blufh. And indeed, Virtue is ashamed, when the hath a fervant vile. When those that should be Suns, shall be eclipsed, the lesser stars will lose their light and splendour. Even in the Spaniards Canquests of the Indians, I dare think, their cruelty and bloudiness have kept more from their Faith, than all their force hath won them. Some would not believe, Heaven had any bleffedness, because there were some spaniards there. So hateful can detested Vice make that, which is even goodness it felf: and so excellent is a foul of integrity, that it frights the level from luxury to reverence. beaftly Floralians were abash'd and ceas'd at the upright Cato's prefence. A fecond to eternal goodness, is, a wife man, uncorrupt in life: his foul Thines; and the beams of that fine, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same firit guide both the band and tongue. I will never profess, what I will not strive to pracife; and will think it better to be but trooked timber, than a strait block, and after lye to stumble men.

#### XCII.

### That Divinity does not crofs Nature, fo much as exceed it.

Hey that are Divines without Philosophy, can hardly maintain the Truth in disputations. Tis possible they may have an infused faith, fufficient for themselves: but if they have not Reason too, they will scarce make others capable of their Instruction. Certainly, Divinity and Morality are not so averse, but that they well may live together : For, if Nature be rastified by Religion; Religion again is strengthened by Nature. And as some hold of Fare, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the Stars, only we have not skill to find it: lo, I believe, there is nothing in Religion, contrary to Reason, if we knew it rightly. For conversation among men, and the true happiness of Man; Philosophy hath agreed with Scripture. Nay, I think I may also add, for defining of God, excepting the Trimity, as neer as Man can conceive him. How exact hath it made fuffice? How busie to find out Truth? How rightly directed Love? exalting with much earnestnels, all those Graces, that are any way amiable. He that feeks in Plato, shall find him making God the Solum fummum Bonum; to which a pure and virtuous life is the way. For defining God; my opinion is, that

Man, neither by Divinity nor Philosophy, can, as they say, Quidditative, tell, What he is. It is fitter for Man to adore and admire him, than in vain to study to comprehend him. God is for Man to stand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and droffie Soul can never found him, who is the unimaginable Fountain of Spirits; and from whom, all things, by a graduate Derivation, have their light, life, and being. In these things they agree, but I find three other things, wherein Divinity over-soareth Nature. In the Creation of the World, in the Redemption of Man, and in the way and Rites wherein God will be worshipped. In the Creation of the World: No Philosophy could ever reach at that which Mofes taught us. Here the Humanifts were all at a stand and jar: all their conjectures being rather witty, and conceit, than true and real. Some would have all things from Fire; some, from Air; fome, from Water; fome, from Earth; fome, from Numbers; fome, from Atoms; from Simples, fome; and fome, from Compounds. Aristotle came the neerest, in finding out the truest Materia Prima: but because he could not believe this made of nothing, he is content to err, and think it was eternal. Surely, this conceit was as far from reafon, as the other: his Reason might have fled unto Omnipotency, as well as to Eternity. And so indeed, when Philosophy hath gone as far as the is able, the arriverh at Almightiness, and in that Abys is lost: where not knowing the way, the goeth by guels, and cannot tell when the is right or wrong. Yet is the rather subordinate, than contrary. Nature is not cross, but runs into Omnipotency: and, like a petty River, is swallowed in that boundless Main. For the Redemption of Man, even the Scripture calls it a Mystery: and all that Humanity could ever reach of this, was, only a flying to the general name of Mercy, by the urgings of the Conscience. They all knew, they had failed, and faln. Their own befoms would tell them thus a but the way how they might be restored, never fell into their Heathen-thoughts. This was a work that GOD declared only to his own Peculiar, by the immediate Revelation of his word and will. For the manner how God would be worshipped, no Naturalist could ever find it out, till he himself gave directions from his facred Scripture. In the first Chapter to the Romans, Saint Paul grants, that they may know God, through the visibilities in his works: but for their ignorance in this, he says, The wrath of God is revealed against them: Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, but turned the Glory of the incomparable God, to the fimilitude of the Image of a corruptible Man, and of Birds, and of fourfooted Beasts, and of creeping things. And these three things the Scripture teacheth us; which else we could never have learned, from all the Books in the world. Thus we see for Morality, Nature still is fomething pert and vigorous: but in the things of God it is confined, that the is thick-fighted, and cannot fee them. Can a Fly comprehend Man upon the top of Monarchy? no more can Man comprehend God in the height of Omnipotency. There are as well Mysteries for Faith, as Causes for Reason. This may guide me, when I have to deal

deal with Man; but in Divine affairs, Reason shall wait on Faith, and submit to her Prerogative. The Conscience is great; but God is far greater than it.

#### XCIII.

### Of Tediousness in Discourse.

Prating Barber came to trim King Archelaus, and asked him, Sir, How will you please to have me cut your hair? Says the King, Silently. And certainly, though a Man has nothing to do, but to hear and answer; yet a limitless tongue, is a strange unbitted Beast, to worry one with. And the misery is, they that speak much, seldom speak well: for they that know how to feak aright, know not how to dwell in Discourse. It cannot be but ignorance, when they know not, that long feeches, though they may please the feaker, yet they are the torture of the hearing ear. I have pittied Horace, when he was put into his fweat, and almost slain in the via facra, by the accidental detention of a Babblers tongue. There is nothing tires one, like the fawing of ones ears, when words shall clatter, like a window loose in wind. A talkative Fellow is the unbrac'd Drum, which beats a wife man out of his wits. Surely, Nature did not guard the tongue with the double fense of teeth and lips, but that the meant it should not move too nimbly. I like in Isocrates, when of a Scholar, full of words, he asked a double Fee : one, to learn him to feak well, another, to teach him to hold his peace. They which talk too much to others, I fear me, feldom speak with themselves enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their own bosoms, they may well be mistaken, and present a Fool to the People, while they think themselves are wife. But there are, and that severally, that be much troubled with the disease of speaking. For, assuredly, Loquacity is the Fistula of the mind; ever running, and almost incurable. Some are blabs of fecrets; and thele are Traitors to Society; they are Vellels unfit for use; for they be boared in their bottoms. Some will boast the favours they have found; and by this means, they often bring goodness into suspect, lose love and injure Fame.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset Corvus, haberet Plus dapis, & rixa multo minus, invidiaque. But could the Crow be silent sed, his diet Might daintyer be, less envyed, and more quiet.

You shall find too them, that will eloy you with their own Inventions: and this is a fault of Poets; which, unless they meet with those that love the Muses, is as a dainty Oration deliver'd to one in a Language that he understands not. His judgment found this fault, that made his Epigram inviting his Friend to Supper, promise, that he no Verses would repeat.

Some will preamble a tale impertinently, and cannot be delivered of a jest, til they have travailed an hour in trivials; as if they had taken the whole Tale by Stenography, and now were putting it out at large:

thus they often spoil a good dish, with improper same, and unsavoury farcements. Some have a vein in counselling; even till they stop the ear, they pour it in. Tedious admonitions dull the advised, and make the giver contemptible. 'Tis the short reproof, that stays like a stab in the Memory: and many times three words do more good, than an idle Discourse of three hours. Some have varieties of Stories, even to the tyring of an Auditor; and these are often, even the grave follies of age: whose unwatcht tongues stray into the maste of words, and give us cause to blame their memories, for retaining so much of their youth. There are too, that have a leaping tongue, to jigg into the tumult of discourse; and unless you have an Aristius to take you off, you are in much danger of a deep vexation. A Rock-yard, in a Spring-morning, is neither so ill nor noiseful, as is one of these. But this is commonly a feminine fault. Doubtless, the best way for speech, is to be short, plain, material. Let me hear one wife man sentence it, rather than twenty Fools, garrulous in their lengthened tattle. Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid: unhum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia. Hugo Victorinus.

#### XCIV.

### Of Liberty, and Restraint.

T was but a flourish of Cicero's Oratory, when he said, Ad Decus & Libertatem nati sumus. The greatest Prince, that ever was produc'd by woman, comes in sanguin'd into the world, and is a poor resultless flave, to the first arm that he falls into. But if he meant it of the Noble spirit of Man, then I think 'tis true: for it still advanceth to that Sun, from whence it hath both life and wigour. And thus, we see all things do aspire to liberty and the affecting of an uncontrolled freedom. Every Creature is prompted by Nature, to be like that, from whence it is derived. Look over all the world, and you shall find, that every thing, as far as the ability will give it line, does snail it after a Deity, and with a kind of rising Emulation, slowly Apes Almightiness. But this Liberty of Humane spirit, is that which cannot be restrained; and therefore the restraint of the body, is that which we will speak of. This is commonly by imprisonment, or by service. That of Imprisonment, is nothing fuch a mischief, as the most do think it. The greatest is, in that, the Eye is debarred the delight of the Worlds Variety. Nor indeed is this total, but in part, and local only. In this, a blind man is the most miferable Prisoner of all: Whatsoever place does hold him, he is still in the Worlds Dungeon, wandering in the Nights uncomfortable [bade. And indeed, the most burthensome imprisonment is to be Prisoner to a Disease; as to the Gent, the Palsey, and the like: because for the most part, these hold us, not without pain, and the mighty trouble of our friends about us. For the other, I see not, but a local restraint, without want, and inforced imployment; may very eafily be converted to a happiness: unless men will let their minds long against the Tyde of Reason.

Reason. It is no other but a place of retyring, and sequestration from the world, which many of the wifest have voluntarily put upon themselves. Demosthenes would shave his beard by half, to keep himself within, by a willing necessity. Dioclesian's two and twenty years Empery, could not put him out of love with his retyring place: Nor Charles the Fifth, his many Kingdoms. There are Examples of extraordinary gain, that men have made of fuch confinements. Affuredly, while a man is toffed among men, and business; he cannot so enjoy himlfelf, as when he is something secluded from both of these. And it is a Misery, when a man must so apply himself to others, as he cannot have leifure to account with himself. Besides, be he never so at large; he does but run over the same things; he sees but the like world, in another place. If he has but light, and any profect, he may see by that, what the rest is, and enjoy it, by his boundless mind. For the restraint by service; if it be with imposed toyl, then is it far worse, than the being circummured only: This Man differeth not in the act of his life from a Bealt: He must ply his task, and have his food but only to make him fit for his task again: he is like one that is Surety for a Bankrupt. The gods fell all for labour; and he has entred Covenant, to work for one that plays: fo is become a Principal for another mans debt, and pays it. This furely is the greatest Captivity, the greatest slavery. The attendant services of Nobility, are far easier to the Man and Mind: though the perpetual fight of full Estates above them, may well indanger those minds that have not Ballast in them. To see Heaven, and come no neerer, than to wait at the door, is a terrible torment to the first. A naked Beauty scen, would tempt one chafte, to err. Yet withal, 'tis something like Love, a kind of bitter-sweet, it both pleaseth and displeaseth the mind at once: It is pleased to see it; but 'tis displeased, that it cannot enjoy it. Besides, if there be toyl, a wife man may take less of it: and an honest man by the plea of his duty, makes his mind content in dispatches. Courage and Ability, make business much the easier. One asked the Cynick, how he could live a Servant to Zeniades? but he returns; That a Lyon does not serve his Keeper, but his Keeper him. Yet for all this, Nature pleads for Liberty: and though Commands may be often easie, yet they sometimes grate, and gall. So that if we appeal to the mind of Man, that will say, It is better being a King, though but in a Tub; than to be a servant in the roofed Palace. There are helps that may abate Inconveniencies: but Liberty will over-sway with Man. When one was applauding Calisthenes, that he went brave, and dined with the King; Diogenes replyes, That for all that, Califthenes dined when Alexander pleased; and Diogenes, when it pleased Diogenes. If this be not rather opinionative than real, it is questionless an unhappiness to serve. If I have my liberty, I would rest in the priviledges that accrucit. If I want it, would joy in the benefits that accrue the want: so in either estate, I may find Content my Play-fellow.

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XCV.

Of the Causes that make Men different.

Omo homini quid prastat? was the former times just wonder : and I indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the spirits of men. It hath been a Question, whether all Souls are equal at their first Infusion? and if it be of that Soul purely, which at the same instant, is both created and insused; then, no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from God, but is pure, perfect, and uncorrupt. But because the sensitive part in Man bears a great Iway, it many times falls out, that by the deficiency of the Organical parts, the Soul is eclipsed and imprisoned so, as it cannot appear in the vigour it would show, if the Bodies composition were perfect, and open. A perfect Soul, in an imperfect Body, is like a bright Taper in a dark Lanthorn: the fault is not in the light, but in the cafe which curtains it with so dull an outside, as will not let the shine be transparent. And we may see this, even in those that we have known both able and ingenious; who after a hurt received in some vital part, have grown mepilb, and almost insensible: When the vital passages of the sensitive and vegetative are imperfect, though they extinguish not the intellectual; because it is impossible, that a thing mortal, should destroy a thing immortal: yet their defects keep it so under, as it appeareth hot to the outward apprehension. Not that Man hath three diffinct Souls: for the intellectual in Man, containeth the other two: and what are different in Plants, Beafts, and Man; are in Man one, and co-un'd together. O' therwise, he were a plant, and severally, a brute, and rational. But as the folid crystalline Heaven, and first Mover, contains the Region of the Fire and Air; and the Region of the Fire and Air, the Globe of the Earth and waters; yet all make but one world: So the Intellectual contains the Sensitive, and the Sensitive the Vegetative; yet all in Man, make but one Soul. But the differences of Men may all be referred to two causes; either Inward, or Outward: Inward, are defects in Nature, and Generation: either when the active part, the feed, is not perfeet; or when the nutrimental and passive power fail of their sufficiency, are too abundant, or corrupted. And when Man is of himfelf, from the womb, the malignity of some humour may interpose the true operation of the spirits internal. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the Nobleness of Mind. in Honourable Actions, are pieces of Natures truest work; especially in their inward faculties. External defects, may be, and yet not always hinder the internal powers: as, when they happen remoted from the noblest parts, else they are often causes of debilitation. And these are commonly, from the temperature of the Air, from Education, from Diet, and from Age, and Passion. From the Air, we see the Southern people are lightfome, ingenious, and subtile, by reason of the heat that rarifies the spirits. The Northern are slower, and more dull, as having them thickned with the chill colds conden-Cation. Temperie

Temperie Cali Corpusque, Animusque Juvatur.

Both Soul, and Body, change, by change of Air.

Education hath his force seen in every place. If you travail but from Court, to the Country: or but from a Village to an Academie: or see but

Court, to the (ountry: or but from a Village to an Academie: or fee but a Horse well mannag'd, and another Resty in his own sierceness. Diet, no question alters much; even the giddy Airiness of the French, I shall rather impute to their Diet of Wine, and wild Fond, than to the disserence of their (lime, it being so neer an adjoyner to ours. And in England, I believe our much use of strong Beer, and gross Flesh, is a great occasion of dregging our spirits, and corrupting them, till they shorten life. Age, is also a changer. Man hath his Zenith, as well in wit, as in ability of body; he grows from sense, to reason; and then again declines to dotage, and to Imbecillity. Youth is too young in brain; and Age again does drain away the spirits. Passon blunts the edge of conceit: and where there is much sorrow, the mind is dull, and unperceiving: The soul is oppressed, and lies languishing in an unsociable loneliness, till it proves stupid, and inhumane. Nor do these more alter the mind, than the body. The lamenting Poet puts them both together.

Jam mihi deterior canis aspergitur atas; Jamque meos vultus ruga senilis arat. Jam vigor, & quasso languent in corpore vires: Nec Juveni, Lusus, qui placuere, juvant.

Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis; Ætatis facta est tanta ruina mea.

Consiteor, facere hoc annos: sed & altera causa est; Anxietas animi, continuusg; Labor.

Now, colder years, with fnow my hairs enchase: And now the aged wrinkle plows my face.

Now through my trembling joynts, my vigour fails, Mirth too, that cheer'd my youth, now nought avails.

So ruin'd and so alter'd am I grown, That at first fight, I am not to be known.

Age one cause is: but that which more I find, Is pain perpetual, and a troubled mind.

Certainly, the best is, to weigh every man, as his means have been: a man may look in vain for Courtship, in a Plow-man; or Learning in a Mechanick. Who will expect a lame man should be swift in running: or, that a sick man should deliver an Oration with a grace, and cheerfulness? If I find any man failing in his Manners, I will first consider his means, before I censure the man. And one that is short of what he might be, by his sloth and negligence, I will think as justly blameable, as he that out of industry has adorn'd his behaviour above his means, is commendable.

# XCVI. Of Divination.

Hat is it Man so much covets, as to pry into Natures Closet, and knows, not what is to come? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall find it a profitable Providence, which hath set our estate in future, something in dark and shade. If Man doubted not of what Death would deliver him to, he would (I think) either live more lendly, or more unhappily. If we knew death were only an end of life, and no more; every man for his own ends, would be a disturber of the worlds peace. If we were certain of torment; thought and fear would make our present life a death continual, in the agitations of a troubled soul. If we were fure of Foy, and Glory, we should be careless of our living well. Certainly, God hath made Man to dwell in doubt, that he might be awed to Good, by Fear and Expectation. We are led along by Hope, to the Ends that are appointed us: and by an uncertain way, we come at last to a certain end; which yet we could neither know, nor avoid. The great Creator wisely put things to come, in the Mist and Twilight, that we might neither be over-joyed with the certainty of good; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an unavoidable ill. Though Prescience, and Divination be a God-like Quality, yet, because it can only tell of danger, and not prevent it, the wifer fort have ever had this Art in neglett, in dislike. If Fate be certain, it can be no good to know it, because we cannot prevent it. If it be uncertain, we fearch in vain to find out! that which may be. So, either way we hazzard for unhappiness. Bu miser esse cupit, qui mala, qua vitari non possunt, amat prascire. I remember, Cisero reports it of Cato, that he wondred how South-fayers could forbear laughter, when they met one another; they knew they used so to gull the People. One thing there is, that (if it were certain) doth mightily, disparage it; and this is, That it sets a Man over to second causes, and puts him offrom Providence. But it cannot be certain and determinate: Man is not wife enough to scent out the abstruse steps of Deity. It is observed by one, that, Nigidius what used for defense of his Art (by turning of a wheel, and marking it twice with Ink) hath cast it all into a vast incertainty. And indeed, the minute of Generation, Conception, and Production, are so hard to know justly; the point of place so hard to to find: the Angles, the Aspects, and the Conjunctions of the Heavens fo impossible to be cast right in their influences, by reason of the rapid and Lightning-like metion of the Sphears; that the whole Art, thorowly searched and examined, will appear a meer fallacie and delusion of the wits of Men. If their Calculations be from the seven Motive Sphears only, how is there such difference in the lives of children born together, when their oblique motion is so slow, as the Moon, (though far more speedy than any of the rest) is yet above seven and twenty days in her course? If their calculations be by their diurnal motion, it is impossible to collect the various influences, which every title of a minute gives. Besides, in close rooms, where the windows are clozed; the

Fire, Perfumes, concourse of people, and the parental humours bar their operation from the Child. But suppose there were a Fate transferr'd from the Stars to Man; Who can read their fignifications? Who hath told their particular predictions? Are they not all meerly the uncertain conjectures of men, which rarely hit, and often fail? So in Beafts, in Birds, in Dreams, and all viary Omens, they are only the gheffive interpretations of dim-ey'd Man: full of doubt, full of deceit. How did the Tuscane Southsayers, and the Philosophers that were with Julian, differ about the wounded Lion, presented him, when he went to invade the Persians? How about the Lightning that slew Fovinianus, and his two Horses? Yet of the rest, I believe there is more from the Stars, than these other observations: but this is then for general inclinations, not for particular events: Those are sure in the hands and Cabines of the Almighty: and none but Prophets, that he inspires, are able to reveal them. The securest way is to live well; then we may be fure of a fair end, and a passable way. He that lives virtuously, needs not doubt of finding a happy Fate. Let my life please God, and I am sure, the success shall please me. Virtue and Vice are both Prophets; the one of certain good; the other, or of pain, or penitence.

# XCVII. That'tis best increasing by a little at once.

Here is no fuch prevalent workman, as sedulity, and diligence. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have been done by degrees, and gentle augmentations. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the ways of pleasing and labour. When diligence reaches to humour and flattery, it grows poor, and un-noble: And when to Pride and Curiofity, it then looses his praise. So the Priest of Ammon would needs salute Alexander as a God: and Protogenes spent seven years, in drawing Jalysus and his Dog: and a King of Persia would needs, for a Present, adulterate Roses with an artful smell. When these two are avoided, Diligence and Moderation are the best steps, whereby to climb to any excellency. Nay, it is rare if there be any other way. The Heavens fend not down their rain in floods, but by drops, and deny distillations. A man is neither good, not wife, nor rich, at once : yet foftly creeping up these hills, he shall every day better his prospect; till at last, he gains the top. Now he learns a Virtue, and then he damns a Vice. An hour in a day may much profit a man in his study; when he makes it fint and custom. Every year something laid up, may in time make a flock great. Nay, if a man does but fave, he shall increase; and though when the grains are scatter'd, they be next to nothing : yet together, they will swell the heap. A poor man once found the tag of a Point, and put it in the lap of his skirt : one asked him, What he could do with it? He answers, What I find all the year, (though it be never fo little) I lay it up at home, till the years ends; and with all together, I every New-years day add a Diff to my Cupboard. He

that has the patience to attend small profits, may quickly grow to thrive and purchase: they be easier to accomplish, and come thicker. So, he that from every thing collects famewhat, shall in time get a Treasury of Wisdom. And when all is done, for Man, this is the best way. It is for God, and for Omnipotency, to do mighty things in a moment: but, degreeingly to grow to greatness, is the course that he hath left for Man. And indeed, to gain any thing, is a double work. For, first, it must remove the hinderances; next, it must assume the advantage. All good things, that concern Man, are in such a declining Estate, that without perpetual vigilancy, they will reside, and tall away. But then there is a Recompense, which ever follows Industry: it ever brings an Income, that sweetens the toyl. I have often found hurt of Idleness; but never of a lawful business. Nay, that which is not profitable in it felf, is yet made fo, by being imployment: and when a Man has once accustomed himself to business, he will think it pleasure, and be ashamed of ease. Polemon, ready to dye, would needs be laid in his Grave alive; and feeing the Sun shine, he calls his friends in hast to hide him; lest (as he said) it should see him lying. Besides, when we gain this way, Practice grows into Habit: and by doing so a while, we grow to do so for ever. It also constitutes a longer lasting ness. We may observe, those Creatures that are longest in attaining their heigth, are longest in declining. Man is twenty years increasing, and his life is fourscore: but the Sparrow, that is fledge in a moneth, is dead in a year. He that gets an Estate, will keep it better, than he that finds it. I will never think to be perfect at once. If I find my self a gainer at the years end, it shall something comfort me, that I am proceeding. I will every day labour to do something that may mend me; though it be not much, it will be the furer done. If I can keep Vice under, and win upon that which is good, (though it be but a little at once;) I may come to be better in time.

# XCVIII. Of God, and the Air.

Cor Man to pray aright, is needful: but how to pray so, is difficult. We must neither misconceive of God, nor are we able rightly to conceive him. We are told, he is a Spirit: and who can tell what a Spirit is? Can any man tell that, which no man ever saw? Man is able only to comprehend visible substances; what is invisible, and spiritual, he can but guess and rove at. Spirit is a word, sound out for Man to mask his Ignorance in: and what he does not know, he calls it by that name. When we speak of God, we are to believe an ubiquity: but then, how are we able to conceive that this ubiquity is? I speak to Reason, not Faith; for I know, this believeth what it sees not: Yet, something to help Nature and Reason, I would wish

wish a man to consider the Air. It is every where; not a vacuum in the whole Natura rerum: nay, you cannot evade it: Dig the most condensed Earth, and it is at the point of your Spade: you can see nothing, but before you fee it, is open to the Air; and yet this Air, although you know, you cannot see. It is also inviolable: cast a stone, and you make no hale init: nay, an Arrow cannot pierce it: it clozeth again, and there is no track left. Nay, there be Philosophers that will tell you, the progressive motion of a stone cast, when the hand has left it, is from the Air it felf: that shutting suddenly after, and Nature impatient of a vacuity, it does with a coactive power, thrust it still forward, till it passes against institutive Nature, who made it, to incline to the Center. Nor is it corruptible. We speak falfly, when we say, the Air infecteth. They are unwholesome Vapours and Exhalations, that putrid things breathe out; and these, being carryed by the motive wind and air, fly about, and infett, through their rarity and thinnels. The Air it felf ever clarifies: and is always working out that taint, which would mix with it. Next, we can do nothing, but the Air is privy to't: even the acts of lightless Clozets, and the thickcurtain'd beds, are none of them done without it. When Diogenes faw a Woman bow so much to the Altar, as she lest her back-parts bare; he asked her, if the were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the Gods behind her. Nay, our very thoughts, which the Devil (though he be the substilest of all malevolent spirits) cannot know, are not framed without this air. Every breath we take, it goes unto our heart, to cool it. Our Veins, our Arteries, our Nerves, our inmost Marrow, are all vivined by their participation of Air: and so indeed is every thing that the world holds: as if this were the Soul that gave it livelihood. Fiftes, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet we fee, the want of Air kills them: as when a long Frost Thuts up a Pond in Ice. Even Plants, which are but Vegetatives, will not grow in Caves, where the motive and firring Air is barred from them. We may often observe, moreover; that Heat and Moisture is the only cause of all Generation: and these are the qualities proper to the Air alone. Now, I would not wish a Man to compare God, the Creator, with this Element, which is but a Creature: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of eminencie, let him in his soul fet God above, and see if by this way, he climb not nearer Deitie, than he shall by any other. If this be so universal, why may he not by this, think of a Spirit more diffusive and ubiquitary? That which Ovid writ of Poets, may be applied to all the wife, and come fomething near to this purpole.

> Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia Cali; Sedibus Æthereis Spiritus ille venit.

In us God dwells, Heaven out aquaintance is, His Spirit flows through Airy Influences.

Certainly

Certainly by this way, it is not so difficult for Reason to conceit an Omnipresence: and it we have this, we may by it peer at his Omniscience and Omnipotence too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. Saint Augustine, when he has told us, that God is not an Object perceivable by any of the Outward Senses, says; Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile. So the ways of God, in Scripture, are compared to the flight of an Eagle in the Air, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when we are to speak to him, the best is, humbly to intreat his Spirit to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best please him. He is best able, by his secret immission, to direct us the way he does best approve of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the Good, when they know, the Searcher of the heart and reyns is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learn to cheer my felf in sufferings, and to refrain from ill, even in private. How can man think to act his ill unseen, when GOD shall, like the Air, be circumspicious round about him? It is not possible, that such a Majesty should either not defend the Innocent, or permit an ill unpunished.

# XCIX. Of Contentment.

Hey that preach Contentment to all, do but teach some how to dwell in miserie: unless you will grant Content desire, and chide her but for mumuring. It is not a fault to strive to better our Estates: which yet we should never do, if we rested fully content with what we enjoyed for the present. God hath alotted Man a motive mind, which is ever climbing to more perfection, or falling into a lower Vice. Certainly, that Content which is without desiring more, is a kind of fault in any. Perfection is set in that height, that 'tis impossible mortal bodied man should ever reach the Crown: Yet he ought still to be aiming at it, and with an industrious persecution, persevere in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of Grace; we may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawful ways, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawful to desire to increase, even in temporal wealth. Certainly, Man should be but a dull Earth, to sit still and take the present: without either Joy, or Complaint: without either fear, or appetite. In this, I like not Aristippus his Doctrine, who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is past; nor to think of what is to come. This were quite to vilifie Providence: who is one of the Principal Guards of Man. For, though it be true, that nothing is so certain, but that it may sometimes fail: yet, we fee, it feldom does: and even Probability is almost certain. Let not Man so sleep in content, as that he neglect the means to make himself more happy and bleffed: nor yet when the contrary of what he look't for comes, let him murmur or repine at that providence, which dif-

pos'd it to cross his expectation. I like the man, that is never content with what he does enjoy : but by a calm and fair course, has a mind still rising to a higher happiness: But I like not him, that is so much discontent, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the present patiently, joyfully, thankfully. But let him still be soberly in Quest for better: and indeed, it is impossible to find a life so happy here, as that we shall not find something, we would add; something, we would take away. The world it felf, is not a Garden, wherein all the Flowers of Joy are growing: nor can one man injoy them. If it were, that all were here, we may questionless conclude; that there is no absolute contentment here below. Nor can we in reason think there should be: since whatsoever is created, was created tending to some end; and till it arrives at that, it cannot be fully at rest. Now we all know, God to be the end, to which the foul tends; and till it be dismanacled of the clogging flesh, it cannot approach the presence of fuch purity, such glory: when it meets with God, and is united to him, who is the spring, and source of all true happiness; then it may be calm, and pleased, and quiet: till then, as Thisicians hold of health, that the best is but Neutrality: So it is of happiness; and content, in the foul: Nay, the most absolute content man can enjoy, in his corruptible raggs of earth, is indeed, but lester discontentment; That which we find here most perfect, is rather meer Utopian, and Imaginative, than real, and substantial: and is sooner found falling from a Poets pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that swims in the deepest stream of pleasure; and of these, in stead of many, you may take that one of Martials:

Vitam que faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hac sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
Non-ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
Vires ingenua, Salubre Corpus,
Prudens Simplicitas, pares Amici,
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis:
Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilq; malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

Things that can bless a life, and please, Sweetest Martial, they are these: A store well lest, not gain'd with toil; A house thine own, and pleasant soyl, No strife, small state, a mind at peace, Free strength, and limbs free from disease,

WIG.

# RESOLVES.

Wise Innocent, friends like and good, Unarted-meat, kind neighbourhood, No drunken rest, from cares yet free; No sadning spouse, yet chaste to thee: Sleeps, that long nights abbreviate, Because 'cis liking, thy wish't State: Nor fear'd, nor joy'd, at death or fate.

But where shall you find a man thus scassoned? if it be for a while, it lasts not: but by one, or other accident, he is tossed in the waving world. And this made Diogenes resolve; unto Fortune, to oppose his considence, and resolution; to the Law, Nature; and to his Affections, Reason. This was good, but not well: we have Grace, and Scripture for a better guid than Nature. I would be so content with what I have, as I would ever think the present best: but then I would think it best, but for the present: because, whensoever I look forward, I still see better; to arrive at which my soul will long, and covet. The soul that by but half an eye sees GOD, will never be but winging, till she alights on Him.

#### C

#### How he must live, that lives well.

Tholover neglects his duty to himself, his neighbour, or his God; halts in something, that should make life commendable. For our felves, we need order; for our neighbour, Charity; and for our God, our Reverence, and Humility: and these are so certainly linked one to another, as he that lives orderly, cannot but be acceptable, both to GOD, and the World. Nothing jars the Worlds Harmon, like men that break their ranks. One turbulent spirit will dissentiate even the Calmest Kingdom. We may see the beauty of order, in nothing more, than in some Princely Procession: And though indeed, the circumstances, and complements belonging to State, be nothing to better government; yet by a secret working in the minds of men, they add a Reverence to State: and awe, the (else-loose) rabble. See a King in Parliament, and his Nobles fet about him: and fee how mad he shows that wildly dances out of his room. Such is Man, when he spurns at the Law he lives under: Nay, when he gives himself leave to transgress, he must needs put others out of their way: and he that disorders himself first, shall trouble all the Company. Did every man keep his own life; what a concord in Mufick would a World, a Kingdom, a City, a Family be? But being so infinitely disjounted, it is necessary some should help it, and be charitable. If no man should repair the breaches, how foon would all lye flatted in demolifaments? Love is fo excellent, that, though it be but to ones felf alone, yet others shall partake and find the benefit. Posterity will be the better for the Baggs that the Covetous

Covetom hoarded up for himself. But when a man shall be ever striving to do the world a courtefie, his love is fo much the more thankworthy, by how much the good is larger. Without Charity, a man cannot be sociable: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to do in the world. How pleafant can good company make his life beneath? Certainly, if there be any thing sweet in meer Humanity, it is in the intercourses of beloved secrety, when every one shall be each others Counsellour, each others friend, and Mine, and Solace. And fuch a pleasant life as this, I take to be the best pleasing, both to God and Man. Nor yet can this be truly pleasant, unless a man be careful to give to GOD the honour that he ows him. When a Man shall do these, and perform his duty to his Maker; he shall find a peace within, that shall fit him for whatsoever falls. He shall not fear himself: for he knows his course is Order. He shall not fear the world: for he knows he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He shall not be afraid of Heaven; for he knows, he there shall find the favour of a Servant, of a Son; and be protected against the malice and the spleen of Hell. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the world should flout my Innocence: I with but to obey Saint Bernard, then I know I cannot but be happy, both below, and after. Tu qui in Congregatione os, bene vive, ordinabiliter, sociabiliter & humiliter : ordinabiliter tibi. Tosiabiliter proximo, humiliter Deo.

Omnia Deo.

FIN IS.



# RESOLVES:

Divine, Moral, Political.

I.
Of Idle Books.

DLE BOOKS are the licentiate follies of the Age; that, like a corrupt air, infect wherefoever they come. Some are fimple; and these, besides making the Author ridiculous, seldom hurt the Reader with more then loss of time: For if he hath any sense he will grow wifer by the folly that is presented him: as drunkards are often curred by seeing the beastliness of others that are so.

He hath extream ill luck, that takes pains to be laugh'd at, when he might at once both have spared his labour, and preserved his credit. But he that hath not Judgement to censure his own, will hardly come to be mended by admonition. And besides; the least caution is to be given of these. For a man will no more dwell in one of these than a Travailer of quality, will lodg in an Alehouse or Booth. It was Cicero's, Lectionem sine ulla delectatione negligo, He hated reading where no pleasure dwelt. As cobwebs these, by them that are Neat will be swept away, and if they hang still, they catch but only slyes.

Another fort are wanton and lascivious: and these like rank flesh unsalted, when they should prove wholesome food, carry a taint that poylons; fo in the end they enliven only Vermine, and do beget but stench. 'Tis true, Wit is naturally readier at this than any other Theme, Yet the best is never obscene. As the dry light is the purest, so is wit, when it is terfe and spruce without the fulsomness of ungentile language. The old Law forbad the touch of any thing that was unclean. A man may know that hand to have need of washing, from betwixt whose fingers the Ink that drops is foul. Vicious or a Clown is his Character at best : but for the most part ill-bred perfons are the most debautch't. Civility is the Correction of manners: And though if fuch works should be quaint in Language, yet are they but as unfavoury breaths perfumed; there is only a more precious stink, which certainly shews either what the Conversation hath been, or what the Inclination is: For more then speech, is the pen, the minds interpreter. As the breaking out of Itch and Blains shew the body is not not clcer:

cleer: fo loofe and unrins'd expressions are the purulent and spurcitions exhalations of a corrupted mind, stain'd with the unseasonedness of the

Refb.

Yet doubtless if we respect humane society, writings that are scandalous are worse than these. 'Tis a kind of barbarousness in death unto the dead: for though both be alive at the publishing, yet Printing is a kind of perpetuity, and carryeth to future ages both the Authors malice and the parties infamie that is traduced. A book, that brands a person with Indignities, is his Lots wife in a pillar of falt: It remains a Monument of difgrace. The malitious writer is like the Bec, Animam in vulnere ponit: he puts his foul into the wound he makes, and drowns himself for ever after : For the venome which he vents himself, lazies his reputation with others. Multi cum aliu maledicunt, sibi ipsis convitium faciunt, was an observation of Seneca's. 'Tis unnoble to traduce the absent, though provok't by passion: but to display a mans malice in writing, is deliberate wickedness; to which (with his own disgrace) he sets his hand and seal; and does an injury for which he cannot make amends sufficient, for admir he does retract in publick, he is not fure all that faw his first book shall come to read his last. And then what case is he in that dyes in divulging premeditated wrong? As witches pass by all the wholesome simples of the earth, and gather only poylonous and baneful for their Sorceries: So the spiteful pen picks out only the vices and corruptions of men, but leaves their virtues buryed and untouched, which justly but remembred might balance all their failings. Like Toads they gather up only the venome of the garden: and as our gold-finders they have the honour in the night and darkness to dive in fench and Excrements. But above all to abuse the dead is most deadly. The dead is as the Fatherless and Widow, whose cause, because they want defenders, God himself will vindicate. How below the gallantry of man is it, to tyrannize upon the undefenfible and senseles? The brave soul scorns advantages. Is it reasonable in Arms to fight against the naked? To meet my enemy without a Weapon is his protection, If I be provided. The dead are tamely passive, and should the dishonour of them be tolerated, what fame could rest unblasted in the grave? Certainly that pen is ill made, that instead of cutting a cleer letter, leaves a blot. When Agefilans was presented with Lysanders treasonable Letters, and was about to read them in the head of his Army, he was told Lysander was dead: and this took him off his purpose. He beats the air and Combats Ghosts, that wounds the departed from life.

Next to these are the Heretical. These feed the world with Tares, like ill plants in a good ground, if they be let grow to feed, they fow themselves, and perpetuate their corruptions to after generations. The Heretique must needs be obstinate and arrogant; for by presuming on his own fense, he grows Incorigible. He is the highest Papall man in the World. For he fets up himself above the Church and all her Doctors. While he cries down others for Infallible, he lifts him-

self up to be so. His presumption must needs be vast, that builds more on his own Tenet, than upon the mature judgment of all the successive Fathers. As if God had revealed more to him, than to all the pillars and propagators of his Church. If he will have liberty given him to maintain his own opinions, Why should not Reason tell him that others will expect the like for themselves? Saint Augustine tells us that he is an Heretique, Qui pro alicujus temporalis Commodi, & maxime gloria principatusq; sui gratia, falsas ac novas opiniones, gignit aut sequitur, That for some temporal profit, and for the glory of his own preeminence, either Authors, or Perfifts in some new and false opinions. Usually they are for ends and Interest; And then how infinitely does he offend, who will byass Gods Truths, and descend and bow them to his corrupted Benefit? He raises himself above God, under the pretense of serving him, and fins more in his grave, and dead, than when he was alive. For he poysons from generation to generation. And, which is worst of all, he offends till the world's end, in a book which cannot

Repent.

But above all, the profane are to be avoyded; The very reading is an unhappyness, but a second perusal, guilt, and approbation: The Heretick milunderstands Religion, but the Profane does scorn it. Such the very Heathen admitted not to facrifice; The Prophane, faies one, is he, Qui nihil habet sacri, qui sacra negligit, violat; Conculcat: Who hath nothing of Religion in him, but neglects, destroys and spurns at all that's facred. He is indeed the practical Atheist, that contemning Heaven, hath more than the meer Pagan forgot himself to be man, It is a strange kind of sauciness for man to Jest with God. He that is well-bred cannot but abominate such rudeness. He is a Clown to Heaven, that makes himself too familiar with the Deity. He vapours away his foul in air that by his pen or tongue would cast a disgrace upon God, If man compacted of Infirmities be so Jealous of his Honour, that with the hazard of his life, he dares duell him that stains it; How will God, that made man with this Jealoufie, be zealous of his own honour by punishing such as wildly do despife it? How infinitely will the superstition of the Jews cry down the loose neglect of our times? Prophaneness is but a little less daring blasphemy; and at hearing this, they us'd to be so extasi'd and impassion'd, as presently to tear their garments : fo St. and Paul, St. Barnabas, in Acts the 14th. Such Reverence had they to the Name of God, that they held it an offense to think of him in any Noysome place. Every day was the mouth to be wash'd, lest Gods Name should come out of a foul place. And in a stool-Room they were all left-handed because with the right they wrote the name of God and Angels. Shall the Clay grow infolent against the potter, of the worm offer to perk it up at the face of Man? Beware of the profane and scorner. He that neglects God will make no scruple of betraying Man. If he fits loofe to Heaven, he will never hold firm to Earth; but for himself will forsake his Friends, having done so already to God, that yet gives him all. Any of thele are the plague in paper,

### RESOLVES.

CENT. II

which he is in much danger of catching that comes but between the sheets. Nor can he offend alone. A corrupt Book is an Amphisbana: A Serpent headed at either end; one bites him that reads, the other sings him that writes. For if I be corrupted by his pen, the guilt grows his, as well as mine, although the grave holds him. I will not write, lest I hurt my self, and posterity. I will not read lest I hurt my self and Predecesfors: They that dye of the pestilence are not less insectious laid forth, than when they are alive. The body of that wickedness shews posson, which continues working longer than life, and when all the sense is gone. A soolish Sentence dropt upon paper sets folly on a Hill, and is a monument to make Insamy eternal.

# I I. Of Humility.

TE that means to build lasting, must lay his foundation low: As in moory grounds they erect their Houses upon piles driven deep into the ground: So when we have to doe with men that are boggy and rotten, our Conversation would be unsound and and tottering, if it were not founded upon the Graces of Humility; which by reason of their slenderness pierce deep and remain firm. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-fell a Coppice thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in colour; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipt with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the Winters killing blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can indure far more than that which does appear so flourishing. Like the Pyramis, he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more Eminent, and still the higher he is, the lesser doth he draw at the top; as if the nearer Heaven, the smaller he must appear. And indeed, the nigher Man approacheth to Celestials, and the more he doth confider God, he sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem. When the Falcon slies highest, she lessens her felf most, and by so doing, hath the more command of her game. And then this usually falls out, That he which values himself least, shall by others be prized most. Nature swells when she meets a check; but submission in us to others, begets submission in others to us. Force does but compel our bodies; when Civility and Mansuetude does calm and captivate even the rugged temper of the rude and boysterous, and, like a gentle Lenitive, diffipates and asswages the Tumors of the most elated Mind. Humility is the foot-flool, without which Man can hardly get up to the bed of Honour. The proud man is certainly a fool; I am fure, let his parts be what they will, in being proud, he is fo. One thing may affuredly perswade us of the Excellency of Humility. It is ever found to swell most with men that are most gallant. 'Tis a flower that prospers not in lean and barren foils, but in a ground that's

rich, it flourishes and is beautiful. Give me a man that's humble out of judgement, and I can find him full of al! parts. Charles the fifth, was as brave in holding the Candle to his departing Vifitants, as when he was troop'd about with his Victorious Officers. The Legislative Monarch Moses, that was the first and greatest Divine, States-man, Historian, Philosopher, and Poet, who, as a valiant General, led Israel out of Egypt, was renown'd with Miracles, that could rowl up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his Enemies, was a Type of Christ, styled a friend of God, and (as Ecclesiasticus tells us) beloved both of God and men: yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the Earth. And, lest our proud dust should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are commanded by our Saviour to learn it of him, who tells us the benefit will be, reft to our souls. We are sent to the Pismire for Industry, to the Lyon for valour, to the Dove for Innocence, to the Serpent for Wisdom; but for Humility unto God himself, as an attribute more peculiar to his Excellence: And certainly, if we shall but contemplate him, we shall find him able for all, either that we can, or, cannot conceive: yet by his up-holding and fublevaminous Providence, according to his meer will he orders, guides, and governs all. No man ever lost esteem with wife men, by stooping to an honest lowness when there was occafion. I have known a great Duke to fetch in wood to his Inferiors fire; and a General of Nations, descending to a Foot-mans office in lifting up the boot of a Coach: yet never thought it an ecliple to either of their dignities. The Text does give it to the Publicans dejectedness rather than to the Pharifees boafting. That Ship wants Bablast that floats upon the top of the waters: and he may well be suspected to be defective within, that would pull on respect to himself by his undue assuming it. What is that man worse that lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him that takes it when not due: but the prudence rests with him, that in the fereneness of his own worth does not value it, In shows of State, the meanest marches first. I am not troubled, if my Dog out-runs me. The Sun chides not the morning Star, though it presume to usher day before him. My place is only where I am at prefent; but that wherein I am not, is not mine. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself Enemies, the humble peaceably passes in the shade unenvy'd. The full sayl over-sets the Vessel, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Who is't that pitties Haman, when only Mordecases uprightness in the gate shall ficken him? He sure is queaste stomach't that must pet, and puke, at such a trivial circumstance. Humility prevents disturbance: It rocks debate a sleep, and keeps men in continued peace. Men rest not while they ride in state, or burry it in a furious charge: but when they humble themselves to the Earth, or a Couch, refreshing sleep does then becalm their toyls and cares. When the two Goats on a narrow Bridge met over a deep stream, was not he the wifer that lay down for the other to pals over him, than he that

would rather hazard both their lives by contending? he preserv'd him-self from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think my self disparag'd, either by preserving peace, or doing good. He is charitable, that out of Christian ends can be content to part with his due: but he that would take it from me, wrongs not me so much as he does himself. I have ever thought it Indiscretion to vie it in continued strife: Prevailing is but victory in part; his pride may still remain unconquer'd. It be subdued; beside my shame, I purchase his contempt to boot. When yielding out of prudence, triumphs over all, and brings him in to be mine. I had rather be accounted too much humble, than esteemed a little proud: That tends to virtue and wisdom; this to dishonour and vice. Even in Gold the stiffest is the bases; but the pure, by being ductible, keeps whole.

#### III.

### Of Religion and Morality.

O render a man perfett, there is requisite both Religion and Nature; that is, Faith and Morality. But some will tell me, there needs but one; Religion comprehends both: And certainly, the Christian Religion purely practifed, will do so; for it rectifies and confirms the Law of Nature; and purging man from Corruption by faith, presents him justified, and a fulfiller of the Law, which Nature cannot do. Religion more properly respects the service of God; yet takes care of Mantoo. Morality looks most to our conversation with men: yet leaves us not when we come to God and Religion. I confess, I understand not, why some of our Divines have so much cry'd down Morality. A Moral man with some, is but another word for a Reprobate: Whereas truely, Charity and probability would induce us to think, That who loever is morally honest, is so out of conscience in obedience to the commands of God, and the Instinctments of Nature, so framed and qualified by God himself, rather than out of finifer, lower, or less noble ends: And therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as true Religion cannot be without Morality; no more can Morality that is right, be without Religion. I look upon it as the Primitive and Everlasting Law and Religion of man: which, instamped in his foul at his Creation, is a Ray arising from the Image of God. Till the Law was given, what Religion had he but his own Morality, for almost 2000 years? It was the worlds Religion. What was it else that taught man to pray, and humble himself to a Deity; when he had done amiss, to make Offertories to appease an angred God-head; and to think of ways of expiation? And when the Law was promulgated in Tables of flone to shew the perpetuity of it; Was it not the same reduced to literal Precepts, which even in the worlds Infancy was written in the hearts of man? The Judicial and Ceremonial Law of the Fews,

Fews, we see abolisht at our Saviours coming. But the Decalogue, because 'tis Moral, holds. We find it also barely Preceptive and Imperial. Do this, or, Do not do this, without a reason given (unless in some out of the consequence) because being Moral there needed none. The reason was in each mans heart before: not only among the Tems, but the Gentiles also. It was the Universal Religion of the world, which God at first gave man : So pregnant in the minds of all; That it was sufficient in some good measure to curb the loose exorbitancies of depraved Nature, and lead her up towards her duty. What Barbarous Heathen condemns not in his Conscience, what the Law prohibits; or applauds not what it does command? Of this the great Apostle spake, where he tells us; That when the Gentiles, which have not the Law, do yet naturally the things contained in the Law, they are a law to themselves. Even Reason, which is Nature, leads a man up to Religions Palace, though it show us not all the private rooms within it. It brings us into the Presence, though not into the Privy Chamber. It ushers us to Faith; which rightly stated, is little more than rarified and pure Celestial Reason. For of Faith, there is reason to be given: And though it be set in a height, beyond our Humane Perspicience, I can believe it rather super-elevated, than contradictive to our Reason. When Man comes to Faith, he then runs out of himself; but not at all against himself. By his virtue, he but lifts up Nature to a higher scale. Religion and Virtue is but Nature better bred, more immediately deducing its Original from God the Author and Fountain of all that is good: fuitable to this, is that which the Orator tells us, where (de legibus) he makes Virtue nothing elfe, but perfect Nature raised to its full sublimity. And befides the School-men, I have met with a Divine, declaring, That Religio est omnium Moralium virtutum Nobilissima, Religion is the Noblest of all Moral virtues. And it is Cornelius a Lapide. Reason can tell us, That having offended, (without satisfaction) we are lyable to punishment. It can let us to fearch for a Saviour, though it cannot find him for us in his gracious Contrivances, and sublime Immensities: Even the Goffel in its larger part is Moral; The Law is the Compendium of Morality, and the Gospel is the Compendium of the Law. Upon loving God above all, and our Neighbour as our felves, hang all the Law and the Gospel. And this as the concreated Rule with Man, is that which the Apostle calls the Royal Law; which if we fulfil, we do well. I find in most Religions, some Tenents that are destructive to Humanity, though not in the first sanction and frame of Religion; yet in time brought in by particular Professors, who have left posterity their disciples. The very Series and Foundations of Religion, by fuch as these have been dispens'd with, under the pretense of publike Interest to bring in particular Designs. But the true Christian Religion and the true Morality dares not do a wrong, nor so much as plead necessity, where, by suffering, it may be avoyded. Even in all Religions, when they be cut out into Sects, they run to division, and destroy.

Like little Rills from large Rivers, they suffer not the stones to res, but rattle and make a noise with their shallowness, while the main Stream, by reason of his deepness, is both smooth and silent. Men that are of depraved and harsh dispositions, are aptest to become Sectaries; and when such come once to be dipt in Religion, (for to be well washed, clenfeth) they are usually more virulent than any other fort of men. If they had the grounds of Morality, even the goodness of Nature would make them in-oppressive, and dictate to them, That it were Nobler to undergo a self-denying or some Sufferance, than by Singularity and the Morosity of an Eager spleen give a publick Disturbance, perhaps to the unhindging of the whole frame of Government. Certainly, however the pretext be Religion, and that milleading Meteor, Liberty; yet in the Violators of a just Authority, 'tis cither an ill Nature, or a finister end, which draws them to perfist in't. If there were Charity, (without which all Religion is vain) no man would preferr a self-immunity, before a general peace. Therefore let men be never so specious in the formal profession and Verbalities of Religion, when I fee them act things against Morality, and such as are destructive to Humane Society; I shall be content to call it Craft or Policy, but by no means Religion to be imitated. To circumvent men into Snares of either Life or Estate or Liberty; To Insidiate and intrap the unsuspicions and well-meaning man, To grow great and Rife by my Neighbours fall, to which I have contributed; To andre a man for acting Honesty and Conscience; To delude the world by vows and promises; To fallyfie Oaths and publick Manifestoes; To be prodigal of the bloud and lives of others; To lift them out of the world for ends; To impropriate my self into that which is not mine; To pretend one thing, and act the Contrary: These and the like being against the Rules of Morality, let them carry what face they will, Religion may be the Paint, but never the Complexion of fuch Actions. He that is not Morally Honest, whatsoever gloss his Religion bears, he wears it but in Water-colours, which either a warm breath or a met storm will melt away or blemish. Methinks I find the foundness of Heathens putting the blush upon the practice of Christians, who stain their sincere profession by the underhand complications of fraud and collusion. How natural was it in the Romans to have their blouds rife at Lucius Marcus; for that by subtilties wiles and craft he went about to facilitate his Victories against the Macedonian Perseus? When Meander of Samos flying to the Spartans from the Persian Forces, declared what Wealth he had brought along, and how much he would give to Cleomenes their Governour; Cleamenes presently repairs to the Senate: And tells them, It would be well if they banisht their Samian guest, lest he might perswade some Spartan to be wicked. The name of Great had not been undeservedly given to Alexander, for telling one that perswaded him to take the Advantage of a dark night to fet upon his Enemy Darius: No, says he, I had rather repent my Fortune than blush at my Victory: And in a Christian it deserv'd a high applause, Conrade the first Emperour

rour of Germany; who when Missions (who persisted in his Fathers Rebellion) not being able to defend himself against the Emperours puissance, fled to Waldericus Duke of Bohemia, and he after promifing protection and affiftance (to work his own ends) privately treated with the Emperour for delivering him into his hands. The Emperours Heroick Heart, diffaining to base a Treachery, or to gain an Enemy by Complyance with fo great unworthiness, sent Word to Missions That he would do well either to submit himself to him, or provide himself of a surer Sanctuary; for that his pretending friend would berray him. Doubtless there is a moral Gallantry in Nature that will lead a man to any thing but poornels and Indirection. And certainly, 'tis more fafe to trust a poor good Natur'd Publican, than any supercitious and high pretending Pharifee. I shall furely much suspect that Religion, which hath not got the maistery of Pride, Intemperance, and Deceit. There is a genuine Cleerness that looks braver than all the nick-nam'd strong abilities of over-reaching. To be a Man answerable to Davids Quæries in his 15th. Pfalm (which do all point at our Converse with men.) In the beginning it makes him dwell in Gods Tabernacle, in the end it fets him immoveable. The Apostle seems to couple both together when he tells us; That fearing God and working Righteousness, makes à Man acceptable in what Nation soever he be. The Immolation of Beasts and the other costly Oblations in the Law were the Highest outward duties of Religion that we read of; Yet never prized like the Intireness of an honest Heart, endeavouring in all things to bear a good Constience towards God and towards Men. If we believe Solomon, the Prophets, and the Apostles; they will tell us, That to do Justice and Judgement is more acceptable than sacrifice. 'Tis Charity and unspottedness that is the pure and undefiled Religion. And indeed God hath no need of our Service, were it not for our own avail. But man hath. And pursuant to this, there are VI Commandements relating to Man, and but IV to God: Yet indeed because they cannot be divided they all make up one Law. The World confilted of two forts of people, Jews and Gentiles. The true worldip of the Deity was discovered but to one. But the Moral Law relating to man was Naturally imposed on both : and when both parties confirm it, why should any decry it? I take that to be good Divinity, though I have it from the Roman Perfius.

Quin damus id Superis, de magna quod dare lance Non possit magni Messala lippa propago: Compositum Jus, Fasq; Animi, Sanctosq; recessus Mentis, & insoctum generofo pectus Honesto.

Let's give God, what Mehalla's blear ey'd Race, Cannot in their huge incenfe-Charger place, Refolved Right; Pure Thoughts; A mind rail'd high; A foul ingrain'd with Noble Honesty.

### IV.

# Of Truth and Lying.

Find to him that the tale is told, Belief only makes the difference, betwixt the Truth, and Lyes. For a Lie beleived is true; and Truth uncredited, a Lye. But certainly, there rests much in the Hearers Judgement, as well as in the Tellers Fallbood. It must be a probable Lye, that makes the Judicious, Credulous; And the Relatour too, must be of some Reputation: otherwise, strange stories detect some deformity in the mind. And in that, (as in certain natural protervities in the body) they are seldom taking, but often beget a dislike. They may a little flourish a mans Invention : but they much more doubtless will cry down his Judgement, and discover a mind that floats and is unbalanced. There is a generation of men, whose unweighed custome makes them clack out any thing their heedless fancy springs; That are so habited in fallbood, that they can out-lye an Almanack, or, which is more, a Chancery Bill; and though they ought to have good memories, yet they lye so often, that they do at last, not remember that they lye at all. That besides creating whole scenes of their own; they cannot relate any thing cleer, and candidly: but either they must augment, or diminish. They falsifie so long the science of Arithmetick, that by their Addition, and Substraction, they quite destroy the noble Rule of Fellowship. Like Samsons Foxes, with their Fire-brands, they leave a flame in every field they pass through. Fallbood, like dust cast in the eyes of Justice, keeps her from seeing Truth. It often creeps even to the Barr at Tribunals; and there perverteth Judgment. A fevere penalty were well inflicted, where the Advocate should dare to obtrude an untruth. How can that Judge walk right, that is bemisted in his way? We can never come at either peace or justice, if we be not lighted through the dark by Truth; and Peace never abides long in any Region where Truth is made an Exile. Certainly a Lyar, though never so plausible, is but a defective of the present tense; being once discovered, he is look't at, not only as inconsiderate, but dangerous. He is a Monster in Nature : for his Heart and Tongue, are incongruous, and diffentive; As if upon a Humane body the head of a Dog were fet on. The heart is much unpurified, which bubbles up such frothy Vanities. And besides he that often lyes in discourse, when he needs not, will be fure to do it ever when he needs. So his Interest being only inward to himself, all that is without him is not set by. And doubtless Humanity hath not a worse Companion, than he that singularly loves himself. Think not to live long in peace if thou conversest with a lying man. Nor canst thou think to live long in Reputation: You can neither freely relate any thing after him, nor pals a right judgment upon any thing he speaks. If you believe him, you are deceived: If you do not believe him, he takes it as an affront. The way is either to pass him by, as not minded; or check him a little obliquely

obliquely in his own way. As when one told Galba, he had bought Lamprey in Scicily five-foot-long. He answered him; That was no wonder, for there they were so long that the Fishermen used them for Ropes: A Lyar is the Ball of Contention that can set even Goddesses together by the ears.

I could sooner pardon some Crimes that are capital, than this wildfire in the tongue; that whip's, and scorches wheresoever it lights. It shows so much Sulphur in the mind of the Relator, that you will easily conclude, It is the breath of Hell. I wonder not that the Ingenivus bloud does boyl so high at having the Lye given. For furely, a Lyar is both a Coward and a Traytor. He fears the face of man, and therefore sneaks behind the littleness of a Lye to hide himself. A Traytor he is, for God having fet him to defend his Truth, he basely deserts the hold, and runs to his enemies Colours. He dares not keep the Post he is assigned to, by owning of his Truth. But like a Coyner (pretending Gold) he stamps the great Kings Image, Truth, upon Copper, and coorse Allay. What is that Man good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary Relations? One would break that Dyal into Atomes, whose false lines only serve but to mislead. Whose every stealing Minute attempts to shame the Sun. Speech is the Commerce of the World, and Words are the Cement of Society. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the professions and Declarations that men feriously and solemnly offer? When any of these fail, a Ligament of the World is broke: and whatever this upheld as a foundation, falls. Truth is the good mans Mistress, whose Beauty he dares Justifie, against all the furious Tiltings of her wandring enemies; the Buckler under which he lies securely covered, from all the stroaks of Adversaries. It is indeed a Deity; for God himself is Truth; and never meant to make the Heart and Tongue disjunctives. Yet because Man is vanity, and a lye, we ought to weigh what we hear. He hath an easie faith that without Consideration believeth all that is told. That fish will foon be catcht, that will be nibling at every cast-in-baye to swallow it. But for him whose weakness hath abandon'd him into a Lyar; I look upon him as the dreggs of mankind. A Troteus in conversation, vizarded and in disguise: As a thing that hath bankrupted himself in Humanity, that is to be contemned, and as a counterfit to be nayl'd upon a post that he may deceive no more. If there be trath of Tongue, I may hold a Traffique with men of all other vices: but take away that, and I tread upon a bog, and quick-sands; And, like the Prophet Isaiahs Idolater, Chap. 44.22. when I expect deliverance as from a God, I carry a lye in my hand.

Though I speak not always all that is truth, yet would I never speak any thing false. A Man may be over-born and kill'd: but Truth is a thing Immortal; and going out of the world with him, gives him courage even under the Axes stroke. I would not value life so dearly, as to purchase it with the poorness of a lye. And we ought to take discourse from others, as we use to chuse some fruits, not by their out-side, but by their weight, and poizing them.

Nec.

Nec citò Credideris: Quantum citò credere ladat, Exemplum vobis, non leve, Procris erit. Believe not rasbly: Harm from thence that flows, Dear Procris Fate in sad example shows.

V.

## Of Preparing against Death.

The life of man is the Incesable walk of time; wherein every moment is a step, and pace to Death. Even our growing to perfection, is a progress to decay. Every thought we have, is a sand running out of the glass of life. Every letter that I now write, is something

cut off from the measure of my being here.

But since no man can be happy, in the life that is affrighted with the fear of dying; It ought to be our principal care, either to put off Death; or, overcome the fear of it. Else, while we have life, we shall not enjoy it: but dayly with the fear of dying, dye. To put off Death, is not in Man to do. Fixt Fate (without him) dooms him once to dye. The Decree is past, and no Appeal is lest. To avoid Death totally therefore, 'tis in vain, to try: We may sometime Court him into a forbearance: But the whole worlds wealth is a bribe too small to win him to acquittance. Yet the fear of Death is not Invincible. It is a Gyant to the meak, but a Pygmie to the well-resolved. We may master that, and then though we cannot totally overcome Death, we may contemn him; or, so brave him, as to make him smile, not frown upon us. It is therefore sit, we take heed of such things as are like Multiplying-glasses, and shew sears either more numerous, or bigger, far than they are. Such are Inexpectation, Unacquaintance, mant of Preparation.

Inexpectation. The fodain blow astonistics: but foreseen, is either warded, or avoided. A surprise alone is torture. In it, I have not time to think, till the time of thinking be too late. 'Tis salling from a precipice in the dark. A man is at the bottom, before he knows he is from the top. The foul is over-whelm'd with horror, which is infinitely blacker by it's not being look'd for. Belsbazzers knees had never beat each other, if he had expected the hand to appear. When Accidents like Thieves, unthought on, set upon us; the consternation gives the deeper wound. It is worse for the time than hanging; for it choaks the spirits, as to help; but lets them live, to cruciate and vex without remedy. Like Spirits in the night, they flash Hell-fire into our face, and drive us from our wits and hopes: And our terrors are the more, because we dedicate that time to rest, without expecting ought

that should affright us.

Unacquaintance. Familiarity takes away fear; when matters not usual prove Inductions to terror. The first time the Fox saw the Lyon, he feared him as death; The second, he seared him, but not so much;

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The third time, he grew more bold, and passed by him without quaking. The practis'd Seaman smiles at storms, that others dare not look on. A Lyon is not frightful to his Keeper; and Mastiss are not sierce, but when they meet with strangers. Every report of a Musket startles the new-come Souldier: but ranging through the fury of two or three Battails, he then can fearless stand a breach, and dares undaunted look Death in the face.

Lastly, want of Preparation. Must not he be over-come, that, unarm'd, meets his meapon'd Enemy? God, that by his Providense, is akin to wise men, and so does usually protect the prudent, is not obliged to preserve the fool. He that does first abandon himself, by his own example teaches others to do so too. When I am prepared for the worst, the worst cannot dismay me: but unprepared, I must lye down and yield. Even premeditation alone, is a piece of defence. Negligence not only invites the Foe, but leaves open all our Ports, and Avenues for him to enter at. The difference is not much between not

meeting an evil, and being prepar'd for't.

Lest, then, I make my death seem more terrible to me, than indeed it is, I will first dayly expect it. It were madness, to think, I should never arrive at that, to which I am every minute going. If an Enemy, that I cannot refist, shall threaten that within such a space, he will affault and plunder me, but will not tell me the precise time; shall I not every hour look for him? It was Plato's opinion, That the wife mans life, was the meditation of death. And to expect it, is to give the blow a meeting, and break the froke: Not to expect it, is a ftupidity; fince the world hath nothing that is like a Reprieve. The Philo-Copher will tell us, as well as the Divine; That, Omne Humanum Genus, quodeung; est, quodeung; erit, morti damnatum est. All Humanity that either is, or shall be, once shall dye. And surely then, he is but dead already, that does not look for death. A Glass though it be brittle, (if fafely kept) may last long. But Man preserv'd declines. His Childhood, Youth, Virility, and Age, they are but several stages posting him to death. He may flourish till about fifty, and may dye any day before: But after that, he languishes like an October Fly, till at last he weakly withers to his grave.

Secondly, I will grow to be acquainted with it, by considering what it is. And certainly, well look't into, he is rather lovely, than a Monster: 'Tis Fancy gives him those hideous shapes we think him in. It is a soft and easie Nothing; the cossation of Life's functions, Action's absence, and Nature's smooth repose. Certainly, it is no more to dye, than to be born. We felt no pain coming into the world; nor shall we in the act of leaving it. Though in the first, one would believe there were more of trouble than in the latter. For we cry coming into the world, but quietly and calmly leave it. When socrates was advised by his friends, That if not for his own sake, yet for that of his children and acquaintants; he would have a care to preserve himself from death: He presently tells them; That as for his children, God that

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gave them, would have a care of them: and for his friends, (if he dyed) he should in the other world find the like, or better: and those that here he left, would but a very little while stay from him. What is there that in Death is terrible, more than our unwillingness to dye? Why should I be angry, when my Prince repeals my banishment, and admits me home to my Country, Heaven? When the Soul, (like a Swallow, flipt down a Chimny) beats up and down in restless want and danger; Death is the opened Casement that gives her rest and liberty from penury, fears, and snares. 'Tis Natures play-day, that delivers man from the thraldom of the worlds School to the freedom of his Fathers family. The Philosopher will tell us (take it which way you will) whether the Soul perithes, or be translated, there is either no ill, or much good, in Death. But when we know the Soul is Immortal, and purchased to be a Vessel of Everlasting Honour, what should affright us? unless we fear to be happy. When my death approaches, I am growing to Immortality, commencing Doctor, and beginning to understand all those crabbed Criticisms that puzzle here Mortality. It frees me from the scorns of life, the malice and the blows of Fate, and puts me in a condition to become invulnerable. It mounts me up beyond the wiles and reaches of this unworthy world. It lays me in the ranck with Kings, and lifts me up to Deity.

Lastly, I will endeavour to be prepared. Neither surprise, nor Brangeness can hurt me, if I be ready for both. He defeats the Tyrant of his feast, that is so prepar'd as not to shrink at terment. The way to dye undauntedly, is to do that before, which we ought to do, when dying. He that always waits upon God, is ready when loever he calls. I will labour to fet my ascounts even, and endeavour to find God fuch to me in my life, as I would in death he should appear. If I cannot put of Humanity wholly, let me put off as much as I can; and that which I must wear, let me but loosely carry. When the Affections are glewed to the world, Death makes not a Dissolution, but a Fraction; and not only separates the soul, but tears it away. So the pain and the hazard is more. He is a happy man that lives so, as Death at all times may find at leifure to dye. And if we consider, that we are always in Gods hand; that our Lease is but during pleasure, and that we are necesfitated once to dye: As we shall appear Infidels, not to trust a Deity, so we must be fools, to struggle where we can neither conquer, nor defend. What do we do living, if we be afraid of traveling that high-way which hath been pass'd through by all that have liv'd, and must be by all that shall live? We pray, undress, and prepare for fleep, that is not one night long; and shall we do less for Death, in whose armes we must rest prisoners, till the Angel with his Trumpet fummons him forth to refign us? This will not make life more troublesome, but more comfortable. He may play that hath done his task. No Steward need fear a just Lord, when his accounts are even and always ready drawn up. If I get the Son and Heir to be mine, the Father will never hold off. Thus living, I may dye at any time, and be afraid at no

time: Who dyes Death over every day, if he does not kill death outright: at least he makes him tame with watching him.

CENT. II

### VI.

## Against Extreme Longings.

Xtreme Longings in a Christian (for the things of this world) I feldom see succeed well: Surely, God means so to temper his, as he would not have them violent in the fearch of a temporal ble sing : or, else he knows our frailty such, as we should be more taken with the fruition of a benefit, than the Author. Prosperities are strong pleaders for fin: but troubles are the secret Tutors of goodness. How many would have been loft, if they might have but found the enjoyment of their own desires? The too earnest pursuit of temporals, is a kind of mental Idolatry, wherein we prise our desires beyond our duty; and neglecting our submission to a Providence, we over-value our own frail ends, and fet them up as another kind of Deity. So we sometimes have our wishes, but with such success, as Pyrrhus had in his wars: who in two Battails against the Romans, gain'd his victories with so great loss, that he told his applauding friends, One victory more would absolutely undo him. Agrippina's, Occidat medò Imperet. proved a prophesie of her own destruction. When it comes to that, We must have children or we dye; we expose our selves to be our servants drudges, and on our knees, and in our bosoms, nurse up their illegitimate Issues. We lay our selves open to unlawful practices, for obtaining what we covet; and, like teeming women, we miscarry if we fail of what we long for. Death had not flown in among the Quails, if Israel had not been too much impetuous after them. Let him that eats too greedily, bewate he does not furfet. I have known a Falcon upon her down, come (missing her quarry) spit her self upon the Falconers pole. Our fenses are not cleer when they are born along in a burry. Who rides upon speed, sees matters but in pass; his eye is so fodainly fnatcht from the object, that he neither knows whither he goes, nor what he leaves. When we are too eager upon what we defire, we become like children, froward, and crying, till we pull the rod upon us. 'Tis but blind and beastial metal to be rampant after what we asfect. Like a ship in a storm, when our Anchor (Moderation) is gone, we float before the raging winds. When we proceed calmly, we have time to look about us, and may walk fecure: But pricks on fiercely, we bait our own sharp hook, and put our selves into a posture of being deceived.

— Quisquis trepidus pavet, vel optat, Quod non sit stabilis, suiq; Furis; Abjecit Clypeum, locoq; motus, Nectit, qua valeat trahi, Catenam.

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Who not himself, unsteady steers; But passionately hopes, or fears; Quits his defence. He loosely sits, And his own Chain, to draw him, knits.

Is the judgement of the grave Boetius. When God commands fobriety and patience, shall Man presume to shew himself intemperate? He that makes hafte to be rich, shall not be without sin. So, though the thing we aim at, be good in it felf; yet who can tell, whether it shall be good to us? St. Augustine will tell us, That he which prays for the things of this life, is sometimes gratiously heard, and often gratiously refused. The Physician, better than the fick, knows what befits his health. He that is not heard to his sense, is often to his safety. Undistractedly to use the means is good; but to give up our selves to passion, is andoing. If the thing I covet, be good, I cannot trust it into better hands than Providence and Industry. But he that is violent in his quest, takes himself from those Protections; and rowls upon his own vain fancy.

That which the wise man says of Anger, may hold of all other Passions, They rest in the bosome of Fools. What, shall the faculties of the Noble Soul, made to Contemplate Heaven, and the Sacred Deity, stoop fo low, as to be wholly taken up with temporal and terrestrial vanities? 'Tis like an Emperour catching Flies. Saturn, that is the highest Planet, is the flowest in his motion. Sure he, that in a brave ferenity can bear up himself from being a slave to himself; that can be content sometimes, to take the Cloud for his guide, as well as the fire; that looks upon what he would have, with a quietness in his appetition; that can calmly wish, and want: It is he, that may be written Man. If I can, I will never extreamly covet. When I dote upon any thing here below, like a fouldier I break my rank, and If I presently be not awed in again, by my Commander, Reason; I am in the way of being either kill'd, or prisoner. Besides, 'tis so like either the weakness of a Woman, or the rudeness of a Clown, that indeed, I thereby proclaim to all men, that I want both strength, and breeding.

### VII. Of Prayer.

T is not an easie matter for men of inferior ranck, to get access or freedom of conference with one that is an Earthly Prince. Admission to all, would wheigh him down to a slave. He cannot be a Center large enough to receive all the lines that come from the vast Circumserence, But had he an Ear for all, he could not have wherewith to grant and satisfie all. Nor were men sure to speed, although they were admitted. He that to all should grant what is asked, would quickly leave himself nothing at all to grant: he might pethaps inrich some others; but he should be sure to impoverish himself. How great then is the freedom and the Prerogative of the devous Christian, who hath a reve-

rence

rence and an affection to the greatness and the goodness of his God? Though he often lives here in a fleight efteem among men, yet by his prayers and the ardent effution of his greans and wifes he can freely confer with the King of Heaven. Prayer penetrates through all the clouds and sphears. It makes a man a kind of Intimate with God, and by a towring flame mounts him to the bosom of the great Creator; who not only hears his Intreaties, but delights in his requests; invites him to come, and promifes a pleafing or happy return; which he shews in fulfilling his defires, or better: fitter for him. In respect of whom the greatest Monarch is more mean than the basest Vassal, in regard of the most mighty and most puissant Emperor. Man does not near so much exceed the worst of Creatures, as God above doth him. What if I be not known to the Nimrods of the world, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies of, this Egipt: I can speak to Him, to whom they all as well as I must bow. My admission is as easie as theirs, and by my humble Prayers (unless my own offences hinder) I never am debarr'd access. 'Tis the Colloguy that continues the friendship 'twixt God and Man. We see those that are daily attendant upon great Persons, by the benefit of their access and conference, have a greater prevalency with them, than those perhaps of greater parts, that live as strangers to them. And we cannot think, but he which prays often, by that means comes acquainted with God: If the Noblenels of Man be fuch, that he will be more civil, and tenderer to him, that is obsequious and respective to him, by continued addresses, and expressing his sole dependence to be upon him; than he will to one that looks not after him: Surely, God will much more take notice of him, that by affiduous and frequent applications makes himself familiar with his Deity. It would incourage one in Prayer, to read what St. Austine hath Metaphorically enough delivered us, Oratio Deum ungit, fed Lachryma compungit; hac Lenit, illa Cogit : Prayer, anoynts God : but Weeping, pierceth Him : that appealeth, this compels Him. However, it is fo Effential a part of Religion, that I think I am not amis, if I say, There can be mone without it: We read not of any Religion, the Thief had, besides his Prayer on the Cross: Yet we see, by the mercy of our Saviour, it prefently convey'd him from a bad life to Paradife. And furely, Man of all other creatures, would be the most miserable without it. When he is thut up in Prison; when he is in any accidental danger; when he hath faln into difpleasure, by his offence and disobedience; where is his friend, where his support, where his reconciler, if this be wanting? I had rather be deprived of all the folices of this life; yes, and the Ordinances that tend to a better, than be debar'd of recomfe to my God by Prayer. Next to Christ, it is Mans Mediator, to re-instance him in the favour of an offended Deity. 'Tis the Mofes that opens the Rock, and brings Ifrael food in the wildernefs. 'Tis the Sun, that gives Feremy light in the Dungeon. It puts a mustel on the Lyons james, that elfe would tear a Daniel. Tis the Angel, that walking with the Children in the furnace, keeps them from to much as finding in the midfle

of fiercest flames. It attacques the Suns swift steeds; and, like a Sentinel, commands them stand, in the speed of their full career. With reverence be it spoken, 'Tis a kind of Charm cast upon the Almighty, so powerful, that it prevails upon Omnipotency, and makes God that we sue unto, to become a sutor unto us; Let me alone (as if he were held) was beg'd of Moses, when Moses importuned him. Certainly, because God saw it so absolutely necessary for his children, He would not leave it in the power of Man to take it from them. Romes Empire, in all her ten Tersecutions, could not take this from Christians. they could make use of in the dark without a Tongue, and in the midst of all their Enemies, while their Tormentors stood and watcht them. Load a man with chains, let him lye upon the rack or Grid-irons, leave him but a live heart, and Prayer shall dwell there out of the Tyrants reach, and comfort him. And doubtless then it speaks Gods heavyest Judgement, when men are feared up by a spirit that cannot pray. Who can apprehend any thing more miserable than a Judas or a Spira, both shut out from Prayer? It deprives the Soul of hope; and then is. Despair let in, with that Immortal worm, the terrors of eternal guilt. He gives up himself to perdition that neglects to give himself to Prayer. Man was never so great an Independent, but every minute he must need his God. And if he makes himself a stranger, can he expect to be heard as a Friend? Other facrifices of the Law have fometimes met with a checque; but this from a fincere heart is an offering that is ever pleasing: and importunity does not give offence. If it prevail'd upon the unjust Judge, will not the most righteous God be gain'd upon? And indeed, what is it can fend us away empty, but our own fins? For if it carry, us not safely through all the rodes of danger, the fault is in our selves not it. Like a faithful Companion when friends, wealth, health, honour, and life, is leaving us, this holds us by the hand and leads us to overlook the shades of Death. When speech is gone, it lifts up hands and eyes; and, instead of Language, greans.

## VILLA TO SERVE CONTRACTOR

### The Virtuous Man is a wonder.

IF it were true when David lived, There is none that doth good, no not one; How can it be less in these times, when the long Series of Practice, hath beightned, and habituated Man in wice, beyond that of passed ages? The Virtuens man therefore doubtless must be a wonden. That Fire is of an unufual composure, that is made to burn in Water: And so must his Temper be, that can hold his Heat and Brightness, compassed with Corruptions waves, and courted by those temptations every where, that (like the Antient air) encircles him. That I fee men wicked, it is no marvel at all. Bate a man Education, and itis Natural for him to be for Folly is bound up with the life of a child. And fince Vice is a Declination, surely Man is born to ill, as

as heavy things fink downward. And then how much easier is it falling down the Hill, than climing it? When the handsome curtezan Theodata, vaunted to Socrates, how much the was to be esteem'd before him; because the could gain many profelytes from him, but he none at all from her: He reply'd, it was no wonder; for the led men down the easie and descending road of Vice, while he compell'd them to the thorny and afcentive path of Virtue They that are tyded down the stream of loofeness, have much the advantage of those that follow goodness. Virtue dwells at the head of the River; to which we cannot get but by rowing against the Current. Besides those inclinations that fway the foul to ill, the way is broader, and more strewed with guilded pleasures. He that walks through a large field, hath only a narrow path to guid him right in the way. But on either fide what a wide room hath he to wander in? What Latitude can bound a prophane wit, or a lascivious Fancy? the loose tongue lets fly at all, while the fober David lets a watch at his lips, and examines all his Language ere it passes. Every Virtue hath two vices, that close her up in curious limits: and if the swerve, though never so little, the sodainly steps into Error. Life is a passage 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis; missing the Chanel, our Bark is presently suckt into Ship-wrack: Religion hath Superstition, and Profaness. Fortitude hath Fear, and Rasbness: Liberality, Avarice, and Prodigality: Justice, Rigor, and Partiality; and fo the like in others; which have made some to define Virtue to be nothing else but a mean between two extreams. The truth is, the track of Virtue is a nice way, 'tis walking upon an edge. And were there not a flar within that guids and shoots in rayes of comfort; Nature would hardly take the pains to be virtuous. Virtue is a war wherein a man must be perpetual sentinel, 'Tis an Obeliske that requires many Trophies to the erecting it; and, though founded in the Earth (man,) his spire does reach to Heaven. Like the Palm-tree though it hath pleasant fruit; It is hard to come by, for the stem is not easie to clime. Vir bonus, cito nec sieri, nec intelligi potest: nam ille, alter fortaße tanquam Phænix, anno quingentesimo nascitur. A good man is neither quickly made, not eafily understood: for like the Phanix, he by accident is born, but one in 500 years. And this was Seneca's opinion. To which not unfutable, is that of Ansonius.

Judex ipse sui, totum se explorat ad unguem, &c.
Offensus pravis, dat Palmam et Pramia Rectis, &c.
Vir bonus & Sapiens, qualem vix repperit ullum
Millibus è multis hominum, consultus Apollo.
Who's his own Judge, himself doth all Indite, &c.
Who hates the Bad, rewards good, crowns the Right, &c.
'Mongst many thousands, Learn'd Apollo can,
Thus mise and good, scarce find one single man.

And indeed Virtue hath this in it. It is a soip that rides among the Rocks; is exercised in Sufferings, and in Difficulties. It is a Souva's shield, throng'd with the arrows of the Enemy. Who had known of

Mutius

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Mutius Scavola, if his hearts Resolution had not left his hand insensible of flames? Where had been the memory of our Martyrs, if their Pagan persecutors had not given them the glory of their Torments?

Non est ad Astra mollis è terris via. — Imperia dura tolle, quid Virtus erit?

From Earth to Heaven, the way's nor foft, nor smooth.

In easie things, brave Virtue hath no place.

Like mid-June swine, we can quickly rowl and tumble us in the mire of Vice: but to be a Virtuous man, is toil and expugnation, 'tis winning of a City by inches; for we must not only make good our own ground, but we must kepel our Enemies, who will assault us, even from every room we pass by. If in Vice there be a perpetual Greffation, there must be in virtue a perpetual Vigilance: and tis not enough to be incessant, but it must be universal. In a Battail we fight not but in complete Armor. Virtue is a Cataphract: for in vain we arme one Lim, while the other is without a defence. I have known a man flain in his eye, while (all else armed) he hath but peered at his Enemy. 'Tis the good man is the World's miracle; he is not only Natures miftress, but Arts master-peice, and Heavens mirrour. To be foaked in Vice is to grow but after our breed. But the good man I will worthily magnifie; He is beyond the Mansolaum or Ephesian Temple. To be an Honest man is to be more than Nature meant him. His birth is as rare as the change of Religion, but in certain few periods of time. Like the only true Phylosophers stone, he can unalchimy the Allay of life, and by a certain calestial superfactation, turn all the brass of this world into Gold. He it is that can carry on his Bark against all the Ruffling winds, that can make the thorny way pleasant, and un-intangle the incumbrances of the Earth. A wife a virtuous man, though he be in misery, he is but like a black Lant-horn in the night, He may feem dull and dark to those that are about him, but within he is full of Light and Brightness, and when he lists to open the door, he can shew it.

### IX.

### Of Venial Sins.

Hat sin is there which we may account or little or venial, unless comparatively? If we look at the Majesty offended; that is infinite. If we look at the corruption offending, that would be infinite. And then as to the very Entity of sin; How can there be a less in infinites? since every infinite must needs run out beyond the line of Degrees. What therefore doth aggravate or diminish sin, arises out of circumstance; the very first original of sin being equally in all privation. In the main, I find their are but two opinions of sin: One concludes, every sin Mortal; The other holds, some to be but Venial:

Venial: The first cryes up Gods Justice, the other may let in his Mercy. The reformed way (as fin) fays, Every fin in it self is Mortal; So that every thought we think, every action we commit, either is no fin; or else is such as without a Saviour finks us into Hell for ever: there to be Tormented to Eternity.

The Church of Rome is not so highly severe. Some fins they can allow to be but Venial; fuch as oblige not man to the Punishment of Eternal death: which indeed is a Life endless, in endless torment. But yet they allow them to be fuch as deserve Punishment, although such as are casily pardonable : remissible of course, or expiable by an casie penitence. And three ways they tell us they become venial.

First is that which is Venial in it's kind: As an Idle Word.

Secondly, Sin may become Venial by event: As a mortal fin by true

Repentance may become Venial.

Thirdly, a fin may be venial either by Infirmity or Ignorance, when those (they say) that are done out of either of these, neither need a Saviours passion to satisfie for them, nor oblige man in himself to be bound to a perfetuity of punishment : but by a short penitence or a little findging in a Purgatory-fire, they shall vapour away as things that never were done. I intend not here to dispute the Truth of either of these opinions. I believe if we take fin either way, we shall quickly find enough that (both out of duty and prudence) may fright us from committing it: If all be mortal, we need no more; All arguments are less than that, to which nothing more can be added: if the punishment be eternal, whatever is said more, is less. But take fin in the milder sence, and should we grant it venial; Yet certainly there is cause enough to beware: for albeit some have made so slender account of fine that are Venial, as to rank them but with straws and trifles easily committed and as easily wiped off: Blots with the same breath made and expunged. Yea the Noble St. Augustine (Sermon. de sanctis 41, et in sententiis cap. 46. informs us, Non justitiam impedire nec animam occi dere venialia Peccata; That venial sins, neither hinder Justice, nor destroy the Soul. Yet I find diverse that upon deliberation have signed them with so black a brand, that every wife Christian will think them Rocks as dangerous as those that split the ship, and perish all the fraight. A Tiffeny with less than pin-holes will let in water as well as the wide-spaced Cive. They say, Venial sin may become Mortal four manner of ways:

Ist. Out of Conscience. For, be the matter never so slight, as but to lift a Rulb from the ground, yet done against Conscience it packs the Author

to Hell. Yea though the Conscience be Erroneous.

2ly. Out of Complacency. It is the same St. Augustines; Nullum Peccatum adeo est veniale, qued non fiat mortale dum placet. No sin can be

so venial, but that delight in it will make it Mortal.

3ly. Out of Disposition. Because by often falling into venial sins a man is disposed unto mortal: by the proclivity, and tendency of his own Corruptions: Wherefore St. Gregories caution may be of very

good use unto us, Vitasti Saxa grandia; Vide ne obrnarie Arena. Let the Mariner that hath scap'd the Rocks, take head he be not wrack't upon the Sands.

4ly. Out of Progression. For though Sin at first puts up a pleasing head, and shews but a modest veniality: yet, if it be not checkt, it quickly swells to what is sad and mortal. And besides these, they are content to admit of seven several dangerous effects of those sins that thus they smooth for venials.

First, they say even the petty venial does oblige a man to Punishment : Nay, if a man dyes with Mortal and Venial fins together, he

shall be punisht eternaly for both.

2ly. It foiles the foul, 'tis the dust of that Charecole which with its flying Atomes blacks the beauty of the minds fair countenance. And though in the Elect, Grace wipes it off, as to guilt; yet it does not do it, as to punishment, but he must be cleans'd in Purgatory.

3ly. Like water cast on fire it deads the heat of Charity. 'Tis the Cold that chills the enlivening warmth of Virtue: As piercing winds they hinder the fruit of piety from ripening, and by degrees insensible, they

steal us into drowfiness and Lethargy.

4ly. It wearies and loads the foul, that the cannot be fo active in good as the ought. Like Bells and Vervels they may jingle and perhaps feem to adorn; but indeed they hinder our flight, are but specious Fetters, and proclaim us in anothers property.

5ly. They keep us back from glory: and whereas without them, we might pass the neerest way to Heaven, they make us go about by Purgatory; where we must stay and bathe; and file, and burn off all

our Ruft.

6ly. They diminish our glory: for, while we should be doing what increases it, we trifle upon these, and lessen it. Every good Action contributes a Ray to the lustre of a Christians Crown, but neglect alone

exposes it to family from it's brightness.

7ly. They are often occasions of mortal fins: They are Natures kises that betray us to Incontinence. They are the sparkles and the Redness of that wine which oft intice to Drunkenness. Therefore take now which fide you please, with all these considerations where is the offence that justly we can count little? That Gale that blows me to a wrack among the Rocks, be it never so gentle is to me the same with a Tempest, and certainly in some respects more dangerous. All will labour to withstand a storm, but danger unsuspected is not car'd for. There be far more deaths contracted out of the anperceiv'd irregularities of diet, than by open and apparent surfeits. If they be less in quality, they are more in number; and their multitude equals them, to the others greatness. Nolite contemnere venialia quia minima sunt, sed timete quia plura; Despise not venial sins, because they are small: but rather regard them because they are many, was St. Augustines Counsel of old. The Aggregation of Atomes, made at first the Worlds huge Mass. And the Aggregation of drops did drown it when it was made. Who will think that wound fmall, that gives a fodain Inlet, if not to death, to disease? If great Sins be killing, the small ones take us Prisoners, and then we are at the mercy of the Enemy. Like the Athes from the Mount Vestivius, though singly small and nothing; yet in conjoyned quantities they embarren all the fields about it; The Grass though the smallest of plants yet numerously increasing, it covers all the face of the Earth: the mizling rain makes fouler way, than the violence of a right down shower. Great fins and publick I will avoid for there scandal and wonder; Lesser and private for their Danger and Multitude; both, because they displease my God, and will ruine me. I cannot if, I love him, but abhor what he loaths. I cannot, if I love my felf but beware of what will destroy me.

## Of Memory and Forgetfulness in Friendship.

Orgetfulness in Friendship may sometimes be as necessary as Memory: For 'tis hard to be so exactly vigilant, but that even the mest perfect shall sometimes give and sometimes take offence. He that expects every thing to be fully compleat, remembers not the frailty of Man. Who remembers too much, forgets himself and his friends. And though perhaps a man may endeavour to be Tyte in all his ways; Yet he makes himself too Papal, that thinks he cannot erre, or that he acts not what displeaseth an other. If Love can cover a multitude of infirmities, Friendship which is the growth of Love surely ought to do it more. When Agefilaus found some that repined at his Government, he would not see their Malignity: But Commanding them to the wars with himself, he suffered them to enjoy both offices and places both of Trust and profit in the Army. And when they were complain'd on for the Ill managing thereof, he would take their part and excuse them. And by this means, of dangerous and underhand-enemies he form'd and smooth'd them into open and constant friends. He was a Christ and a Saviour that laid down his life for his sheep, even while they were straggling and averse to his fold. And it look'd as unhandsome when Jonas would be so pettilb at the withering of his Gourd alone. Nor ought my Forgetfulness in friendship to be exercis'd only abroad, but oftentimes as to my felf and at home. If I do my friend a Courtefie, I make it none if I put him in mind on't; expecting a return I am kind to my felf, not him; and then I make it Traffique not Beneficence: Who looks for requital serves himself not me, and with the Noble Barque of friendship, like a Merchant, he Ventures for game. As Heaven lets his dews fall in the night, so those Favours are most Coelestial and refresh us most, that are stollen upon us even while we are asleep: like the fragrancies in some plants, they exhale too sodainly when exposed to the open Sun. What I do in friendship is gallanter, when I mind it not more. He that tells me of the favour he hath done me, cancels Aaz

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the debt I on him; he files of the Chain that kept me his prisoner, and with his tongue unlooseth the fetter that his hand put on. Intitling himself to the Checque which Martial bestoweth upon his talking Tosthumus.

Qua mihi prastiteris memini, semperque tenebo; Cur igitur Taceo (Postloume)? tu Loqueris. Incipio quoties alicui tua dona referre, Protinus exclamat; Dixerat ipse mihi. Non belle quedam faciunt duo : sufficit unus Huis operi. Si vis ut loquar, ipse tace. Crede mihi, quamvis ingentia, Posthume, dones; Auctoris percunt garrulitate sui. What (Posthume) thou haste done, Ile ne're forget : Why should I smoother't, when thou Trumpetst it? When I to any do thy guifts relate, He presently replyes, I heard him say't. Some things become not two: Here one may serve; If I must tell, do thou thy self reserve. Believe me, Posthume, though thy guifts be vast; They perish when the Authors tongue runs wast.

Certainly if Liberty bee to be prefer'd before Bondage, though he injures himself that upbraids his friend with ought that he did bestow; yet he does indeed (though he intend it not) befriend him in it. As the Romans did their flaves, he manumits me with a Cuff; and I am not much less beholding to him for this unkindness than I was before for the Benefit; which as it is the givers Honour so it is the takers Bondage. If I be able to do a Courteste, I rebate it by remembring it; I blot it out, when I go about to Text it. If I receive one, I render my self unworthy of it, whensoever I do forget it. That is but a barren earth where the feed dyes before it comes to Ripeness. Sutable to these, It was thus, long fince, enacted by the richly-speaking Seneca. Beneficii inter duos lex est. Alter statim oblivisci debet dati: Alter accepti nunquam. Qui dedit Beneficium, taceat : Narret, qui accepit. Between to friends it is the law of kindness, That he that does it, forget it presently: but he that does receive it, never. Let him that be-Stows it, hold his tongue: but let him that takes it, tell. Surely that man means it nobly, and it comes from his own genuine goodness, when he cares not to have any know it but his friend alone. But he that blows his Trumpet at his Alms, is a Pharifee. In frienaship, I would ever remember my friends kindness; but I would forget the favours that I do him. I would also forget his neglects: but I would remember my own failings. Friendship thus preserv'd ends not but with life. Continuance will extend it to the same effects, with the tyes of Nature; which uses to overlook the defects, of her own, and not to be less kind, though in something there be disproportion, that might take her off.

wherein

#### XI.

### Wherein a Christian excels other men.

Here are several things wherein a Christian hath much the Advantage of all the proteffors of other Religions. He excels them all, in his Fortitude, in his Hope, in his Charity, in his Fidelity. In his Fortitude; That is, when his cause is Just. It was well defin'd of the Orator, Fortitude est virtus pugnans pro aquitate; Fertitude is a virtue combating for Justice: otherwise he shrinks under the load, and couches like Islachers affe, between the two burthens of his Cause and Conscience. He may show like Abraham with his brandisht Sword above, as if he would presently sacrifice Isaac himself: But the Angel (his within-Conscience) lays hold on his Arm, and ties up his hand from striking. And indeed courage in a bad matter may be humane policy, but cannot be Christian valour. At best it is but Beauty with a skur. And the end of intention, when it comes to difcover it self in the end of the Action, will have a greater influence upon the mind of man than the success, be it never so prosperous. I may be applanded by the lookers on, as brave and full of Fortitude. When the Bates and Flutterings of a Conscience within shall blow up coles, and kindle nothing but flames that shall consume me. If I fight in a bad Cause, I fight against my self as well as against my Enemy; For befides him, I combat my Soul against my Body: and, instead of one Enemy, I make my felf two at the least. But in a Just cause, how bountiful of all things is a Christian? Nothing in the invention of man can appal his Noble Courage. 'Tis true, there is no Religion, but some have sealed the defence thereof with their lives. But certainly the World hath never drunk a quarter fo much bloud of any other Religion, as it hath done of the Christian. The number of all other Religions put together cannot come neer the untold multitudes of Martyrs for Christianity; nor hath ever any other increased so with suffering: as if the Martyrdome of one were the matering to make another grow; fo far from avoiding the fury of their Enemies, as they have often itched after Torments with an inward pleafure, fung while the Element of fire was whipping them: If their be any Nettar in this life, 'tis in the forrows that we indure for goodness. The Cause gives courage, which being just, we are backt by a Melior Natura, that will not let us fear. It is Davids querie Pfal. 27. when God was his light, whom should he fear? He dishonours God that in his cause gives ground. Who will fear a temporal King, when he is in pay under one that is eternal? When the Persian Varanes checqu't Hormisda for his Christianity, and would have perswaded him to renounce his profession. His answer was, that he commanded that which was both impious and impossible, to think that he should for sake the God of the Universe to make him his friend that was King but of a petty part. When the Aged Polycarpus was urged to reproach his Christ, he tells

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the Proconsal Herod, That fourscore and fix years he had served him, and never was harmed by him; with what Conscience then could he blaspheme his King that was his Saviour? And being threatned on, with fire, if he would not swear by Casars fortune; he tells him, Twas his ignorance that made him to expect it. For, fays he, if you know not who I am, hear me telling you, that I am a Christian. And when at the fire, they would have fastned him to the stake, the brave Bishop cries out to let him alone as he was. For, that God who had enabled him to endure the fire would enable him also without any Chains of theirs to stand unmoved in the midst of stames. So with his hands behind him, unftir'd, he took his Crown. So may you see some Reverend Temple fix'd, not valuing all the winds, till fatal Violence force it down; or piece-meal else the eager flame digest it into Cinders. Here was discovered the Noble and Heroick Nature of Christianity, the strongest courage in the weakest age; A Magnanimity as far exceeding old Romes boafted Scavola's: as the whole body, does the hand in Magnitude. When Lucius was lead to Execution he gave thanks that being dismissed from wicked Masters, he should be remitted to the King of Heaven. Victor Uticensis tells us, That when Dionysia a Noble Matron was immodestly denudated and barbarously scourged, with a Courage beyond her Sex and in the midst of bloud the told her Tormentors, That what they intended for her shame should hereafter be her Glory. It is most true that in matters unjust, Christian Religion wheys the bloud and makes a Coward of man: But in matters that are right, it advances Humane Courage beyond the flandard of humanity. Heaven and the commands of a Deity are in the eye, whereby all the Temptations of this World become unedged and unprevailing. And certainly one main cause hercof is his Hope, wherein as well as Fortitude he excels all other, as feeing further by the Gospels light than any in the world beside. The Heathen as they lived in darkness, so they going to the Bed of Death without a Candle, saw not where they were to lye. And in the general, they saw nothing beyond Death, but either Dull Oblivion or Annihilation. Or if not these, they dyed in doubt; which more than any thing distracts the mind in uncertainty.

Post mortem nihil est: ipsaque mors nihil;
Velocis spatii meta novissima.

Spem ponant avidi, solliciti metum.

Quaris, quo jaceas post obitum Loco?

Quo non-nata jacent.

Death nothing is; and nothing in it's place:

'Tis but the last point of a Posting Race.

The greedy, Hope: the troubled Fear lay by.

Wouldest know where 'tis, that after Death men lye!

'Tis where those are, that never yet were born.

Having this from so grave an Anthor as Seneca we may for the most conclude it the Heathen Creed. Mahumetisme indeed proposeth something

thing after the bodies dissolution. But it is a fenfual happiness, such as the frailty of the Body is Capable of; fuch as here they covet, they propose in Paradise. So the change being little, the expectation cannot be great, fince life that they enjoy here in some certainty of knowledge, will be rather preferr'd, than a little bettering with the hazard that is run in dying. The Jew in part allows an Immortality: though the Sadduces deny it. So, their hope is buryed in the same grave with them. And for the major part they hold Pythagoras his Metempsuchosis, only limiting it to the same species. And their Fear is as well of morfe, as their Hope is of any better being. But the Christian hath a Hope that is better far. The Joys attending him are spiritual and eternal, The beatifical Vision of the face of God, to see and know the immense Creatour of all things. The union to the God-head, the injoyment of a Deity beyond our here Conceptions, bleffed; Such things as for the great Apostle were not lawful here to utter, the being freed from evil and the fear of it, the being fet in a flate of purity and perfection, far beyond the thoughts that here in the weakness of the flesh we carry, as far exceeding our present Apprehensions as Spirits do exceed the dross of black corruption. The Hope and Faith of these must needs beget a Fortitude, which others wanting these can never reach. Death as a Pirate steals away others from their Country here, and with ten thousand fears they are distracted, because they know not what they shall be put to. But the Christian goes as sent for by an Ambassadour to the Court of Heaven, there to partake selicities unutterable. And indeed is happier here, because he knows he shall be happier after: He can be content to part with a life here full of Thorns and Acerbities, that he may take up one that's glorious and incorruptible: and having this Anchor above others, with far more case he rides out all the storms of Life. Next, In Charity he surmounteth all the profesfors of all the other Religions. He can part with all for that God that hath provided more than all for him. He can, not only bear, but pardon, all the injuries that can befal him: not only pardon them, but requite them with good. What Religion, but it, will teach man to pray for him that persecutes him, to bless him that curseth him, to heap Coles of fire upon his Head, that shall gently warm his Charity, and inflame his Love, not render him worse by making him more inexcusable? We look not upon him as a Christian, if when he dyes he forgive not, and pray for, his Enemies. Herein out-foaring the Dictates of depraved Nature, which would prompt us to retaliate wrongs; This Charity begets his Fidelity. For indeed it is the glue of Souls, that by the influence of Divinity cements them together in Love. Nulla vis major pietate verâ est. There is no Friendship like the friendship of Faith: Nature, Education, Benefits, cannot all together tye so drong as this. Christianity knits more fure, more indissoluble. This makes a knot that Alexander cannot cut, a league Hell cannot break. For as Grace in her felf is far above Nature, so is she in her Effects. The fouls of Believers like wines once mixt, they streight become inseparable,

inseparable, as purest mooks once mingled, never part : The fire cannot divide them. They flourish, fade, they live and dye together. A Christian though he would, he cannot resolve to be false. Whatsoever is joyned together upon temporal Considerations, may be by the same again distolved: but that League which deduces its Original from Heaven, by Earth can ne're be severed. Tyrants shall sooner want Invention for Torments, than Christians with tortures be made Treacheross. Who can separate the conjunctions of a Deity? Nor is it in kindness only, but in Reproof, that his fidelity shews it self: However he conceals his friends faults from the fliering eye of the world; yet, if he offends, his being a David and a King shall not free him from this Nathans Reprehension. To which he is drawn, that he may fave not spoil. He scorns to be so base as to flatter, and hates to be so currish as to bite. So his Reproof is kindness, and the wounds he makes are not without Balsome to heal; These qualifications of all other men make a Christian the best Companion. An Enemy he never is; if at any time he seem so, 'tis but that he may be a friend. For he is averse to only ill. He would kill the disease, but does it, to preserve the Patient; So that it will be my Fault, not his, if he be not a friend to me. And when he is so, he is sure without private Interest, Fear, or Malice: and affords me a Security, which I cannot well expect from any other Rank of men.

# XII. Of Losses.

If we scan things rightly, we have no Reason to be sadned for those wordly goods that we lose: For what is it we can lose which properly we can call ours? Job goes further; he blesseth him that taketh away, as well as him that gives. And by a question concludes his Contentment with both. Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and not evil? And hitherto, the Text cleers him from being passionate for any, or all, his Crosses: If after he did fly out, It was the redarguing of his misguided friends, not his being stript of all; that moved him. Nay 'tis certain, in the Rectitude of Reason we cannot lose at all. If one lend me a Fewel to wear, shall I, because I use it, fay, 'tis my own. Or when my friend requires it again, shall I say, I have lost it; No, I will restore it rather. Though we are pleased that we are trusted with the borrowed things of this Life; we ought not to be displeased when the great Creatour calls for what he had but lent us. He does us no injury that takes but his own: And he pleads an unjust Title against Heaven, that repines at what the God of Heaven resumes. It was doubtless such a Consideration as this, that made Zeno when he had been Shipwrackt, only to appland Fortune and to say, She had done honestly in reducing him but to his Coat. Shall God afford us all our life long not only Food but Feasting, not for Use

We but Ornament, not Necessity alone, but Pleasure? and when at last he withdraws, shall we be passionate and Melancholy? If in the blackness of the night, one by accident allows me the benefit of his light to walk by; shall I quarrel him because he brings me not home? I am to thank him for a little, which he did not one me; but never to be Angry that he affords not more. He that hath abundance rides through the world on Horse-back: Perhaps he is carryed with some more rease; but he runs the hazard of his Beast: And besides the Casualty of his own Frailty, he is subject to the danger of those stumbles that his Bearer makes. He that wants a plenty, does but walk on foot: He is not born so high upon the Creature, but more securely passes through the various Adventures of life. And not being spurr'd by pricking want, may take his ease in travailing as he pleases.

In all losses I would have a double prospect: I would consider what I have loft, and I would have regard to what I have left, it may be in my loss I may find a Benefit. I may be rid with it of a Trouble, a snare, or danger. If it be Wealth, perhaps there was a time when I had it not. Let me think if then I liv'd not well without it. And what then should hinder that I should not do so now? What news is it that a Bird with wings should fly? Riches have such, and 'tis a thousand to one but some other did lose them before. I found them when another lost them, and now 'tis likely some other will find them from me: and though perhaps I may have loft a Benefit, yet thereby likewife I may be eas'd of a Cumber. In most things of this nature 'tis the opinion of the loss more than the loss that vexes. If yet the only prop of my life were gone I might rather wonder that in fo many storms I rid fo long with that one single Anchor than now at last that it should break and fail me. When War had ravilbed all from Stilpo, and Demetrius ask'd him, How he could brook so vast a defolation? He returned, that he had lost nothing. The goods he had, he still enjoy'd; his Virtue, Prudence, Justice, still were with him, these were matters permanent and immortal: for the other it was no wonder, That what was perishable, should perish.

In the next place, let me look to what I have left. He that miscarries once will husband what is left the better. If the Dye of Fortune hath thrown me an ill chance, let me frive to mend it by my good play. What I have is made more pretious by my want of what I once was owner of. If I have lost but little, let me be thankful that I lost no more, seeing the remainder was as flitting as the rest that's gone. He that in a Battail is but sleightly wounded rather rejoyces that he is got off so well, than greives that he was hurt at all. But, admit it were all that is gone; A man hath Hope still left. And he may as well hope to resover the things he hath lost, as he did acquire them, when he had them not. This will lead him to a new Magazine, where he cannot deny but he may be supply'd with Advantage; God will be left still. And who can be poor who hath

him for his friend that hath all. In Penury 2 Christian can be rich; and 'tis 2 kind of Paradox to think he can be poor, that is destined to be 2 Kingdoms Heir.

### XIII.

### Of long and short Life.

'Here is no question but Life in it self is a Bleffing : And it is not worsened by being long. The being of every thing, as a being, is good. But, as some Actions that are good in themselves, by their Circumstances become Condemnable; so that life which abstra-Ctively is good, by Accidents and Adherencies may become unfortunate; He that lives long, does many times outlive his Happiness. As evening Tempelts are more frequent, so they carry a blacker terrour along: Youth like the Sun, oft rifes cleer and dancing; when the afternoon is cloudy, thick, and turbulent. Had Priamus not liv'd so long, he had neither feen his fifty Children flain, nor Troy (enlarged) loft, nor himself after two and fifty years Reign made captive, and by Pyrrhus flain: Sylla got the name of Happy, Pompey of Great, yet by living long they both loft both those Titles: Augustus his high Fortune was not sweetned by his long extended life. It could be no great pleasure to want an issue male of his own; to see his Adopted Sons untimely loft; his Daughters loofness staining the Honour of his House: and at last rather by Necessity than choice to fix upon a Successor neither worthy of himself nor Rome. How much more blest had Nero been, if he had not out-liv'd his first five years of Empire? What is past with us, we know: but who can prye into the Bowels of Fate? And though (at that time) Seneca had only talted the difpolition, not felt the anger of Nero; Yet he found enough to enforce him to cry out: Heu guam multa panitenda occurrunt, din wivendo? Alass, how many irksome businesses befall us by our living long? If a man be bad or unfortunate, he does but increase his misery here or hereaster. If he be good, he is subject to the more abuses: For, the greater part of the world is ill, and ill natur'd self-love bends almost all men to themselves, preserring their own Benefit before the inconvenience of another. And being so, he that is good is exposed to more sufferings than another. A good man grows in this world like some Garden-plant in a hedge, over-top'd and justled to a Declination : besides his being shaded and drops upon, the Thornes and Bushes are too rude and Clownish for the fineness of a fruitful Tree. And if the World were good, yet the Bufiness of the world is Youths. Age like a long travail'd Horse rides dull toward his Journeys end; while every new fetter out, gallops away, and leaves him to his Melancholick Trot. In Touth, untained bloud does goad us into folly; and, till experience reins us, we ride unbitted, wild; and, in a wanton fling, disturb our selves and all that come but neer us.

In Age, our selves are with our selves displeased. We are look't upon by others as things to be endur'd, not courted or apply'd to. Who is it will be fond of gathering sading slowers? Fruits past Maturity grow less to be esteem'd. Beauty it self, once Autumn'd, does not tempt.

On the other fide, what is it that we loofe by dying? If, (as Fob fays) our life be a warfare, who is it will be Angry that it ends betimes? A long supper, though a feast, does grow to a tedious thing; because it tyres us to a Lassitude, and keeps us from our rest that is sweeter. Life is but a play upon this worlds stage. And if a man were to chuse his part, in discretion he would not take it for the length, but for the ease and goodness. The short life has the shorter Audit to make. And if it be one of the greatest Felecities that can befal man, to be in such a Condition as he may not displease God; surely then, foon to enter upon Death is best. 'Tis true, I may by living be Instrumental to Gods Glory, the good of others, and my own Benefit. But if I weigh my own Corruptions, the World's Temptations, and my Enemies Malice, the odds is on the other fide. Who can fay, he can travail in safety when his way is in a Forest of wild Beasts, Thieves, and Outlaws; when man is his own Syren; and when in all the streams he swims in, Bayts are strewed? Death to a Righteons man, whether it cometh soon or late, is the beginning of a certain happiness; the end but of a doubtful and allayed pleasure. I will not much care whether my Life be long or fort. If thort the fewer my days be, the less I shall have of Trouble, the sooner shall I arrive at Happiness. If I escape from nothing else, yet shall I escape from the hazard, life will keep me in. If long, let me be fure to lay it out in doing the more good. And then though I flay for it a while, yet as abstinence sharppens appetite, so want and expectation will make my for more welcome.

## XIV. Of Establishing a troubled Government.

He that would establish a troubled Government must first vanquish all his Foes. Who can be quiet while his Enemie is in Arms against him. Factions heads should be higher by a pole than their bodies. He that would rule over many, must first fight with many and Conquer; and be sure to cut off those that raise up Tumults, or by a Majestique awe keep them in a strict subjection. In every able Prince, Lipsius would have two things eminent, Fin et Virtus, Power and Virtue. He ought to have power to break insurrection at home, and repel a force that would invade him from abroad. He ought to have Virtue to preserve his state and Dignity, and by the necessary art of Policy so to order all the streams of Government as they may run cleer and obedient in their proper Chanels. Power is, certainly, B b 2

the most essential part of Sovereignity. 'Tis an inseparable attribute of the Deity. God is Omnipotent as well as Omniscient. And without it, he were not God: 'tis that which distinguisheth and super-posits him above all. When we would speak of the true God indeed we always name him God-Almighty. As therefore he that would be a Prince, the first thing in his aim should be Power; so when he is a Prince and devests himself of it, he deposes and unthrones himself, and proclaims himself a Prey to any that will attempt the boldness but to take him. He seems to tell his Enemies; that he is now weak and unarmed, and invites them to fet upon him. Without Power, he is but Fortunes Idol, which every Sejanus may revile and spurn at his Theafure. 'Tis Power that begets Fear, and Fear that first made Gods: But suppose he hath power, if he have not Resolution, like a Child he wears a Sword, but knows not how to use it. Irresolution is a worser Vice than Rafbness: he that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark, but he that shoots not at all shall be sure never to hit it. A Rash act may be mended by the activeness of the penitent, when he sees and finds his error. But Irresolution loosens all the joynts of State: like an Ague it shakes not this or that Limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. Tis the dead palsey, that, without almost a Miracle, leaves a Man unrecoverable. The irrefolute man is liked from one place to another, till tyt'd, at last he hath no place left to rest on. He flecks from one Egg to another, so hatcheth nothing at last, but addles all his Actions. An easie Prince at best is but an useless thing. A facile natur'd Man may be a good Companion for a private person: but for a Prince to be so, is mischief to himself and others. Remissness and Connivence are the ruines of unfetled Kingdoms. The Game of Majesty will not admit of too open a play. Simplicity is as Liberality, of which Tacitus observes, Nist modus adsit, in exitium vertitur, It it stands too still, it putrifies.

My passions and affections are the chief disturbers of my Civil State. What peace can I expect within me, while these Rebels are not under Subjection? Separations are the wounds of a Crown, whereby neglected it will bleed to death. If I have not the virtue of Judgment to discern their trains, and fly Suggestions; If I have not the virtue of Courage to withstand their Force and Batteries: If I have not the power of Authority to command them to Obedience; If I have not the power of strength to master all their Complications: I leave my self a prize to vice, and at last shall not live to be man. Plate was of Opinian that those Common-wealths could not be safe, whose Governours were not Philosophers, Or whose Prince was not a student of Wifdom. And furely, if a Man understands not something of Reason, or be not able to judge of prudence, he shall very hardly find a Life without Broyls, or be able to govern his own unruly paffions. Therefore as the Prince that will be safe among turbulent Subjetts, must ever be upon his Guard; so he that knows the Irregularities of his own deprav'd affections, must keep perpetual Sentinel upon them. Asleeping

Samson

Samson needs but a feeble Woman to cut his locks off, and deliver him up to destruction. 'Tis Security and considence that as oft undoes a Prince, as Force. But vigilance is seldom under-min'd. A state awake and upon its Guard, tis difficult to surprize. Cate was of opinion that Governour deserved most praise that could govern himself and his passions. And as the strength of him that commands consists most in the consent of those that obey: so if I can bring my passions and affeltions to firbmit to Religion, and Reason, I may settle my Dominion in my felf so, as I need not fear the affault of them without me. If I cannot prune off all my superfluites, let me yet so restrain them as I may not act my own shame, nor give matter of insultation to others. If my strength be once gone and I become blind, I then am fitted to make sport for the Philistims. He that is a slave to himself, and his own fond lufts, can never long preserve his liberty from others. As man is commonly his own prime flatterer, so is he, for the most part, the first engine of his own low servitude.

#### XV.

### Of doing Good with Labour, and Evil with Pleasure.

T was anciently faid. That what loever good work a man doth with labour, the labour vanisheth, but the good remains with him that wrought it: And whatfoever evil thing he doth with pleasure, the pleasure flies, but the evil still resteth with the Actor of it. Goodness making labour sweet, while evil turneth pleasure to a burthen. The Creation, which was Gods work for fix days, hath both publishe and perpetuated his glory ever fince. Where the end is but profit alone, how uncomplainingly we toyl and tug the trembling Oar; we strain our nerves, and anoint our selves with sweat, and think it pleasure while we compais what may folace us hereafter. The first Inventors of Arts, though with pains they spent much time and treasure too; yet being done once, all their watchings are presently vanishe. But the fruit of their labour, paid them with content, while living; and after that, gives the Tribute of a Noble Fame to their memory. While we are morking what is good, we are but scattering feed, which after all our harrowing, will ripen up to happiness for our selves: like well plac'd benefits, they redound to the Collators honour. Beneficium dando accepit, qui dig no dedit : By giving he receives a benefit, that lays it on the well-deferving man. Alexander Severus was of fo Noble a Nature, that he thought not them his friends, that ask'd not fomething of him: And when it was in dispute, who was the best Prince? his opinion was, that he ought to be held for beft, that retain'd his friends by favours, and reconcil'd his Enemies with courtefies. Tulius Hostilius was to Rome a forreiner a Tradesmans son, and an Exile; yet his industrious virtues lifted him so deservedly to the top of Honour, that Valerius Maximus scruples not to tell us; That Rome never repented,

that

that The borrowed a King from her neighbours, rather than set up one of her own. His Succeivor Servius Tullius, was not less a wonder: The same City that bred him a flave, for his virtues chose him a King; and to his eternal Honour, lest his Statue paradox'd with Servi-

tude and Royalty.

Nay, it's certain, though the success of noble actions be sometimes most ingrateful; yet, when they are done out of uprightness and integrity, they reward the Author with such an inward shine of conscious satisfaction, that he remains unprickt with the darts of even the worst returns. And the greater his labour and hazard was, the pleafanter is the remembrance when 'tis past. In dangers escaped, a man may find himself beloved of the Deity, guarded by his better Angel, and cared for by a Genius that he knew not of; which cannot but administer comfort and content to himself: whereas unworthy and inglorious actions, though they give a present blaze to the finful corruption of man; yet it is such a fire, as that is of burning-houses; where the flame, while shining, is not without affrighting smoke; but, that once past, the end is rubbish, stench, and ruine. Tarquin's rape was dogg'd with the over-throw of his house, and expulsion of Monarchy. Sforza languish'd near as many years a prisoner in the Tower of Loches, as he had usurped Empire in his Nephews turmoyled Dukedome. When Lysimachus, through thirst, was forced to yield himself to the Seythians; he could then bewail himself, that for so short a pleasure, he should part with so great a happiness as his liberty. Like a draught of pleasant poyson, the gust is gone, while the torture stays, and burns us to our grave. How long an age doth many a man repent one youthful ryot? Surely, as a wife man never repented of a good action; fo he never did, but repent of a bad one. I will not therefore care how laborious, but how honest my actions be; not how pleasurable, but how good. If it could be, let me be virtuous and noble, without pleasure; rather than wicked, with much joy. It was indeed, a resolution well besceming a Royal Christian, That he had much rather be in the Catalogue of Unfortunate Princes, than of Wicked; for his judgement clearly was, That a Crown was not worth taking up, or enjoying, upon fordid, dishonourable. and irreligious terms.

### XVI.

### That Virtue and Vice generate after their kind.

As in the first Institution of Nature, and the Propagation of Corporeal Essences, it was enacted, and yet continues, That every thing should bring forth fruit after his kind: So I find it in the propagation of Virtue and Vice, they bring forth fruit after their kind. Virtue begets Virtue. Vice begets Vice. And it is as natural for a man to expect a return of Virtue out of Virtue. and a return of Vice out of Vice; as its for him to expect an Elephant, hould beget an Elephant,

or

or a Serpent beget a Serpent. Nay, not only the genus, but the very species holds; and oftentimes, the proportion of that species too. High actions beget a return of Actions that are lo: And poor low flagging deportments, beget a return of the like. The Eccho is according to the voice that speaks: The report of the Peice is proportionable to the magnitude it bears: If it be but by reflection only, the beams are reverberated bright, as is the Sun that Thines them. And clouds import a shade, as is their proper blackness. For his friendship and riches, the Romans bestowed on Attalus the Kingdom of Pergamus: and he to express gratitude (not having children of his own) left the City of Rome his Heir; returning their gift advantag'd with his infinite wealth. Camillus his Noble act of whipping back that treacherous Schoolmaster by the Touths that he would have betray'd, obtained him the yielding up that City to him, which his valour with all the Arms of Rome could not enforce. Terentins his virtues and his being one of the Roman Senate, made so deep an impression in Scipio's manly heart, that when the Carthaginians came to fue for peace and a league, he would not hear them, till they brought him forth discharg'd of his Imprisonment, whom he placed on the Throne with himself, and then dismis'd his arms. And this again so prevailed with Terentine, that when Scipio had his Triumph, Terentius, though a Senator, put himself into Scipio's Livery, and as his freed man waited on his pompous Chariot. In the second Punick War, when Capua was besieged by Fulvius, two Countrey wenches would needs be kind to Rome; one daily made her offering for the fafety of the Army, the other supply'd the captiv'd Souldiers with food andoother necessaries: which at the saccage of the place, the Senate of Rome required with restoring them their goods and liverty, and granting them what elfe they defired. He teaches me to be good, that does me good: he prompts me to enlarge my heart to him, that first enlarges his own to me. If virtue in the heart be not totally dry'd up and withered: Curtefies receiv'd, are waterings that make it floot up and grow, till it flower and returns a feed. That Virgin which the loofe Courtiers of Charles. the fifth, had purveyed for his wanton appetite; when with tears for our bleffed Ladies sake (whose picture then adorn'd the room she was in) The begg'd the preservation of her Chastity; it wrought so high in the Emperours Heroick brest, that it made him chast, that was resolv'd to be otherwise; and to reward her for that virtue which he fully did intend to violate: being indeed a rare example, that lust, fired by youth, power, and opportunity, and enflamed by Beauty; should be abated into Continence, by only meeting with a native Modesty. And the same genuine effect hath vice. It not only corrupts by example, but it soms it self, and gives a crop of the same grain that by our selves is scatter'd. With the froward thou thalt learn frowardness. Passion enkindles passion; and pride begets pride. How many are calm and quiet, till they meet with one that is Cholerick? He that sows Iniquity, must look to reap it. Did not Davids Murther and Adultery.

Adultery, bring the Sword and Incest into his Family? How stally and evidently was the Masacre at Paris, scourged in those that were held for the chiefest actors and contrivers of it? Charles the King, before the 25th year of his Age dy'd, bath'd, and dyed in bloud. Anjon, the succeeding King was assassinated, and slain in the same room the Massacre was plotted in. Guise, murdered by the Kings appointment. The Queen, consum'd with grief. And with succeeding Civil war, both Paris and the Nation torn. It is a strange retaliation in the story of Valentinian and Maximus. Valentinian by fraud and force vitiated the wise of Maximus: for which Maximus by fraud and force murder'd him, and marryed his wise: whose discain to be compell'd, and desire to revenge her Husbands death, made her plot the destruction of Maximus and Rome. And indeed, 'tis so plentifully proved in all stories, that no Proverb is become more true than the saying of the Satyrist.

Ad generum Cereris, sind cade & sanguine, pauci Descendant Reges, & sicca morte Tyranni. Few Tyrants find Death natural, calm, or good; But, broacht with slaughter, rowl to Hell in blood.

There is in Vices not only a natural production of evil in general, but there is a proportion of parts and dimensions; as if the feed brought forth the plant, or the parent did beget the fon. Bagoas, a Perfian Noble man, having poylon'd Artaxerxes and Arfamnes, was detccted by Darius, and enforced to drink poylon himself. Diomedes, that with humane flesh fed beasts, at last by Hercules was made their food himself. Pope Alexander the 6th, having design'd the poysoning of his friend Cardinal Adrian, by his Cup-bearers mistake of the Bottle. he cosened the Cardinal of his draught; to dyed by the same Engine that he himself had appointed to kill another. Treason and fallbood how often is it paid in its own peculiar kind? Tarpeia that betray'd her father, for what Tating his Souldiers wore on their armes, instead of the Bracelets the expected, was paid with their Shields thrown on her till they prefled her to death. And to requite the fashood of three Captains, whom he hired to disswade Philip of Austria from giving him battel, Charles the fourth of Germany paid them in counterfeit money, afturing them that counterfeit, money was good enough for their counterfeit fervice. Certainly, in vain they expect good, that would have it arise out of evil. I may as well when I plant a Thiftle, expect a Fig: or upon sowing Cockle look for Wheat, as to think by indirect courses, to beget my own benefit. But, as the best Husband looks to have his feed the cleanest; so doubtless, the best policy for a mans self, is to fow good and honest Actions, and then he may expect a harvest that is answerable.

### XVII

### Of Memory.

Chould the Memory of the World but fall asleep, what a Fair of mad Beasts would the Earth be? and surely much the madder for the Tongue. Since he that forgets himself in his tongue gives an other cause to remember him either with neglect, or offence; In all that does belong to man, you cannot find a greater monder. What a treafury of all things in the life of Man? What a Record, what Journal of all? As if Provident Nature, because she would have Man circumspect, had provided him an Account-book to carry always with him. And though it be the worlds vast Inventory, yet it neither burthens nor takes up room: To my felf it is insensible, I feell no weight it prefles with; to others 'tis invisible, when I carry all within me they can see nothing that I have. Is it not a miracle, that a man from the grane of Sand to the full and glorious Sun, should lay up the world in his Brain; and may at his pleasure bring out what part he liftsy yet never empty the place that did contain it, nor crowd it though he should add more? What kind of thing is it, in which the spacious Sea is sboard and bounded? where Citties, Nations, the Earths great Globe and all the Elements refide without a Cumber? How is it that in this little Invisible place, the height of the Star, the bigness of that, the distance of these, the compass of the Earth, and the Nature of all should lie and always be ready for producing as a man shall think fit. If a Conjurer call up but his phanatique Spirits, how we stare and startle at their strange approach? Yet here by Imaginations help we call what ere we have a mind to, to appear before sus, and in those proper Chapes, we have heard them related in, or elfe in those which we our selves have seen them in. Certainly, it cannot be but a work of infiniteness that so little a globe of skull as man hath, should hold such an almost infinity of business and of knowledge. What Oceans of things exactly and orderly streaming forth shall we find from the tongue of an Oratour, that one who did not fee him speaking would believe he read them in some printed Catologue; and he that does fee him, wonders from what inexhaustible Fountain such case streams can flow? Like a Jugler playing his prize, he pulls words like Ribbonds out of his mouth, as falt as two hands can draw. Ask him of the Sea, he can tell you what is there; of the Land, of the Skye, of Heaven, of Hell, of past things and to come. A learned man by his Memory alone is the Treasury of all the Arts, he walks not without a Library about him. As the Pfalmist says of the Sun, It goes from one end of the Heaven to the other, and nothing is hid from the heat thereof: So the Memory with imagination travails to and fro between the most remoted parts, and there is nothing that is not comprehended by it. And the Miracle is; Neither after all this, nor before, can any print hereof be difeern'd. What is outwardly feen

more than there is in a lively Image, which is no other than a Block? And who can tell me where this vastness lyes? What hand, what pen did write it? Anatomize Man, and you shall find there is nothing in him like it. Bones, Sinews, Nerves, Muscles, flesh, bloud, veins, and marrow, and corrupting substances; but no relick, no likeness, of that which in his life came from him. No track, no notion of any thing remote or forein. Diffect the Brain, the Senfes feat, and the thop of bufie thoughts, and Court of Record in Man. What do the curious inspectors of Nature find there? but a white and spongeous substance divided into three small Cells, to the smallest of which the Memory is ascribed, but not a line nor any one Idea of any thing that's absent can be read there. Certainly, if momentany and putrefactive man can undifferent and unburthen'd bear so much about him; If so little a point as the least Tertia of the brain the Cerebellum can hold in it self the notions of such immeasurable extents of things: we may rationally allow Omniscience to the great Creatour of this and all things elfe. For doubtless we know what we do remember, and indeed what we remember not we do not know. Cicero tells us, 'tis the Trace of things printed in the mind. Questionles 'tis an understanding faculty conserving those Ideas arising from common sense through imagination, which with the help of these again whenever there is cause thee's ready to produce them. 'Tis the Souls repository where the stores up all that she is pleas'd to keep, the furniture of the world lyes there packt up: and as he that goes into a Ward-robe, missing sometimes at first of what he seeks for, removes, and turns over several parcels, before he finds the thing he comes to look for: So man oth' fodain remembers not all he would, but is fometimes put to hunt and tumble over many things till he comes at last to that he there would find: as if wrapt up in folds, by degrees we unlap and light upon them. Nor is the difference hereof in men less wonder. In some men how prodigious! In others how dead and dall? Appius Claudius had so strong a Memory, that he boasted he could salute all the Citizens of Rome by their Names. And Mithridates of Pontus could speak 22 Languages, and Muster his Souldiers by his memory, calling them all by their names. And upon this ground where the Senate had condemn'd his Books to be burnt, Cassius Severus told them, If they would not have them remain, they should burn him too, for that he had them all in his memory. On the other fide some of the Thra-cians were usually so blockish, that they could not count beyond four, or five. And Messala Corvinus liv'd to forget his own Name: as I have known some, that have in health forgot their own children, whom they have dayly seen and liv'd with. If we consult Philosophy, how this huge difference comes, that will prefume to tell us, 'tis from the temper of the brain; the moderately dry being happier in their memories, than the over-moift, which being liquid and flippery, are less receptive and tenacious of any flight Impressions that occasionally thereon are darted. Like glimples of the Sun on water, they shine at present,

present, but leave no sign that they were ever there; and this may be the reason (because of their great humility), why memory in children is so brittle. But how it comes to pass, that many old men can remember things of their youth done threescore years ago, and yet not those they acted but the day before, is certainly to be admired; fince none can tell me, where they lodge characteriz'd the while, without being suffled out, or quite defac'd by new succeeding actions. One thing in the Memory beyond all, is observable. We may easily remember what we are intent upon; but with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly forget what we would. What would some give, to wipe their forrows from their thought, which, maugre all their industry, they cannot but remember. With good reason therefore would the wise Themistocles have learn'd the Art of forgetfulnes, as deeming it far more beneficial to man, than that (so much cry'd up) of memory. And for this cause, (doubtless) we had need be careful, that even in secret, we plunge not into evil Actions. Though we have none to witness what we do; we shall be gall'd sufficiently with our own peculiar memory; which haunting us perpecually with all our best endeavours, we cannot either cast away, or blot out. The worm would dye, if Memory did not feed it to Eternity. 'Tis that which makes the panal part of Hell: for whether it be the punishment of loss, or the punishment of sense: 'tis memory that does enflame them both. Nor is there any Atna in the foul of man, but what the memory makes. In order unto this, I will not care to know, who 'tis that does me injury, that I may not by my memory malice them. Remembring the wrong, I may be apt to malign the Author, which not knowing, I shall free my self of vexation, without the bearing any grudge to the man. As good Actions, and ignorance of ill, keep a perpetual calm in the mind: fo questionless, a fecret horror is begotten by a fecret vice. From whence we may undoubtedly conclude, That though the gale of success, blow never so full and prosperously, yet no man can be truly happy, that is not truly innocent.

### XVIII.

### No man Honest, that is not so in his Relation.

Besides the general and necessary dependence that every man must, and ought to have upon God; There is no man whatsoever, but is even in this world particularly related to some particular person above the generality of other men. He can neither come into the world nor continue in it, and be an Independent man: And by his demeanor, in his strictest Relations, he may be guessed at in the other progress and course of his life. In all the Relations that are contingent to men, those are most binding, which Nature hath framed neerest in the several conditions of men. In which, if a man be not honest in vain he is expected to be found so in others, that are more distantly

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extended from him. The highest tye of all, (as most concerning the publique good), I take to be between a born Subject, and legitimate Prince pursuing the good of the Countrey. He is Pater Patrie, and every subject is but a little more remoted son. He that is prodigal of his Subjects lives, will eafily be drawn to be careless of any but his own. And indeed, (as (yrus used to say) No man ought to govern others, but he that is better than those that he governs; there being a greater obligation upon a Prince to be good, than there is upon other men: for, though he be humane in his Person, as others are; yet, for the publick sake, his Person is Sacred, and the Government he exerciles is Divine; fo, with greater caution ought to be administred, and, in imitation of the Gods, requires a greater height of virtue, so to irradiate his Throne, that men might gaze with Admiration, and obey with Reverence. Near this was the Noble Spartans anfwer, who when one defir'd to learn how a Prince might be fafe without a guard, he replyed, If he ruled his subjects as a Father doth his children.

The same reciprocal tye is in subjects towards their Prince. And if a man be not bonest in this his Relation, that is, in his Loyalty; let no man expect that man to be bonest in any thing further, than conduceth to his own particular Interest: The breach of this, not only out of Political, but Natural Reason, the Laws have made more capital than other crimes; not only punishing the person offending, but attainting all his Posterity with the confiscation of all that they were capable of owing in this life. Rebellion being as Parricide and Witchcraft. Nor is the Ignominy less than the Crime. To be a Traytor, delivers one to the lowest form of men, as well as to the heaviest curse of law. And no State that ever yet I read of, but held fuch unworthy of life, and so not fit for any conversation of men, as having forfeited in that all which makes one man companionable to another. In like manner, he that is a Parent, and morose, and froward to his children, hardly will be affable to any. Who neglects Nature, undoubtedly is an uncivil man. He that loves not his own, will not probably be drawn to love those who are nothing to him: So is it with a child; If he once contemn his Parents, he exposes himself to be contemn'd by others. And to shew how horrid fins of this nature are, the Levitical Law made disobedience unto Parents, stoning; the worst of the four capital punishments among them: Nor was he to live, that had curfed either Father, or Mother. Neither can I believe this law was abrogated in the days of Solomon, who tells us, The eye that mocketh his father, or disdains obedience to his mother, the Crows of the valley (ball pick it out, or else the young Eagles eat it : which, in effect, is to fay, That he shall come to some untimely end, either hang'd on some tree, or cast out without burial, for the fowls of the air to feed on. To this inclines the opinion of St. Jerome, where he says, Nec vultu ladenda est pietas Parentum: We ought not to cast so much as a discontented look at the piety of a parent. He that hath forgot to be a

son, is an Agrippa to the world, and is born averse to Nature. As corrupted humors are the continued distemper of the body that did breed them; fo a vitious and disobedient son is the torment of the Parent that begot him. It was a good reason the Philosopher gave to one, why he should not go to law with his father: Says he; If you charge him unjustly, all will condemn you: And if your charge be just, you will yet be condemned for blazing it. 'Tis an unhappy question Cassianus asked an undutiful fon : Quem alienum tibi fidum invenies, fi tuis hostis fuerut Qui fallere audebit Parentes, qualis erit in cateros? What stranger shall he ere find faithful to him, that to his Parents is become an Enemy? What will he be to others, that is to Parents falle? It is the same in other Relations, between Husband and Wife, between Master and Servants. Cate did not doubt but she would prove a poyfoner, that had first been guilty of Adultery. And indeed, wholoever is not honest in his Relations, gives the world an Evidence, that he can be false in the lesser, that hath already failed in the greater. To be false in our Relations, is to break our trust, in which both Religion and Nature hath fet us. He that is perfiding and untrue in that, cancels all the bonds he after can be tred in, When Judas had betray'd his Master, nor Friends, nor Enemies, nor his own Conscience would endure him after. Whereas, he that kehaves himself well in his Relations, gives us hope of his being found in all things that we have to do with him besides. If we can believe the Excellent Siline; we shall find by being false in these, we not only lose our selves with others; but we become implunged even in all the calamities of life in the several Relations that we have, and live in.

Qui frangere rerum

Gaudebit pacta, ac tenues spes linquet amici,

Non illi domus, 'aut conjux, aut vita, manebit

Unquam expers luctus, lachrymaque: Aget aquore semper,

Ac tellure premens; aget agrum, nocte dieq;

Dispecta, ac violata sides—.

Who loves to break

Wise Natures bonds, and cheat his friends poor hope, Contracts turmoil, and tears; that never stop.

Nor house, nor wife, nor life is safe: but he Ore-whelm'd with Earth, ploughs the unquiet Sea:

A broken Faith discern'd, is sickness ever—.

Certainly, there is no man but some way hath relation to others, either by Religion, Policy, Nature, Alliance, or Humanity; therefore as a Christian, a Friend, a Kindred, a Superiour, or a Man, to all a man may take occasion to be honest. Though I comply not with all their ways, yet Christian Piety, and natural Probity is never to be parted with. He that looses, or throws away these, descends into a Beast, that hath not Reason for his guide, and is humane but in shape alone.

### XIX.

### Of the Salvation of the Heathen.

Have met with some, that will not by any means allow that a Heathen may be saved. I do not know, that they ever read the Book of Life and Death, or were admitted to the counsel of the most High; no more, but by collection arising from found Principles, and the tender sense of Humane Nature. Indeed, I know not how to applaud their Charity, that will desperately damin such a world of men, and the succeeding Generations; of so many Ages past, and to come. Is it not enough, that we may be admitted to be Heirs our felves, but all our other Brethren must be dis-inherited? Nor can I think, God approves their judgement, who so thrickly undertake to limit his mercies, which yet to us appear not only above, but over all his works. None of his Attributes being magnified neer so much throughout all the Scriptures, as his Mercys "And in some measure to allay the severity of the Law; The first two Tables that were delivered with Thunder, Lightning, and Terror, being broken at the giving of the Second, God then was pleased to proclaim The Lord, the Lord, strong, merciful, and gracious, flow to Anger, long-suffering, &c. Where, to ballance the 10 pracepts in the Decalogue, there are 10 Attributes relating all to Favour and to Mercy towards Man. The Mercy-feat was over all the Ark, and that all-shaded with the Cherubs wings. And why those Cherubims may not type unto us not only the two Tables of the Law in the Ark; but the two Testaments of the Law and the Gospel, and the two Generations of the world the Jews and the Gentiles, either of them mutually respecting each other, and the Oracles of God arifing from between them; I know no prohibition. Some indeed have given laps'd Nature too too high a priviledge: Enabling her of her felf alone to work out her own Salvation, as Pelagius, and before him (inclining that way) Origen. And if I find him rightly cited, Zuing lius, where he tells us that Numa, Cato, Scipio, and fuch like just Heathen, without Faith in Christ were Naturally saved, that is, by the virtue of the Law of Nature which they did observe. The last (the Observation of the Law) being intimated by the Apostle. Who tells us though they have no written Law, yet naturally doing the things of the Law, they are a Law unto themselves. Others have more modestly interpreted this Text, as Aguinas, and several more beside, allowing them yet Salvation: though not so much from the natural knowledge they have both of God and good and evil, as from the help they have in their Souls from the affiftance of Supernatural Grace, whereby they are enabled through Faith to fulfil the Law. St. Peter tells us, that in every Nation, He that feareth God and worketh Righteousness is accepted with him. 'Tis not Mans Merit, but 'tis Gods Acceptance that is his security. And surely, if we will not be too critical we may find examples of this truth. It is doubtful whether Job were

not of the line of Esau: certain, saith St. Augustine, He was neither natural Israelite, nor Proselyte, but born and buried in Idumaa. And Bellarmine assures us he was not of the Children of Israel: but either an Idumaan, or an Arabian. Both of which were counted Enemies to Israel. Next may be instanc'd Melchisedeck, Jethro the Priest of Midian, Rahab the Harlot, Naaman the Syrian, and others.

But it will be alleadged from the Fourth of the Acts, That Salvation cannot be had by any other but by Christ. For among men there is given no other Name under Heaven, whereby we must be saved. And without Faith in him Salvation cannot be had, and Faith in him they cannot have, because they never heard of him. I grant all but the last, and literally that too. I doubt not but all to whom the found of the Gospel hath any way come, are strictly obliged to this: When God hath shewed them this Name, in vain they seek for another. Nominal Christ is necessary to those that have nominally heard of him. Yet who can tye up the Spirit of God, from illuminating this to their fouls, either in their life, or in the very Farewell of it? But this is rather possible than proving, Though I hope it will not prove a Paradox if I should beg leave to believe that some who never heard of Christ, may yet dye and be faved by having a Faith in him. How many of them have dyed Tanitent for their fins, for which they have found their Conscience checquing them, and withall wholly resting themfelves on the Mercy of the Supream God? What was the Philosophers, O ens entium miserere mei, but this? He would never have fled to mercy, if his Soul had not been conscious of some ill: And if he had not had Faith he would never have prayd for it, fince no man prays for that whereof he does despair the Grant. What were the last words almost of every common Malefactor among them at his end, but a defiring God and Nature to forgive him? Besides the Grace and Favour of God, two things are required of Man for the attaining of his Salvation, Faith and Repentance. For to both these hath God engaged himself. He that Repents shall find Mercy, and he that believes shall be faved. Repentance closeth the breaches of that Law which fin before did violate. When the hear of Luft hath thriveled up the Conscience into wounds and clefts, (as Rain on Earth that's chapp'd) repentant Tears will fill up all those Chasms: Panitentia aboleri peccata indubitanter credimus, saies St. Augustine. Repent and believe, is the precept of the Gospel. Now I would ask the question, whether Christ crucified and Gods Mercy be not things co-incident? Nav, if it be not the very effect and and height of Gods mercy: which they flie to though not in the literal name of Christ yet in such a name as is the same, and comprehends the offered Christ in it, Mercy. The Mercy-feat was the Propitiatory, and Christ is call'd our Propitiation. Our venerable Bede giving us the Anagogical fense, tells us plainly: Propitiatorium aureum est Humanitas Christi Gloriosa. The golden Mercy-feat is Christs glorious Humanity. In the first of St. Luke, In the Song of the bleffed Virgin, it is said, God hath helped his Servani

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Servant Israel in remembrance of his Mercy. In the Song of Zacharias, It is said, He hath gone on to perform the Mercy promised to our Fore-Fathers. Which Mercy in both places, by all Interpreters, is understood of Christ, the Messiah.

In two several places in Genesis it is promised, by God himself, That in Abrahams seed (which is meant of Christ) all the Nations of the World should be blessed. In a third place, there it is, All the Families of the Earth. And in the Asts it is said, All the Kinreds of the Earth shall be blessed. But if they must give an account for literal Christ, and yet through insuperable Necessity and Ignorance they could never come to know or hear of him; I conceive Christs coming would be so far from being a Blessing to them, as it would prove unto'em a Rock and Bitterness. Before the coming of Christ, we shall find sew of the Jews, resting expressedly upon the promised Messius; but their anchor was Gods mercy, and so the very thing which was the pious Heathens refuge. The holy Prophet David clearly did rely on it, Psal. 52. I will trust in thy mercy for ever and ever. But we may come neerer, even to the very Name, which we may illustrate by this insuing Instance.

A King hath a Province in Rebellion, whereby his Subjects become all guilty of Treason, and so in the justice of his Laws are dead. This Kings Son intercedes, and satisfies his Father. Whereupon he publisheth a general Pardon, that for his Sons sake, all shall be restored that will come in, confess their offence, and claim a Reception in right of his Son. Now some of these Traytors hear not of this: But out of their considence of their Princes known goodness, and the hope they have of pardon, they come repentantly, prostrating themselves to his mercy. Now whether this King, being of a Noble Nature, and inclinable to mercy, may not, without impeachment to his Justice, receive them to Grace, by virtue of his General Pardon for his Sons sake, though they

never heard of it; I submit to charitable judgements.

none of their own?

If this may not be, I yet demand, How it can stand with Gods Justice, in requiring their Faith in that which they never had means to know, Nominal Christ? What they could reach to, they fasten upon. But must we think them sit to be punisht, because they lay not hold on that which they cannot come at? Though they cannot plead merit, or a personal silial Mediator; yet, I see not what hinders, that they may not plead mercy. I am sure, St. Paul tells us, That they who do not know the Law, shall not be judged by the Law: But by that Law of Nature in themselves, which is so far inseminated in the hearts of all, as is sufficient to leave all without excuse, and convince them all as authors of their own destruction, if they perish. And why then, shall we think, they who never heard of the Gospel, should be condemned, for not having faith in the Gospel? Lex non cogit ad impossibile. But if they must dye for ignorance of that which they could not know, it may be asked, Whether they do not dye for a fault that is

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When the Apostle in the I. of Corinths and the 6. came to Fornicators that were out of the pale of the Church, he refused to judge them, as out of his bounds and jurisdiction: And I conceive it may become a charitable Christian, either not to pass a final sentence upon all the Heathen; or else to incline to Charity, which is the Law of the Gospel. Why may we not argue of Faith, as St. Paul does of Works: If the Gentiles have a faith in Gods mercy, may not they be faved by that, as Christians by their faith in Christ, which is but Gods mercy manifested? And certainly, without this faith, it will be true, what the Father says of their best works, They are but shining sins. But what is it should hinder now, that this faith may not justifie? As I believe the Character and Impress of Gods Image in them, is their law forbidding their fin, and injoyning their duty; fo I also believe, as a Needle once touch'd, their Consciences will direct them to a Refuge in their Makers mercy. Therefore I hope, I shall not much err, if I should believe, A Heathen which never heard of Christ, labouring to keep a clear conscience, truly repentant for his offences, and casting himfelf with faith upon Gods mercy, may come to live in heaven among the

If any object then, that 'tis no priviledge to be a Christian, I suppose him much mistaken: For as St. Paul answers for the Jews, It is a Chief, that unto them are committed the Oracles of God. They are pre-eminenc'd before the rest of the world. Though a Pagan possibly may in the dark night of Nature, by Gods mercy grope out a way to Heaven; yet without doubt, he is more happy that hath a light and a guide to direct him thither. The Illuminations of the Gospel, are enlivening and instructing beyond the fullied Notions of Philosophy. Any man will like his Title better, that is declared an Heir, than his that is but in a capability of adoption. Methinks, our Suns, and favour that we find from Heaven, should make us look upon them with pity and love, rather than with uncharitable and destroying censures. I see, they live better by the faint gleams of Nature, than many Christians in the coruscations of the Gospel. And why should I think, that they who live better by the dim glimples of their conscience, and die, teligning themselves to God and his mercy, whom they have spelled out, and found in the Book of the Creatures, and the Book of their Conscience; should yet be cast away in Eternal perdition? Certainly, looking on their actions, without hearing either party speak, one would take the poor Indians to be better Christians than the Spaniards, that destroyed them. However, none can deny, but God by his fecret grace may both attract, and accept them. And I cannot, but have a more honourable apprehension of my Omnipotent and ever Gracious God, than to believe, that so pure, so munificent, and so absolutely perfect an Esence, should delight it self to see so many millions of millions of men lie frying in Eternal Torments, that yet were his own most noble and admired workmanship, and whose frailties he both knew and pitied. And this to befal them through a pristine (and in them unadvoidable) corruption; out of which they

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did not escape, (for ought we know), only because they did not know the way. What pleasure can any good man take, to see but poor simple Beasts continue sweating in perpetual pain? What good can I reap, by feeing the languishing torture of another? Those that are pleas'd with spectacles of cruelty, we naturaly abhor as savage in their natures. If Caligula and Nero, were both justly condemn'd of cruelty; the one for bidding the Executioner so strike, as Delinquents might die leisurely; and the other for but looking on, while his Mother. was diffected, though dead; What disposition can those men have, who can so jollily give up worlds to keener and more lasting punishments than all their dire imaginations can devise? Is it suitable to a Father of mercies, and of his creature? or, Who will longer laugh at these poor Heathen; who made their Saturn full of children, and then to devour them afloon as they were born? If I do err, in this inclination to a charity, I had rather it should be on this hand, than trenching but the least on cruelty; and whatsoever it is, I shall ever submit to the moderate, and the mife.

## X X. Whence a Mans Fame arises.

Cometimes there is not a greater cheat, than Fame and Reputation. The Hypocrite, till he be discovered, appears garnished with all the plumes that brave Report does usually fly withal: but once detected, is as black and spotted, as the Panthers skin, or the outside of the Dragons belly. Indeed, 'tis hard for any to escape the last of censure: But the Emanations of a true and perfect report, for the most part rise from a mans private conversation. Few converse so much with persons abroad, as to shew their humors and inclinations in Publique. To their Superiours, they put on Obsequiousness, and Pageant-out their Virtues, but strongly they conceal their Vices. To their Equals, they strive to shew the gratefulness of a condition. To their Inferiours, courteste and beneficence. To all there is a disquise. Men in this, like Ladies that are careful of their beauty, admit not to be visited, till they be dress'd and trim'd to the advantage of their faces. Only in a mans retirement, and among his domesticks, he opens himself with more freedom, and with less care; he walks there as Nature fram'd him: He there may be seen not as he seems, but as he is; without either the deceiving Properties of Art, or the varnish of belyed Virtue: So, as indeed, no man is able to pass a true judgment upon another, but he that familiarly and inwardly knows him, and has viewed him by the light of time. When Tiberius had a Noble Fame among strangers, he that read him Rhethorick, stuck not to pronounce him Luto & Sanguine maceratum.

Neither can a constant good report follow any man, but by a constant read the actions, and to know rightly Great persons, than 'tis men of Inferiour condition: For, though they be extravagant, yet their greatness is some kind of ame to the loose and scattered reports that fly about from mean mens tongues. And their attendants not only palliate their vices as improper for them to divulge: but withal, they maynifie their good parts, and represent them tuller to the world than they are: That often-times those pass in the common, for persons rarely qualified; who, being strictly veiwed, are but flourish and deceiving out-fide. And besides this, many a man while he hath a curb upon him, keeps himself in modest bounds, from which once freed, he lavishes, into excess and gross enormities; like hot metall'd Horses, that may ride well with a wary hand upon them; but when the reins are loofened, they fling and grow unruly. 'Tis liberty and experience that truly shews a man what he is. Suetonius observes it of Tiberius, that when he had gotten to Caprea, where he lurked, remov'd from the eyes of the people, he at once poured forth himself in all those horrid vices, which before for a long time with much ado he had diffembled. And though Politicians feek to hadow themselves, by appearing the least of what they are; yet, they come at last to be unmasked, and declare themselves to the world: like Hedge-hoggs, they roul up themselves before strangers; but in private are so dilated, as they may easily be known to be but vermine; so that, in the end, private fine are rewarded with a publick shame: and then the supposed honest man is, hated as a grown monster, discovered by the blab of time. Vice is a concealed fire, that even in darkness will so work, as to bewray it felf. And doubtlefs, something it is, according to those among whom a man lives. Even a good man among ill neighbours, shall be ill reported of; and a bad man, by some, may be beloved. Some Vices are falsely looks upon as Ornament, and Education: and a modest Innocence, is as much mistaken for filliness and ignorance. To be good, is thought too neer a way to contempt. That which the Antients admired, we both flight and laugh at. A good honest man, is but a better mord for a fool? To that no man, can promise himself free from the whip of a licentions tongue. Slanders and calumnies like contagious airs are Epidemical in their Infection: only the foundest constitutions are less thereby tainted than the other, but all shall be fure to find a touch. I like not those that difdain what the world fayes of them. I thall suspect that womans mo defty, that values not to be accounted modest. While I am innocent; in

jurious rumors shall the less torment me. But as he that is varieful of his health will not only avoid infected places, but antidote himself by five venting Physick; and will not be abstemious only at a Feast, but in this private diet; So he that would be mell esteemed must not only estimate ill company, but must fortise himself with Precepts and Resolution to preserve himself, and not only in the throng, and abroad, but in his retired dressing room; for since a mans good or bad same; does will take rise from such as be about him; and servants being neither

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stant adherence to virtue, and virtuous actions. 'Tis much harder to CENT. II

### RESOLVES.

CENT. II.

always ours, nor ever discreet; It behoves him that loves his own reputation. to give them no cause of reporting what shall cross it. He that is careless of his fame, I doubt is not fond of his Integrity. The first ground to be layd is a mans Honest endeavours, and that as well in the Chamber as in the Court: and then 'tis likely a Good Fame follows. If I do my part, I shall be the less troubled, if the world shall not do his in allowing me what I labour for,

#### XXI.

### That 'tis some difficulty to be Rich and Good.

Race and Riches like the Matchings of Cosen Germans, though I they be not forbidden, yet they seldome marry together. 'Tis rare to see a Rich man Religious. For Religion preaches Restraint, and Riches prompt to Liberty. If our saviour himself had not given an exposition of his own hard Text of the Camel and the eye of a Needle, by casting it upon such as place their trust upon riches; Certainly no Rich man could be thought to be faved, but God must be put to work a miracle for it. When wealth abounds, men seldom come by suffering to be fober. They buy out their pennance, and ship over those Considerations that should make them ferious. The Education of Rich men teaches to command, so they never come to be acquainted with that which is better than a facrifice, Obedience. Buoy'd up by the Corks of Wealth and Greatness, they are seldom let down into the depths where the greatest fishes like grown Resolutions are to be found. They are so humor'd by Attendants, and so elated by the Bowings of all about them, and withat fo swallowed up with pleasure, that they often mils of knowing rightly either themselves or others. And by the Pravity of mans weak Nature, it so sets them on the solaces of this Life, that they feldom have time to think of another or better. The worm of this fair fruit is Pride, and it sooner takes the goodly than the lean. Old Jacob begg'd but only Food and Rayment : and Agur prays directly against a Plenty: and though Solomon was so wife as not to aske it; yet we fee, when he had it, well nigh it had eaten out all his wisdom. Certainly, Riches be not evil in themselves: wet for the most part there is a Casual ilness that attends them. And if our bleffed Saviour had not feen fomething in them more than we apprehend, he would never have declar'd it so much difficulty for a man at once to be both good and opulent: neither would he have advis'd the young man to fell what he had, or commanded his Disciples to leave all and follow him; nor would he have so exampled poverty to us in his own meanness, if he had not known our human frailty too apt to be drawn away by abundance. Belides the danger of their flattering us to a Reliance upon them, they hinder its from the fense of Charity, not feeling the wants that others

others live in, we cannot be sentible of their endurances: so we are not begotten into commiseration. How strict and vigilant have I known some upon a poor mans Labour, who hath toyl'd all the day from fix to fix, for fixpence? who, if it were not for the pleafure of night and darkness, which gives him some slender Refreshment, he might certainly be concluded in a worse condition than the Savage Beafts of the Defert. Nature hath priviledg'd them against the want of Apparel; and though they be put sometimes to hunt for their Food, yet providence hath made that a pleasure to them, so far, that they are rather to be envied than pitried. But the daily Labouring Man sells both his strength, his time, and his ease, for that alone which will not fatiably content his craving Belly. Not apprehending the hardship of others, by reason of the Beckonings and Illigations of pleasure, and the divertive crowd of other occasions, Rich men have not leifure to stay upon these, to consider and weigh their Condition : so, that Charity which they have, is rather self-tove than Charity: which doubtless is not rightly call'd so, when God is not the sope, and others more their object, than themselves. And it is as undoubtedly true, that without the wings of Charity, it will be very hard to mount to the Region of Happiness. Riches belides, are often as thorns to cheak the fruits of Piety. They are a kind of Rank Earth, which so fast puts out weeds, that any fine seed of virtue becom: s stifled and robbed ere it can get Root. Yet Industry and perpetual Attention might perhaps prevent some of these Inconveniences. But there is one thing in Wealth which fascinates beyond all these: 'Tis apt to seduce a man into a false opinion of wisdom in himself. And it may be it was from hence, That when Simonides was asked, Which was best for a man, wealth or wisdom? He made some doubt how he should resolve the Business. The Reason was, he said, He had often observed wise men to wait and attend at Rich mens Houses. And how easie is it for a Man to think himself wife, when he shall find he hath a wife man as his Servant humoring him? Nor is he only charmed to these erroneous ways of Pleasure, and stroaked along by the Court bip of those that stoop low to creep under his stade, and gather of his fallings: But if he be in a way of miscarriage, his wealth keeps him not only from being reclaim'd, but from knowing wherein he fails. Men are often wary how they hazard their interest by Reprehension. A poor man like clay (being so tned by his Low situation, and the famminess of want that lights upon him) is apr to be eafily moulded into any Form: But the Rich, thined upon by the fun of prosperity, set on the promoted Hill, and in the flaring light of Grratness, are hardned into a Brittleness scarse admitting any shape but that by chance you find them in : Like Venice-glaffes any ho liquor of Admonition makes them crack and fly in pieces prefently. And indeed it is no small unhappiness to be let in such a station as will not admit a friend to be free with him. He is open to flattery, but fene'd against admonition. He that by the Engine of a massy wealth is craned up

above the Rebuke of friends, had need of a Noble nature and a virtue strongly corded, else he shall quickly side to the lowest scale of Vice. Certainly, there is none so wife as that he never errs: But he is well onward in the way to be wife, that can bear a Reproof, and mend by it. I doubt not but there are that be wealthy and wife, that are Rich and Religious; and as they are extraordinarily happy in themselves, that can escape the trains that their Affluency lays for them, and make use of those brave Suppeditaments, that a great Estate allows them to do good withal: So they ought to be magnified by all that are Spectators of so Noble a Conjunction. As a Rich Tyrant is the worst of all wild Beafts; so a Rich Christian is one of Christs wonders. Nihil honestius magnificentiusque, quam pecunias (contemnere, si non habeas) si habeas, ad Beneficentiam, Libertatemque conferre. Senec. If we have no wealth, 'tis honest and Princely not to be fond on't: But far more Heroick (if we have it) to fow it into Charity and Beneficence. Like fire in a Chimney, a Rich man good is Regular, Bright, and Refreshing to all that come within the distance of his beams. He lights the blindly dark, and guildes the room he shines in. And whosoever comes into it, like it : It will draw their eyes upon him, as if there were some Divinity in him, that invited all to pay a kind of Adoration to him, for the Bounty and the Benefits that Fate has made him fleward of.

# XVI. Against being proud by being Commended.

Here is such a kind of grateful Tickling to the mind of man in being commended, That though we many times know those praises that are given us are not due, yet we are not Angry at the abusing Author. Though surely he that is commended for what he doth not deserve, ought in justice to rectifie the Auditory, else he grows accessary to a cheat upon the Hearers, by a combination of an untruth; so leads them into an Error. It was, I confess, ingenuous in Pope John the 20th, what his successor Aneas Sylvius tels us of him: when one had praised him much more than he knew he deserved, he turns to the Company and tells them. Though the Man hath fathered many brave things upon me whereof I am not guilty, yet I do confess I no way am displeased that he hath pleas'd to praise me. Perhaps he might pardon him the sooner if he believed he told of what he ough to do, though yet he had not done it. So apprehended Praises may as easily be dispens d withal, as handsomely made use of They are but admonitions, ribbanded and trick't to a more pleafing (hape, which perhaps, without such spots and pendants, would never win upon a fantastique Brain. In Noble minds'tis certainly a spurr, if not reward, to Virtue. The generous Spartans before they went to Warr, they ul'd to offer Victims to the Muses; That what they acted Valiantly

Valiantly, might be elegantly and truly recorded. He that despiles to CENT II. be well reported of, wants of that living fire in his Soul, which does type out (and runs into) Eternity. And he on the other side that shews himself elated by it, gives proof he is but some light stuff; that, as a Bubble by a Boy, can be blown from his shell, till the very air alone can blurt him again into spittle. Praise hath several operations according to the mind it meets with. It makes a wife man modest, but a Fool more arrogant. It extends him to fuch a height, that it turns his weak brain giddy till he falls; fome have plac't it in the rank with contempt, and have therefore warned, That to a Mans face, we should neither praise too lavisbly, nor yet Reprove too sharply. Indeed to a spirit rightly generous, a Face-commendation will sooner beget a blushing flight, than the Rebuke that boldly and openly flies upon him. Hence therefore, 'tis only allowable at Fanerals for men to be hyperbolical in praising. Any thing may then be offered when blows cannot be felt: otherwise a Riotous tongue will fever modest blond. Since least of all he values praise, that most of all deserves it. He that is an intimate Servant to that glorious Virtue, will be content in silence to enjoy her Graces without those hollow Ecchoes of the Tongue. I like not praifing when 'tis too lond. A little is as shadowings to a well-limb'd piece; it sets it off better: but when it is too deep, it duls the native life, and unpleasants the air it carries. But for a man to grow proud by being commended, is of all uses the worst we can make of it. Every good thing a good man speaks of another, like the blast of a Trumpet in War, should incite and incourage the person commended to a closer pursuit of a Nobler and more generous Virtue. But to be proud of Trappings calls a Mans Humanity in question. Though he be a Bucephalus, it shews him but a Beaft: and any one may judge how like the Afs it was, first to mistake the Reverence to be his, that was done to the Goddess; next that he could be proud of it, if he had been fo. To contemn a just commendation, is to kick at kindness: To be proud on't is to take in so much, until it does intexicate. Though another mans praise cannot in my self make me better than I am ; yet (with my help) it may make me much worfe. The best is to labour an improvement. If any one speaks well, I would be glad, I could Act better. I shall like it better, if my deeds may go beyond his Tongue. I had rather in this case men should fee more than they do expect, than look for more than they can find.

# XXIII. Of Secrefie.

He Hooting Fowler seldom takes much game. When a man hath the project of a course in his mind digested and fixt by Consideration, 'tis good wisdom to resolve of Secresse, till the time our Defigns arrive at their Dispatch and Perfection: He shall be allowed to have enough of the unadvised, that brags much either of what he will do: Or, of what he shall have. For, if what he speaks of, falls not out accordingly; In stead of applause, a mock and scorne shall strike him. They seldom thrive in bufiness that cannot but proclaim their Intentions. They speak themselves to be may-layd; and if they have ought worth the taking, they are fetters to their own Robbery. Even water will forbear to rise where the Pipe, through which it is to pass, hath a flaw in't. The projects of men are a kind of Chymistry: Keeping them close, they may prosper. But the glass once crack't, and air admitted in, the product then will vanish out in Fume. When Quintus Metellus could not compass his Conquests in Spain, he feems to neglect the principal City, and with a Rowling Army flies to other parts. And when in regard of fo wild a War his Friend did ask him, what thereby he intended? His answer was, If his shirt knew his mind, he would have commanded it to be burn'd, immediately. We see that which carries on, even evil actions to their prosperity, and is indeed, the main of their fuccess, and without which, they would certainly come to nothing, is their secrecy, and Clandestine creeping 'Tis the invisibility of spirits that performs their Witch-craft. And it was in the dark and night, that the envious fow'd his Tares. And if Secrecy can so promote those Designs that are to be abherr'd, why is it not as well advantageous to what we intend for good? Nature for her own Preservation has taught wild Beasts to dwell in holes and dens. The Fishes bed in mud. And Birds build not in open fields, but in the shaded woods, and solitary Thickets. How many have undone themselves by their openness? He strumpers all his Bufiness, that does disclose his secrets.

Candaules lost both Kingdom, Life, and Wife, by only shewing of her Beauty Naked. Nor was that fabled Ring of Gyges more, than his great Wisdom guiding his Affairs: whereby he knew what other Princes did; but so reserv'd himself, that he to them remain'd still undiscovered. Stratagems are like Mistresses, they are deflowed when known: and then they seldom live to be married by being effected. By divulging, we seem to tempt others to prevent us. He that before lay still, and did not mind it, when he sees another running for a prize, will post away to out-speed him. And indeed, he is not like to speed well, that cannot keep his own counsel. The Philosophers check will justly sail upon him; That 'cis pitty, of those he learned to speak,

he

he was not as well instructed to be filent. 'Tis a miserable flux, when CENT. II a man hath a floud of words, and but a drop of foul. To fuch people usually, all the Physick they can take to stop it, operates the wrong way. That mind which cannot keep its own determinations private, is not to be trusted either with his own, or others business. He lets in fo much light, as will not fuder his defigns to fleep; fo they come to be disturbed, while-they thould gather strength, by repose. If the business be of what is yet to come, 'cis vanity to boast of it; 'tis all one with the Almanack, to rove at what weather will happen. We boast of that, which not being in our power, is none of our own. The Bird that flies, I may as well call mine. He digs in fand, and lays his beams in water, that builds upon events, which no man can be Master of; What can he thew but his own Intemperance? bewraying even a kind of greediness, while he catches at that which is not yet in his reach; which feems to unfold but an uncompacted mind, that is not so wise as to subfift well with what it hath in prefent. Such men, if we come to differ them, we shall find like Chamaleons, that have not the folid entrails of other creatures, but are fill'd with only lungs. And then, if after our hoasting, we come to be disappointed, the defeat is made more visible; and we turn'd out, to herd with those that must be laughed at: Nor yet can I offer ought to the world after this, but it will come forth upon some disadvantage. If I boast of any thing, I reach others to expect, and then they look for Swans, or Quails, though it be in a wilderness; where, admit it be fair, it shall not be thought so : because their bopes are possest with Rarity. Secrefie is a most necessary part, not only of Policie, but Prudence. Things untold, are as things undone. If they succeed well, they are gratefuller for being sodain: if ill, they may be dispene'd with, as for ought any knows, they being no other than cafual; so not at all in intention. I observe the Fig-tree, whose fruit is pleasant, does not blossom at all; whereas the Sallow that nath glorious palms, is continually found barren. I would first be for wife, as to be my own Counsellor; next fo fecret, as to be my own counsel-keeper.

### A Christian's threefold Condition.

Who is't can be so sanguine, as to be always constant in a sul-blown jollity? 'Tis the glorious sun alone, that in himself is ever bodyed, full of light and brightness. But as in the Moon we see a threefold condition, that gives her an alternate face; her mane, her increase, her full: So I see the same resembled in a Christian, three efficient causes working them; Sin, Repentance, Faith. When after fin, a Christian once considers, he finds a shadow drawn upon his light. The fteps |

steps of night stay printed in his foul: his shine grows lean within him, and makes him like the Moon in her declining wane, obscuring and diminishing that clearness of the spirit which lately shined with such brightness in him. It dims the beauty of the luminous soul: like the sensible plant, when the hand of flesh does touch it, the thrinks in all her leaves: or else she, like the humble one, falls flat, and lankly lies upon the earth. Nay, sometimes (as the Moon in our lost fight of her) he seems quite gone, and vanisht: resting for a time like a difeased man in a trance; as a winter-tree, or fire that's buried in concealing embers; without or fense, or bom, of either light or heat. But then comes Repentance, and calts water in his face, bedews him with tears, packs the spirits back again to the heart, till that be rows'd up by them; rubs up his benumd foul, that there is to be feen fome tokens both of life and recovery! Repentance is the key, that unlocks the gate wherein fin does keep man prifiner. Who is't can be so black and dead a coal, that this Lacrymal water, with the breath of the Holy Spirit cannot blow up into a glowing light? This makes him fpring, causes him to begin to bud again; unrowls his wrapt-up beauty, and by little and little, if not at once, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of Gads Spirit; so sets him in the way to joy and renewed courles. Repentance is Penelope's night, which undoes that which the day of fin did weave. 'Tis indeed the only Agua-vita to fetch again the fainting foul: And it might justly therefore cause the Emperor Theodofise to wonder at the effect. That living man should die, he saw was ordinary and familiar: But it was from God alone, That man being dead in fin, should live again by Repentance.

But lastly, Faith appears, and perfects what Repentance begun and could not finilb: The cheers up his drooping hopes, brings him again to his wonted solace, spreads out his leaves, envigours his shrunk nerves, and to a bright flame blows his dying fire: That like the Moon in her full glory, he becomes indued with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the Almighty. Thus, while he fins, he manes himself to darkness and obscurity. When he repents, he begins to recover light; and when his faith thines clear, he then appears at full; yet in all thefe, while he lives here, he is not only charged with some spots, but is subject to the viciffitudes of change: Sometimes he is froliqu'd with a feast within him: sometimes he is thrinking in a starved condition, and fometimes dull with darkness of desertion; yet, in all, he lives: though in some weakly, and in some insensibly; yet, never without one found consolation in the worst of these sad variations. As the Planet Mercury, though erratique and unfix'd, yet never wanders far from the Sun: Or, as the Moon, when the is least visible, is as well a Moon as when we see her in her full proportion: Only the Sun looks nor on her with so large an aspect; and the reflects no more than the receives from him : fo a Christian in his lowest ebb of forrow, is an Heir of Salvation, as well as when he is in the highest flow of comfort; only the Sun of Righteousness darrenot the beams of his love to plentifully:

and he thews no more, than God by shining gives him. When the CENT II. Holy Spirit holds in his beams, frail man then needs mult languist. 'Tis deprivation that creates a Hell; for where God is not, there 'tis that Hell is. When ere this tyde runs out, there's nought but mud and meeds that's left behind. When God shall hide his face, in vain elsewhere we seek for a subsistence. He is the air, without which is no life. His with-drawings are our miseries; his presence is joy, and revivement. 'Tis only sin that can eclipse this light.' Tis the interposure of this gross opacous body, that blacks the else bright foul: This is that Great Alexander, which keeps the light from this poor Diogenes in his Tub of Mortality: And this, sometimes, must be expected, while we are here below. Even time confifts of night and day; the year, of various seasons. He that expects a constancy here, does look for that which this world cannot give. 'Tis only above the Sun, that there is no Moon to change.

#### XXV.

### For Ordering of Expences.

T is very hard for an open and easie nature to keep within the compass of his fortune; either shame to be observed behind others, or elle a vain glorious itching to out-do them, leaks away all, till the veffel be empty or low; so that nothing involves a man to more unhappiness than an heedless letting go in an imprudence of mispending. It alters quite the frame and temper of the mind. When want comes, he that was profuse, does easily grow rapacions. It is extreme unhappiness to be thus compos'd of Extremes. To be impatient both of plenty and want. 'Tis a kind of Monster-vice, wherein covetousness and prodigality, mingled, dwell together, and one of them is always gnawing. It puts a man upon the stretch, and will not suffer him to lie at ease. Like the Estridge, he feeds on Iron, and puts it out in fethers. He runs any hazard to get, and when he hath it, he flaunts it away in curls and airy vanities. On the other fide, a fordid parsimony, lays a man open to contempt. Who will care for him, that cares for no body but himself? Or, who will expect any thing of favour or friendship from him, that makes it his master-piece to scrape from all that fall within his gripe, or reach? The enforcing of the forged Testament of Minutius, lost Crassus and Hortensius more honour with posterity, than all their wealth and authority could repurchase Nor is he less a scorn to others, than a punishment to himself. He pulls from others, as if he would make all his own; and when he hath it, he keeps it, as if it were another mans. In expences, I would be neither pinching, nor prodigal: yet, if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing, than a little profuse. Saving inclines to judgment; but lavish expences, to levity and inconsiderateness. With the wife, 'tis no E e 2

disgrace to make a mans ability his compass of sail, and line to walk by: and to exceed it, for them that are not wife; is to be fure to exceed them, as well in folly as expence. He is equally ridiculous, that will burn out his Taper while the Sun doth shine; and he that will go to bed in the dark, to fave his expence of light. It is my part to know what I may do; while others only look at the fream, but are not concern'd how the Fountain may supply it. Though they look to what I spend as grateful to them; yet, I ought to care for what may be convenient for me. He that spends to his proportion, is as brave as a Prince; and a Prince exceeding that, is a Prodigal: There is no Gallantry beyond what's fit and decent. A comely beauty is better than a painted one: unseemly bounty, is waste both of wealth and wit. He, that when he should not, spends too much, shall when he would not, have too little to spend. It was a witty reason of Diogenes, why he asked but a half-peny of the Thrifty man, and a pound of the Prodigal. The first, he faid, might give him often; but, the other, ere long, would have nothing to give. To spare in weighty causes, is the worst and most unhappy part of thrift that can be: Liberality, like a warm showr, mollifies the hardest Earth, and prepares it for fertility: But he that is penurious, turns his Friends into Enemies, and hardens that which himself desires to find pliant. Who can expect to reap, that never sow'd his feed; or in a drought, who will not look to have his harvest poor? Doubtless, there is not any worse husbandry, than the being too neer, and fordidly milerable; and there is no man but at the long-run loses by't. When the bufb is known to be lim'd, they are simple Birds that will be drawn to perch on't. Nor on the other side, can we find, that to spend vainly, even in a plentiful fortune, hath any Warrant from either Prudence or Religion. 'Tis a kind of scandal to the wife, to see a Riotous Waste, made of Wealth, that might be imployed to many more pretious uses. If we have a superfluity, the poor have an Interest in it: but furely none is due to either Waste, or Wantonness. Wealth toolishly confum'd is wine upon the pavement dasht; which was by Providence destin'd to have cheer'd the heart. If the thing had been condemnable, or his intention warrantable; it was not phras'd amis, when Judas grumbled at the Ointments expence; Ad quid perditio hac? Certainly, here is better use to be made of our Talents, than to cast them away in wast. If God gave us them not, to lie idly by us, we cannot think he should be pleased, when either loosly we consume them, or lewdly we mispend them. 'Tis the improving, not the waste or hoording, that the Master does commend; and this should be with moderation: else the gloss and grace of all is dull.

> Nullus Argento Color est, avaris Abdita terris inimice lamna, Crispe Salasti, nisi temperato Splendeat usu.

Dear Saluft, thou that scorn'st the Oar, With Earth from Misers cover'd or'e, 'Tis neither silver nor looks spruce
But's bright, by sober use.

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#### XXVI.

### Of a Christians settledness in his Saviour.

Oubtless there are some whose Faith mounts them above all the pleasures and inconveniences of Life. We see a carnal Beauty can so take up all the faculties of some weak Souls, as they can despise all storms that cross them in their way to their designed end. They ride triumphing over all they meet, nothing can weigh against their fix'd affection, like springs that burst out in remoter places, their windings tend

but to pour them into the Sea.

And if this be so great and prevalent as to mate and master all the other passions of Man; certainly it may be allowed a Christian to be wholly possest with the radiance of Divine Beatitude, being by Faith setled upon the perfections of his Heavenly Saviour. The beauty rightly confidered is far more ravishing than all that we can apprehend besides; And the blessedness that he is Robed with, cannot but be far more consentaneous to the soul than all the fick and smutted pleafures of Mortality. Let him circuit about with never so many ambiguous turnings; yet like a dif-united Element, he is never at a quiet repose, till he makes up to the Center of his foul, his God. As the Needle in a Dial disturb'd and shaken from his point does never leave his quivering motion, till it fix and fleeps upon his Artick pole: So fares it with a Christian in this World: nothing can so charm or scatter him, but still the last refult of all does Anchor him in his Saviours Arms. All that put him out of the quest of Heaven are but Interpofures, diversions, and disturbances. The Soul thar once is truly touch'd with the magnetique force of Divine Love, can never rellish any thing here so pleasingly, as that entirely she can rest upon it. Though the Pleasures, Profits, and Honors of this Life may sometime shuffle him out of his usual course. Yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs to and fro; like quick-filver, and is never quiet within, till he returns to his wented Joy and inward happiness. There it is his Center points, and there his Circle's bounded. Which though unfeen and unperceived by others, are fuch to him as nothing can buy from him. Compared with these, the gaudiest glitterings of the fawning world are but as painted scenes upon a stage that change with every Act, and ne're last longer with us than while the Flay of this swift life continues: To the Pious Man, they are but as may-games to a Prince: fitter for Children than the Royalty of a Crown, or the expectation of him that looks to Inherit perpetuity. And for this (if by the folid Rule of Judgment

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Fudgment we shall measure things) we shall find Reason, not to be contradicted. For in God, as in the Root, are the Causes of all Felicity. All the oriental lustres of the richest gems; All the inchanting Beauties of Exterior shapes; the exquisiteness of figures; the loveliness of colours, the harmony of founds, the light and Clarity of the enlivening Sun; The Ravishing form and order of all. All the heroick virtues of the bravest minds, with the purity and quickness of the highest Intellects, are all but emanations from the Supream Deity. The ways the wife Philosopher had to find out God will plainly shew us, that he is all Perfection, Cansation, Negation, and the way of Eminency. For the first: it leads us through the scale of motions by steps, till we ascend to a Deity; In the last mover, we must period all our search. For the second it tells us, Whatsoever is frail, corruptive, impure, or impotent; we may conclude, it cannot be in him. And for the third: if we find any thing in the Creature that is but faintly amiable and taking, we may be fure in God to find it in immense perfection. Absolom's Beauty, Jonathan's Love, David's Valour, Solomon's Wisdom, Ulysses his Policy, Augustus his Prudence, Cafar's Fortune, Cicero's Eloquence, with whatfoever else we most admire. The Purity of Virgins, the Fragrancy of Nature, the intelligence of all, with all the Complacency that either Reason or our senses can present us with. Neer this comes the Eloquent Boeting when speaking of God, he fays:

> Tu Requies tranquilla piis: Te cernere, Finis, Principium, Vector, Dux, Semita, Terminus idem. Thou art the just mans Peace: Beginning, End, Means, Conduct, Way, do all to Thee extend.

And when all these Inherent Radiations shall by the Soul be sound in the Almighty; It is no wonder that she should be surprized with Delectation. And it is as little wonder that the brittle, weak, and short-liv'd pleasures of this world should at all once take her; who, as Fire slies upwards, is naturally fram'd to ascend to a Beatistude in her own great Creator. He that is setled and well-pleas'd here, gives cause to suspect he does not look up higher. It should not more greive me to live in a continued sorrow, than it shall joy me to find a secret distaisfation in the world's choisest solutions. A full delight in earthly things argues a neglect of Heavenly. For trusting here, there will be cause to distrust my self of too much trusting where is no stability.

#### XXVII.

### Of Reading Authors.

The Comparison was very apt in the excellent Plutarch, That we ought to regard Books as we would do Sweet-meats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesom-

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ness: not forbidding either, but approving the latter most. But to speak clearly, though the profitableness may be much more in some Authors than there is in others, yet 'tis very rare that the Ingenious can be ill. He that hath wit to make his pen pleasant, will have much ado to separate it from being something profitabe. A total Levity will not take. A Rich Suit requires good stuffe, as well as to be tinsel'd out with Lace and Ribbands. And certainly, Wit is very neer a kin to Wifdom. If it be to take in general, or to last; we may find, it ought to be enterwoven with some beautiful flowers of Rhetorique; with the grateful senting herbs of Reason, and Philosophy, as well as with the Simples of Science, or Physical Plants, and the ever green sentences of Piety and Profoundness. Even the looser Poets have some Divine Praceptions. Though I cannot but think Martial's wit was much clearer than his pen, yet he is sometimes Grave as well as Gamesome. And I do not find but deep and folid matter, where 'tis understood, takes better than the light flashes and skipping Capers of Fancy. Who is it will not be as much delighted with the weighty and substantial lines of the Seneca's, and Plutarch, the crisped Salust, the politick Tacitus, and the wellbreath'd Cicero, as with the frisks and dancings of the jocund and the airy Poets. Those abilities that Renowned Authors furnish the world with, beget a kind of Deifical Reverence in their future Readers. Though, even in the unpartialness of War, Alphonsus wanted Stones to carry on his Siege of Cajeta, and none could be so conveniently had, as from Tullies Villa Formiana that was near it; yet, for the noble regard he bore to his long pass'd Eloquence, he commanded his Souldiers that they should not fir them. Composures that aim at wis alone, like the Fountains and Water-works in Gardens, are but of use for recreation, after the travails and toils of more serious imployments and studies. The Palace and the constant dwelling is composed offolid and more durable Marbles, that represent to after-Ages the Ingenuity and Magnificence of the Architett. And as the House alone is no compleat habitation, without these decorations for delight; no more is the work of the brain on all fides furnished without some sprightly conceits that may be intermixt to please.

Nec placeat facies, cui Gelafinus abeft.

No Beauty has that face, Which wants a natural grace.

Those Romances are the best, that, besides the contexture for taking the Fancy in their various accidents, give us the best Idea's of Mortality, with the expressive Emanations of wisdom, and divine knowledge. Those that are light, and have only the Gauderies of Wit, are but for youth and greener years to toy withal. When we grow to riper age, we begin to leave such studies as sports and passimes, that we out grow by more maturity. Of this Age Horace was, when he declar'd,

Nune

Nunc itaq; & versus, & cætera ludicra pono: Quid verum, atq; decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum: Condo, & Compono, qua mox depremere possum.

Now Rimes, and childish Fancies, quite are gone: The graceful Truth I fearch; that rest upon, And well digested, gravely put it on.

Jocular strains, they are but Spring-flowers; which though they please the ere, they yield but flender nourishment : They are the Autumn fruits, that we must thrive and live by; the Sage sayings, the rare Examples, the Noble Enterprises, the handsom Contrivances, the success of good and bad actions, the Elevations of the Deity, the motives and incitements to Virtue, and the like; are those that must build us up to the Gallantry and Perfection of Man. I do not find, but it may well become a man to pursue both the one, and the other, to precept himself into the practice of Virtue; and to fashion both his Tongue and Pen, into the exercise of handsom and significant words. He that foundations not himself with the Arts, will hardly be fit to go out Doctor either to himself, or others. In reading I will be careful for both, though not equally. The one serves to instruct the mind, the other enables her to tell what she hath learn'd; the one without the other, is lame. What benefit yiels fire, if still rak'd up in asbes? though flint may bear a flame in't : yet, we prize it but a little, because we cannot get it forth without knocking. He that hath worth in him, and cannot express it, is a chest of wood perhaps containing a Fewel, but, Who shall be better for't, when the key is lost? A good ftyle does sometime take him, that good matter would beat away: "Tis the guilding, that makes the wholesom Pill be swallowed. Elegance either in Tongue, or Pen, shews a man hath minded something besides sports and vice. 'Tis graceful to speak, or to write proper; nor is it casic to separate Eloquence and Sapience; for the first leads to the other, and is at least, the Anticourt to the Palace of Wisdom. A good style, with good matter, confecrates a work to Memory; and sometimes while a man seeks but one, he is caught to be a servant to the other. The Principal end of reading, is to inrich the mind; the next, to improve the Pen and Tongue. 'Tis much more gentile and futable, when they shall appear all of a piece. Doubtless, that is the best work, where the Graces and Muses meet.

#### XXVIII.

### Of the Variation of Men in themselves.

IT is not only in respect of Fortune, but of the Mind also, That Solon's saying may be held as Oracle, Ante Obitum, &c. No man is to be accounted happy, till he hath escaped all things that may possibly make him

him unhappy. Not a day, nor an hour, but give some examples of the CENT II mutability of all Humane affairs. And though the Mutation of the Mind be not so frequent is yet, the accidents of the world, the variation of condition, the difference of Ages, the change of better to worse, and worse to better, outward hurts and inward diseases, have shown us the same persons distinguisht into contrary men. And truly the Inchantment that the world works on us, when the either laughs loud, or fromns deep, is so strong, that 'tis justly matter of amazement, for a man in the leap of the one, or in the tumble of either of thele, to retain a mind unaltered; yet, are not all men changed alike. The same Cordial that cures one man, may, by meeting a divers humor, diffract or kill another. Fortunes effects are variable, as the Natures that the works upon. Wealth is as the Wine of life: some it puts into a delightful mirth, that gratifies all the company; while it makes others tyrannous and quarrelfome, that no man keeps himself in safety, but he that has the wit to be absent. Where it lights upon weak minds, it usually changes them into worse; they have not wherewithal to bear the fires that a great Estate will put them to. And when they cannot bear it out by wit and reason, they fly to authority and power, which enacts submission; but will not be accountable for any kind of merit that may induce it, faving only potency. And certainly, though it be true, which is commonly believed, That for the most part, where God defigns a Governour, he qualifies him with parts proportionable for his imployment. Yet, doubtless, the very condition of Power, and Greatness, naturally estates a man in another temper, than what he was in without it. Noble fouls so elevated, become like bodies planted above the vaporous Orb of Air, that then rest there in quiet, without propension of descent, or falling. And though Inferior fouls may wonder, how they can live under fuch clouds of bufinefs, as dayly break upon them: yet, as when Philo fansied, That when Moses liv'd forty days in the Mount, without food, that he was nourisht by the Ear, and fed upon the Musick of the Spheres, which then he heard: So, there is no doubt, but the application and the applause of others, the hummings of fame, and the ecchoings of Honour, relieve him against the gratings of a stomach sharpned with offending humours. The Musick of Honour does drown the noise of the throng. How easie is it for him to be at ease, and stand, when every one shall extend a hand to his sustentation? The wheel of Honour must needs turn cheerfully, and dispatch much grift too, when 'tis continually driven about by the floud of preferment. But indeed, a man shews himself in Authority, according as he was inwardly principled before he came to it: for, many times the disposition appears not in the non-age of Power, no more than Reason in a child, the Organs are not fitted to discover it. Thus Manlius Torquatus in his youth, was of fo dull and lumpish a spirit, That his Father holding him unfit for matters of State, defign'd him to a Countrey Farm: yet, afterwards by several glorious acts he obliged both his Father and his Countrey, even to the merit of a Triumph: fo that it falls out to be most frequently true, That by prefer-

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Preferment, good men are made better, but ill men worse: as the Drum that beats a Tiger into madness; but a man, into courage and valour. It therefore much concerns Princes, where their bounty bestows preferment: and the more, because their subjects have an interest in them as well as themselves. 'Tis true, nothing can be certain, as to the futurity of temper. Good or bad lodging in the heart, cannot by man be efpyed. Neither was the youth of the Noble Scipio untainted with vice, or the beginnings of the Monster-Nero, without some signs of good. The scum rises not, till the water boyls; nor is the Oyl gathered till the liquor be heat. Let no man therefore despair too much of the bad, nor presume too much of the good; the last, like a rich plant in a lean foyl, may degenerate into mildness; and the other, though single, like socks in manured beds, may come up stript and double. If there be wit, there is ground for hope the foyl is not desperate. Reason upon recess, will shew him how much he is to detest himself: but, he that hath not wisdom to judge, will very seldom have the luck to reclaim.

#### XXIX.

### A Caveat in choofing Friends.

Hough no man, branded with a fignal vice, be fit for a wife man to make a Friend of; yet, there be two forts of men that especially we ought to avoid: For, besides the learning of their vices; they are not tyte enough to trust with a secret; The Angry man, and the Drunkard. The prudent man would be glad to enjoy himself in peace, without being haled into the justling throng, where is nothing to be got but dishonour, blows, and clamour. To be but only a spectator is not to be out of danger. If a Granado be fired, all within the burst are in hazard. If either of these Bears break loofe, you shall be sure to be either frighted, foiled, or hurt; and, whether you will or no, be made partaker either of some ridiculous quarrel, some unsober ryot, or by both together be lapp'd in some drunken fray: for the furies ever bear a part in Bacchus his Orgies. The first in his fury is meerly mad. Choler is as duft flur'd up into the eyes of Reason, that blinds or dazels the sight of the understanding; where it burns in the heart like fire under a pot: Whenloever it flames, it makes the tongue boyl over; and where it falls, it scalds. Words come not then digested and mathematiqu'd out by judgement, sense, and reason, but flash'd and tumultuated by chanc'e, by rage and brutish passion; not upon premeditated terms, but whatsoever the memory on the sodain catches, that violent passion thrusteth out, though before it lay never so deeply hidden and immur'd. Confession's seal is broken by this picklock; and in a brawl that oft is blabb'd about, which with all the burrs of filence should have still stood firmly riveted. Men throw about in fury, what, once appeas'd, they tremble to remember. Anger is the Fever of the Soul, which makes the Tongue talk idlely:

nor

nor come words clothed as at other times, but now as headed Arrows, fly abroad. Words dipt in gall and porfon, leap about; as bullets chew'd, they rankle where they enter; and, like lead melied, blifter where they light. Excited malice then exceeds her felf. When the Prophet David tells us of his Enemies rage, nor Spears, nor Arrows, nor a naked Sword will serve him to express it; but, that Sword must be sharpned too, that it may cut the keener. It is, certainly, a deviation from man. In every fit, the man flies out: and when he grows calm, he returns to himself. Seneca puts no difference between the furious and the mad; for the mad-man's always furious, and the furious ever mad. Then tell me, Who it is, that being in his wits, would make choice of his friend out of Bedlam. When Solomon tells us of the brawling woman, who is no other but a She-angry-man, he hath three strange expressions to decipher her; one is, that 'Tis better to dwell in a corner of the bouse-top, than with a contentious woman: Another, that 'tis better to dwell in the land of the Defert, than with her. A third is, that she is a continual dropping in Rain. All which fumm'd together, will amount to thus much; That you had better be exposed to all the Tempests of the Heavens, as Thunder and Lightning, Cold, Heat, Rain, Snow, with Storms that blow, and the rage of all the Skies whole Armory; or, to live banish'd from all Humane Conversation; and, in want of all things left a prey to the ferocity of ravenous Beafts; or else without the least intermission of rest, endure a perpetual dropping (which were your heart of Marble, yet will it wear it out at last) than to live with a quarrelsom, contentious, unfatisfied anory person. Those that are such, like houses, haunted with spirits, they are not fafe for any man to harbour in. When you think your felf securely quiet and in a calm serenity, on a sodain, ere you are aware, a hideous noise is heard, or else a Brick-bat flies about your ears, and you must run for't, or be black and blew'd all over. If by chance you knock but against a wail, by that small park it Arikas, the Gun-powder blows you up. It makes a man a Turn-pike, that will be fure to prick you, which fide foever you come on: So, it not only offends, but puts you off from remedy; It ruffleth so through all the shrowds that Reason's never heard, till this rough wind allays. The Roar so stops the Ear, that a man cannot hear what 'tis that Counsel speaks. 'Tis a raging Sea, a troubled water so mudded with the foil of Passion, that it cannot be whelfom for the use of any. And if it be true that Hippocrates tells us, That those difeases are most dangerous, that alter most the habit of the Patient's countenance; this needs must be most perillous, that voice, colour, countenance, garb, and pace so changes, as if Fury dispossessing Reason, had by an Onflang bt forc'd a new Garrison upon the Cittadel of Man. And furely, this he knew, and well understood, that Proverb'd it into Command: Neither make thou Friendship with the Angry, nor converse with the Furious; lest thou learn his ways, and beget a snare to thy foul.

The other hath Lasa Memoria while he is in his cups, and if he drinks on, he hath none. The abundance of wine does drown up that F f 2 Noble

Noble Recorder. And while Bacchus is his chief God, Apollo never keeps him Company. Friends and Foes, Familiars and Strangers, are then all of an equal esteem. And he forgetfully speaks of that in his Cups, which, if he were sober, the Rack should not wrest out from him. First, he speaks he knows not what; nor after, can he remember, what that was he spake. He speaks that he should forget; and forgets that which he did speak, Drunkenness is the Funeral of all Intelligible Man; which only time, and abstinence, can Resuscitate. A Drunkards mind and stomach are alike; neither, can tetain, what they do receive. The Wine that is mingled with the bloud and spirits, like Must, will vent, or else it breaks the Cask. He's gone from home, and not to be found in himself, Absentem ladit, qui cum ebrio litie at. Who quarrels one that's drunk, is as a fool to fight with him that's absent. He is not fit to keep anothers privacies, that knows not how to closet up his own deep thoughts. We lay not Treasures where they may be wash'd away by inundations, nor cast them into common streams where every publique Angle hooks them out. Ebrietas Stulta promit, multa prodit. The Drunkard hath a Fools Tongue, and a Traitors Heart. When the floud is high, the dams are all broken down. Wine is the Reseration of the Soul and Thoughts. The accurled Cham of life, that lays open even our Sacred and Parental Nakedness to the World. To the antient Roman women, the use of Wine was wholly unknown. And the Reason is given, Ne in aliqued dedecus prolaberentur; Lest thereby overcharged they might recoil into some dishonour; As believing Bacchus could not but make Venus wanton, and relax those bashful guards, that modest Nature left that Noble fex. Though the Mush-room was suspected, yet was it wine wherein Claudius first took his poyson: for being Maudline cupp'd, he grew to lament the Defliny of his marriages, which he said were ordain'd to be all unchast, yer should not pass unpunished; and this being understood by Agrippina, by securing him, she provided to secure her felf. Nor is the diftemper'd with drink, any truer to Bufinefs than he is to the Secret he is trusted with. For besides his want of memory to retain or carry on any thing of that Nature; men of this complexion, as moorish grounds that lie low and under-water, are usually boggy and rotten; or of so cold and sodded a temper; as they yield not fruit like Earth of another condition, that is not drown'd and floudded.

Either of these in way of a companion shall be sure to give a Man trouble enough, Either vexation or impertinency a man shall never want. One vomits Gall; the other Folly, and Surfeits. And 'tis not easie to say, which of them bespatters most. Together Horace couples them.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberii idhius unquam, Commissumve teges & vino tortus, & ira.

To learn man's secrets never vainly think, Or to conceal them; torn with Rage, or Drink.

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No man can expect to find a friend without faults, not can he propose himself to be so to another. But in the Reciprocation of both, without mildness and temperance there can be no continuance. Every man for his friend will have something to do; and something to bear with, in him: the sober man only can do the first, and for the latter there is patience required. 'Tis better for a Man to depend on himself than to be annoyed with either a Mad man or a Fool. Chytu was slain by a Master in drink. The Thessalonians massacred by an Angry Emperour: and the deaths of either, lamented by the Authors.

#### XXX.

### Of the danger of Liberty.

N Man that is intellectual, as well as in Creatures only fentitive, 'tis eafily experimented that Liberty makes Licentions. When the Reins are held too loofely the Affections run wildly on without a guide, to Ruine. He that admits a Fool to play with him at home, will find he will do the same when he comes into the Market. Liberty, which feems to be fo highly priz'd, and is the only cry'd-up thing in the world; As 'tis the most eagerly pursued: so once enjoy'd, it is of all the sceming goods of Man, the most dangerous and tempting: Not being able to guide our own mad Appetites, we quickly betray out felves to the same sad slavery, that but now we did oppose. Even in Governments the loosest are of least Continuance. What Church ever lasted long; that kept not up by discipline? It was while men slept that the Tares were fown, When there is none to watch, but men are left to the Liberty of their own Opinions, then is the time to fow Herefies. Not only Germany, but England is able to make out this, That fince the Field-keepers have been remov'd, we have had more cockle and darnel, than I think any age since Religion appear'd in the World. And tis no wonder if we neglect our wholfom wheat, or feed on't with these weeds mingled with it, that we grow giddy with unwholsom vapours, or so dim-sighted in the ways of Truth and Antiquity, that all men may conclude us in the number of those that do lolio victitare. Indulgence and floth are the fifters of Freedom. Men that may, will favour themselves; and that partiality, will make them Lazy, Where is there less Industry or more Sensuality than abounds among the Savages; where Nature is left to her ownsway, without the Cultivation of wholfom Laws and Regiment? What is't that makes war fo horrid, but the lawless Liberty that Souldiers loosely take? And where there is impunity, what villany rests unattempted? Rapes, Murthers, Thefts, Oaths, Incest, Cruelties, with all the fluttish broods of blackest Vices, follow in the train of Armies. And what cause can be rendred? but, first, the dispensing with Gods Commandements of not killing, and stealing; and then the Licence that in Camps they take, by reason they

are either left to themselves, or cannot be come by to be punished. We are all like Bowls running down the Hill; if once upon the turn, our own weight hurries us to the fink and lowest bottom. What Appine Claudius observ'd of the Roman people, doth hold as true of all the rest of the World, That they are better trusted with business and imployment, than with Ease and Liberty. In the first they improv'd their Virtues; by the last, they tumbled into vice and surquedry. Nothing makes us more unfortunately wretched than our own uncurbed Wills. A loofe patition pursu'd and fulfilled, hales and hastens us to certain destruction. Hath not assumed Liberty and a lascivious Success thrown those grand Assemblies into hate and abhorrency, that in their modest limits were the Gaze and Envy of the Christian World? What hath so wounded the Honour of some of our Gentry and Nobility, as this; That by being permitted to do what they would, they have left to do what they ought, and have done what they ought not to have thought upon? How grand a difference have we seen between a Family scatter'd into Riot by Licencionsness; and another restrain'd and marshall'd in the civilness of a graceful Order? A Forest beast is uncontrolled Man. A Bear without a Ring is wicked Nature left without a Rule. It is for God alone, whose blessed Essence is wholly uncapable of ill, to be deissed with a Power of doing whatever he pleaseth, yet never to do any thing below perfection's height. But when frail man is trusted with that Freedom, he easily Ranges, till he lose himself. Soft water suing through the smallest chink, neglected wears a wideness for a stream; and, breaking banks, does deluge all the fields. What was it, made the Emperour Caracalla strike up that Incestuous marriage, but the impudence of a Mother in Law in telling him, An Emperour was to give what Lams he pleas'd: but was not himself to take any from others? Actaons wandring eye, not checqu't, left him a prey to his own wild affe-Etions, those Metaphorical Hounds that seiz'd and tore their headless and Invigilant Master.

In pejora datur, suadet que Licentia luxum.

To worse, and Riot; Licence ever leads.

The Boundary of Man is Moderation. When once we pass that pale, our guardian Angel quits his charge of keeping us: For we are not in our ways; and then, at every step, we dash against some Stone, till frequent Bruises bring us to destruction. He that would be preserved in safety, had need keep Sentinel upon his Liberty. 'Tis a Wanton child that will be apt to run upon dangers: if there be not a Keeper to lead and look to it. Upon a serious scrutiny, I find not why men should baul so loud for Liberty. A wise man's always free: just, and right, is that which is his will, and against his will he acts not. For if he find not Reason to do it, he cannot be compell'd to't. The government of the State, if free from Tyranny, is not the worse for being strict; and that of the Church, while it keeps to what is Orthodox, is the better for the discipline.

discipline. It shall never offend me to live under any Government that may make me better, and restrain me from wandring. When I have most freedom, I shall most suspect my self. He that is turn'd into the Sea, had need to look to have his Pilot along. He that may do more than is Fit, is upon his march to do mote than is Lamful. If we once exceed the measure, as easily we grow to exceed the manner. Vice is a Peripatetick, always in progression.

#### XXXI.

### In the ftricteft Friendship, some Secrets may be refer v'd.

Hough a Friend, indeed, be but the duplicate of a mans self: yet there may often happen Secrets to one that may not be convenient to impart to the other. If they be such as the knowledge thereof shall not only, not benefit; but shall bring a grief to my Friend: I cannot think it an Act of friendship to impart them. He that grieves his Friend when he needs not, is his Enemy, or at least less his Friend than he might be. Certainly, even in case of Conscience as well as in Common Morality, it had been better for Oedipus he had never known that he had flain his Father, and married his Mother, than to have it told him when it was too late to prevent it. When the things were done, the knowledge could not remedy them : and his Ignorance gave him (as to the things) a kind of innocence, whereby he might have pasted away his life incruciated without the sense of so fatal minfortunes: And after that was finished, it had been Oedipus the son of Polybius of Corinth, and not of Lains of Thebes, that had done the deeds so blackly grim and horrid. Some fecrets may happen to be such, as may beget a jealousie; and those, as the gall and fretting of friendship, are for ever to be avoided: Where jealousie begins to live, friendship begins to die. And albeit, Scipio found much fault with the saying of Bias, That we ought so to love, as, if there should be cause, we afterwards might hate: Yer, doubtless, considering the frailty and incertainty of the minds of men; it is prudence so to look upon men, as, though they be now Friends, they may yet live to become our Enemies. Stability is not permanent in the unstable heart of man; and therefore we are not oblig'd to trust them with that, which may deliver us into their power to ruine us, if after they shall once fall off. How often do we see dear Friends, decline into detested Enemies? Nay, they are the greater, for that they have been Friends: Even the fiercest and most enlarged enmities, have forung from the frietest leagues of friendship. What Region then can yield us Truth and Constancy? If Parmenio prove false to Alexander, who is't can then be trusted? and if Parmenio were not false, who is't can then be trusted, fince Alexander was the man that flew him. As I will not care for a friend full of Inquisitions, (for Percontator Garrulus, Inquisitors are Tatlers): so I will not be importu-

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nate upon my friends secrets. I have known some have eagerly fish'd for that, which when they have got, hath been together the bane both of friendship and life. By fuch actions, men do as some ignorant persons that are bitten with mad Dogs, they think when they have fuckt the blond from the wound, they may spit it out without danger. When by that act it catches the brain, and kills. A nocent secret opened, doth often kill both giver and receiver: or, sometimes only the receiver dies; for, being trusted too fart with what cannot be recalled, no safety can be builded on, but by destroying those that are entrusted. When Jupiter had made Metis his wife, and she by him conceived; before she was delivered, he devours both her and her conception, and presently after out of his own brain, he became delivered of an armed Pallas; which may well represent unto us, A secret discovered unto a friend, that after, being repented of, was reassum'd by devouring that friend, to prevent a further discovery; and then we grow miser by standing on our guard, and defending our selves either from the mischief, that is already abroad, or from being over-taken again by committing any more such folly; which may well be fignified by his bringing forth Pallas Arm'd. To know too much, undoes us with our friend. He is not wife, that will trust all his wealth into anothers custody. If my friend impart ought freely, I shall endeavour faithfully to serve him, as far as I may. But if in some things he be referv'd, I shall suppose 'tis for his own safety, as well as my eafe. I will be willing to know as far as he would have me, without extracting spirits, or crushing more than will run with ease. If he be one to be valued, I ought not to wrong him so much as to wrest that from him, that should cause him afterwards to repent, or fear. If he be not to be valued, I will never engage my felf so much, as to be made conscious of his concealments.

#### ·XXXII.

### That 'tis no Dishonour sometime to Retract a Purfuit.

IT was questionless meant of things vertuous and commendable, Quicquid agis, age pro viribus; otherwise we are advised to be diligent in ill, in the bad as well as the good. This were to be profaner than the Heathen that gave the Precept. Sutable to this, is that of Ecclesiastes, All that thine hand shall find to do, do it with all thy power. The Chaldee restrain it to too narrow a sense, for they limit it only to Alms. As, what sever thy hand shall meet with when put into thy purse, let that come out and give it freely. And though to make it extensive to all our actions, is a sense far more amiss; yet, I see not, but many times, not only the vigour is to be abated; but even the resolution of pursuing is to be wholly retracted. 'Tis better sometimes to sound a retreat, and so draw off, than 'tis to stay in the field and conquer; because, it may so fall out, that the prize we should win, will be no

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way able to countervail the loss that by that war we shall sustain. What is it to die like Samfon? Or, who can call that Victory, where, with my Enemies grave, I must also dig my own? I do not care to conquer in a Lutzan field: though his party prevail, he facrificeth all his Victories, that makes himself uncapable of more, or enjoying what he hath got. He that is imbarqu'd upon disadvantage, shall find it more honour to retire, than to go unto the end of his voyage. He is simple, that, only because he hath begun, will pursue what is unprofitable. There is no differace in doing that which is for the best. They that pretend to be the greatest Umpires of Honour and Renown, do think it no impeachment to their judgement to raise that Seige, that is not likely to be prevalent. The further in any action a man goes, assuredly, he may fee the more: And if a man hath bin a fool in the begining, he is not bound to be so to the end. If there shall be cause, the sooner a man comes off, the better. It is far more pardonable to err through inconsideration, than wilfulness: the one is weak by accident; the other out of election. Shall it be no shame to have begun ill, and shall it be a shame, prudentially to defift? I see, among most, a mastery and to over-come, is both a pleasing, and a vulgar error: we are oftner led by Pride, Obstinacy, or Partiality; than by the right and solid Rules of Reason. He that bears it out in a bad bufines, shews rather the ferocity of some brutish Nature, than the Conduct that becomes a Man. For 'tis better to manifest that we are overcome by Reafon, than that we can overcome against it out In all things, let me weigh the conclusion, and balance my reckning; and then examine which is better, to proceed or desist. If my loss in the and, shall exceed my gain, I but run into the same folly, that Augustus used to say they did, that for trivial matters, would presently break out into war: They filb'd with a golden book, to catch a filb of a farthing, they expos'd to hazard a tackling of a pound: If they lofant, they gain repentance and forrow; if they do not, they must owe it more to luck than to wit; and then Fortune claims the praise, not they a And if in temporal matters alone, fuch a carriage cannot be excufable; what apology can we frame for our selves in spirituals? When meerly to satisfie a present sensual appetite, we run the hazard of perishing a Soul to Eternity. That Lover is mad indeed, that will give up albthat he hath for a glance. We buy affliction with all we have that is precious: and by a right scanning of our actions, by fuch as shall not partialize, we must be judged to be more taken with punishment than pleasure; as if in forment we plac'd our felicity like the Russian wives, who think their husbands do not love, unless they fometimes cudgle them. Let us never laugh at the fully angian, who lets us have his Gold for Beads and Rattles; when we our felves are infinitely fimplier, that for toys and triffles fell Heaven and Felicity. Our Saviour indeed, putting all the worldin the feale, does find itifar too light for mans Deifick foul; when he asks, What it will advantage to gain the first, and lose the last? Whereby we may hope, he had better thoughts Gg

of Man than to descend him into so thin a shallowness, as that he should make it away for worse than vanity, vexation, and undoing. He thinks not any will be so stupidly wild, as for a grasp of airsian itch of honour, an heat of bloud, a pleasure that has no being, but in opinion only, to lay by sacred peace, and lasting happiness: But if he must lose that precious spark of Deity, 'tis the whole world, and not any part of it that is put in the supposition.

#### XXXIII.

To have Regard to Means, but not to Despair without.

7E can never be so low, as to be at a loss, if we can but look up unto God. He that hopes, proclaims his Divinity; and, to speak according to humanity, credits Ged: But, he that despairs, degrades his Deity; and, feeming to intimate, that he is infufficient, or not just on his word, in vain hath read both the Scriptures, the world, and Man. Three ways we read our Saviour healed difeases: With means, as the Leper, in the 8. of St. Matthew; Without means, as the ten Lepers, in the 17. of St. Luke: Against means, as the blind man, in the 9. of St. John. His working by means is more ordinary, and fuirs better with the meakness of our faith, and the dimness of our understanding, where we fee it not, we are apt to finh and fail: Can God prepare a Table in the Wilderness? was the bold ignorance of Infidel and Incorrigible tfrael; who wanting wings, still grovels on the ground, and nere will clime to Heaven, without a fair to lead him. Means makes us confident, and with this staff we leap. When we are prescribed what's proper for our cure, our remedy is almost by demonstration; and there to doubt, is to turn Meretick to Providence. Nay, if the Application be right in all, we cannot mils without a little Miracle : For, Nature, that is ever sedulous and constant in the faculties she is created with, must vary from her felf, or by a drowsie sloth be rendred infignificant, which yet the never does without a Superiour hand to rein her out of her rode. It is as natural for means to cure; as 'tis for winds to cool, or fire to warm, when heavy Winter blows her cald about us. To work without means, I know feems hard to Man, and to the inapprehensiveness of his Human Reason. But, that this is as easie to God as the other, there is nothing we can look on, but evinces it. The whole Creation was without all help, there was not so much as the affiftance of Matter, a naked Fiat did it; a word alone, the casiest of expressions. And, though lame Philosophy will not allow any thing to be producible out of nothing : Yet, certainly, whatfoever is not God, either was immediately fram'd of nothing, or out of that, which first of all was nothing: for, to ascribe a coetaneous being of the morld with God, is to make it God, by giving it Eternity. And, as 'tis fafer for man to believe it created out of nothing by

Divine omnipotence, than to be fram'd of Atoms, by Chance, or by CENT. II Necessity; by holding of any of which, he must fink in absurdity: So, it is more honour to God, by affigning him a Potency for so stupendious a Machination. Nor is the other, Without means to God of greater difficulty. A Miracle, when he pleases, is to him as easie as a Natural cause. For, it was at first by Miracle, that even that Cause was Natural. And all the Miracles that we have heard of in the world, are less a Miracle than the world it felf. He that knows and orders all the things that ever were, or shall be, in whom their Being radically is, can callly go a private way, that to us may feem to lead contrary quite to what we apprehend. Nor need we wonder that we cannot trace him. It requires a Miracle to make us capable of understanding one. We cannot reach above our own extension. But, when by dayly demonstration, we see Events transcending all our reaches; What is't should make us doubt so great Omnipotency? It is as easie to God to work without means as with them. It is the same, Be clean, and, Go wash. And against means is equal to either. Nay to him these latter are the nearer ways. To go by his power and omniscience, is far a quicker way than by the circumflections of Nature and second Canfes: Though he hath been pleaf'd (unless in extraordinaries) to leave Nature to her instinctive operation in her wonted Propensions. That eight-times Martyr'd Mother in the Maccabees when the would adhort her Son to a passive Fortitude against the exacuated Tortures of Antiochus, the desires him to look upon the Heavens, the Earth, and all in them contained; and to consider that God made them of things that were not; and to mankind, likewife. Doubtless though in Nature and Reason there be no ground left for despair (for without lessening God to the Pusility of Man it cannot be fram'd in the mind); yet we ought never so to depend on his will and Power hidden, as to neglect his declared pleasure. He that neglects what he finds commanded hath little reason to expect what he finds not promised. Upon means it is fit we should depend: without means, we may hope. Against means, we should not despair. But, as to disregard Gods appointed means is a supine contempt; So to depend too much on things unapprehendable, is rather a badg of rash presumeing, than any Notable courage of Faith. I may look up to Gods ways; but I ought to look down to my own. He that walks according to means, travails with a convey and may see his way before him. But he that journeies without them, is in a Wilderness, where he may sooner be lost, than wander out when he knows not his way.

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XXXI.

The Misery of being Old and Ignorant.

Ince Old Age is not only a Congregation of diseases, but even a disease it self; and, That, (in regard of the Decree which Providence hath pass'd upon man) incurable save by death. The best thing next to a Remedy is a diversion or an Abatement of the Malady. When Infirmities are grown habitual and remediles, all we can do is to give them some Respite, and a little Allevation, that we may be less sensible of the fmart and sting they smite us with. The cold Corelian cannot change his clime: but yet by furrs and fires he can preserve himself, and stove out winter arm'd with Ice and Wind. The Drum and Fife can drown the Battails noise, though many times there is no room to escape it. The little Pismire can instruct great Man, that (winter coming) store should be provided. And what thing is there in the fathom of industrious man, that can so qualifie him against the breaches and decays that Age makes on him, as knowledg, as study, and meditation? with this he can feast at home alone, and in his Closet put himself into whatever Company that best shall please him, with Youths Vigour, Ages gravity, Beauties pleasantness, with Peace or War, as he likes. It abates the tediousness of decrepit Age, and by the divine raptures of Contemplation it beguiles the weariness of the Pillow and Chair. It makes him not unpleasing to the Toung, revetenc'd by age, and beloved of all. A gray head with a wife mind enricht by Learning is a Treasury of Grave Precepts, Experience, and wisdom. 'Tis an Oracle to which the lefferwise resort to know their Fate; He that can read and meditate, need not think the Evening long, or Life tedious; 'Tis at all times imployment fit for a man: Like David's harp it cures the evil spirit of this Saul that is naturally tefly, froward, and complaining. Though perhaps there was a Vivacity more than Ordinary; Yet I doubt not but it was this that in the main from Gorgias produc'd that memorable answer. Being a hundred and seven years of Age, One ask'd him, Why he liv'd lo long? He replies because he yet found nothing in old Age to complain of. And that this is probable, he was Malter to Isecrates, had got such wealth by teaching Rhetorique, that he bequeathed his statue in Gold, to Apollo's Temple; and to any Theme was able well to speak ex tempore, and certainly. If any thing hath power, its Virtue and Knowledge that can ransom us from the Infirmities and Reproaches of Age. Without this, an old man is but the lame shadow of that which once he was. They honour him too far that say he is twice a Child. There is something in Children that carries a becoming prettiness, which is pleasant and of grateful relish, But ignorant Oldage is the worst pi-Aure that Time can draw of Man. 'Tis a barren Vine in Autumn, a leaky Vessel ready to drop in pieces at every remove, a map of Mental and Corporeal weakness; not pleasing to others, but a Burthen to himfelf.

himself. His Ignorance and Imbecillity condemns him to Idleness; which to the active Soul is more irksom than any imployment. What can be do when strength of limbs shall fail; and the gust of pleasure which help'd him to mispend his youth, through time and Langui'd Age shall be blunted and dull? Abroad he cannot stir to partake the Variation of the World; nor will others be fond of coming to him, when they shall find nothing but a cadaverous man, composed of Difeases and Complaints, that for want of knowledg hath not Discourse to keep Reason company. Like the Cuccow he may be left to his own moultring in some Hollowed Cell: but since the voice of his Spring is gone (which yet was all the Note he had to take us with) he's now not liftned after: So the bloudless Tortoise, in his melancholly hole, lazeth his life away. Doubtless were it for nothing else, even for this is Learning to be highly valued, That it makes a man his own Companion without either the Charge or the Cumber of Company. He needs neither be oblig'd to humour, nor engag'd to flatter. He may hear his Author speak as far as he likes, and leave him when he doth not please, nor shall he be angry though he be not of his Opinion. It is the guide of Youth, to Manhood a Companion, and to old Age a Cordial and an Antidote. If I die to morrow, my Life to day will be fomewhat the sweeter for Knowledg. The answer was good, which Antisthenes gave when he was asked, What fruit he had reaped of all his studies? By them (faith he) I have learned, both to live, and discourse with my felf.

#### XXXV.

### A twofold way to Honour.

O true Honour there is certainly but one right way, and that is by Virtue and Justice. But to that which the World calls Honour, which is Command, Authority, and Power, though there be thoufand perty windings, yet all may be reduced in the main to two ways only. One when God calls, Another when man feeks it without the Lords warrant. He that goes the first, descrives it, but seeks it not ; when he is at the top, he must take no more than becomes an Honest man: and who then is it, that upon ferious Confideration will put himfelf into fach a Condition as very hardly admits him to be fo without the downfall both of him, and his? The unreasonableness of men will not be satisfied with all that Reason can be able to do. And therefore though the Call be warrantable, yet I find it hath sometimes been maved and refused: Audentius would not accept the Empire, though chosen to it upon Bassianus Caracall's death. And though our Countryman Cardinal Fool be by some Condemned, as fooling himself our of the Papasy by a strein of too much Modesty, yet, take his Reasons candidly according to his own expression (which we ought to believe, if nothing

be discovered to the Contrary), and the reason of his non-acceptance was pious and prudent. Legitimate actions can stay for the day and endure it. They are usually unwholsom Vapours that rise up in the night and darkness: and truly, to steat into such a chair obscurely while men are afleep, though it may be ferious, is not feemly. Even the Dogs will take nim for a Thief and bark at him, that sculks in the Night, although he be Honest and True. He pulls upon himself sufficion, that hath not witnesses of his acting cleerly and apertly. But of all the examples of this Nature, that of Frederick Duke of Saxony is most to be Honoured. His Virtues were so great that unanimously the Electors chose him for Emperour, while he as carneftly did refuse: nor did they, like tickly Italians, pet at this and put another in his room: but, for the reverence they bore him, when he would not accept it himself, they would yet have one that he should recommend, which was Charles the fifth: Who out of his gratitude for putting him to that place, fent him a Present of 30000 Florins. But he, that could not be tempted by the Imperial Crown, stood proof against the blaze of gold: And when the Embafadours could fasten none upon him. they defired but his permiffion to leave 10000 among his servants: to which he answered, They might take it if they would, but he that took but a piece from Charls, (bould be fure not to flay a day with Frederick. A mind truly heroick, evidently superlative, by despising what was greatest; not temptable with either Ambition, or Avarice: far greater than an Emperour, by refusing to be one. We read in the Scriptures of an Olive, a Fig, and a Vine, that would not leave their enjoyments to be Kings; but, here was a man that exampled both the Testaments: for Adam even in Innocency was tempted, as (he fimply thought) to eat, and be like a God: and two of the Apostles the lons of Zebedee aspired to be Lording it; while a third for money, betray'd not only his Creating, but Redeeming God: Doubtless, he that would be enabled to All, must have Commission, and be lawfully Delegated: Like Cato's wife man, he will stay till he be called; he will not underminingly call up himself, butwill be really by other fought for. They are weeds that grow up from the earth of themselves, whereas wholsom berbs require a hand to plant them. If he be good, he will not by an ill way compals Dominion. From him men may hope for justice and temperance, who, to gain it, would never transgress. He is not likely to do amiss in the Throne, when the Throne it felf could not tempt him before he had it: For, fince Ambition is cunctis affectibus Flagrantier, more instant and scorching than any other passion beside; he hath shew'd a noble temper, that hath withstood the stimulations that his Nature goads him with. He that would not do wrong to get it, 'tis not like he will afterward do wrong to keep it. Fraud may sooner be legitimated in the getting of an Empire, than in the exercise. And perfect Honour, like the Diamond, sparkles brightest, when the light is most. So, that if there be any freedom for man upon Earth (which may be highly doubted of) 'tis when a just man justly gets and holds a Government. And

And on the other fide must necessarily be the contrary. Who un. justly seizeth a Government, tells us, that he can dispense with any thing that he may obtain his ends. Such acquisitions can never be cither for the Authors Safety, or the Peoples benefit : Not Safe for the Author; his ways not being warrantable, he hath abandoned that which should protect him: Thieves of Honour seldome find joy in their purchases, stability never. God cannot endure that aspiring spirit, that climes the Hill of Preferment without his leave. He intrudes himself into the fociety of the Gods, that is not good enough to converse with men. So, though he may be a Typhon for a while, and raise for himself a Mountain to command on: yet the anger of the Gods at last will through some Aina on him, to consume him. Every evil way carries his own curse along, and God hath pronounc't an inprosperity to wickedness. Ambition is a circumvention, when men circle about by deceit to over-reach the rest: and it argues their ways not right, when they are put to work under-hand; the attainment being bad, the same Arts must keep it, that did at first procure it. If it comes by fraud, it will not without fraud be preserv'd. Who draws his Sword to get it, does seldome put it up again. And certainly, in force and fraud, there is equally hazard and danger; one delign failing, the total Fabrick falls. The subsistence of either of these is at best, but the Game of Fortune, wherein are more crofs Cards, than Trumps that can command. Curtius, from the very Politicks of Nature, without the Perspective of Religion, could easily find, and tell us; That, Nulla quesita scelere Potentia diuturna est; No Power unjustly gained, can be permanent. Who ever wrongfully ascends a Throne, is necessitated to a Government suitable. Injustice spawns Injustice, and by Injustice must it be defended. Right can never keep up wrong. And this must needs be as ill for the people. The Historian gives it fully, Nemo Imperium flagitio quasitum bonis artibus exercuit. Never expect that he should Reign justly, that did unjustly take the reins in his hand. Good men will complain; and then they must be Enemies: but, bad, by complying, shall be put into Office, and then, as Government settles, so does Oppression; for the heaviest yoke is the hardest to cast off. And when once a People by their own votes, shall lock themselves to the post, their Beadle may the more fasely whip them when he pleaseth. It cannot be but best on all hands, when a Prince is plac'd by a lawful call. His Commission will defend him, and the hand that promoted him, will not only protect, but furnish him with parts proportionable. If Moses be slow of speech, he shall have an Aaron given him. If the Master of the House bring him in at the door; the fervants will respect him; but, he that breaks in at the window, is like to be cast out for a Thief.

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#### XXXVI.

### Of Superstition.

Hough Profaneness be much worse in some respect than Superstition, yet, this in divers persons is a sad discomposure of that life, which without it might be smooth and pleasant. He that is profane, fets up a God to abuse him : as Dionysius, when he took away Æsculapins, nis golden beard, said, 'Twas a shame to see the son so grave, when the Father was ever without one. He feems to know there is a God, but difclaims to pay him homage as he is one : Or, what he hath impropriated to himself, and worship, contemptuously he debases to secular and common uses: and sometimes mocks at that, which for its relation to the Deity, and its service, should never but with reverence be look'd upon : fo that, though both be blameable, yet, Superstition is the less complainable. A Religion misguided only in some circumstance, is better far, than to have none at all. And a man shall less offend by fearing God too much, than wickedly to jest at, and despise him. An open slighting of so immense a Goodness and a Greatness as. God is; is worse than mistaking him to be too severe and strict. To exceed this way, produces sometimes a good effect; it makes a man careful not to offend: And if we injure not God by making him feverer than he is; or, by placing more in Accidents, and the Creature, than Religion allows that we should give, we cannot be too wary in offending. Two things there are, which commonly abuse men into Superstition; Fear and Ignorance: Fear presents as well what is not, as what is. Terror horrids the apprrehension, and gives a hideous vizard, to a handsom face: It fees, as did the new recover'd blind man in the Goffel, That which is a man, appears a tree. It creates evils that never were, and those that be, like the Magnifying-glass, when a Face is no bigger than an Apple, it thews it as large as a Bushel. But that which is good, it dwindles to nothing: and believes, or fuggests, that God cannot help at need; so dishonours him into imbecillity, lessening his Goodness and his Power, and aspersing both with defett. And this for the most part, is begotten out of guilt: For, Courage and Innocence usually dwell together.

Nor is Ignorance behind hand in helping to increase the scruple: Not seeing either the Chain of Providence, or the Arm of Power, we are apt to faint, and accuse unjustly that which, if we knew, we should adore and rest upon. And as fear is begot out of guilt, so, is ignorance out of sloth, and through the want of industry. And this surely, is the reason, why we find Superstition more in momen and soft natures, than in the more audacious constitution of man. And where we do find it in men, 'tis commonly in such as are som in their parts, either natural, or through neglect. A memorable Example hereof, we find in the first of the Annals. When the three Legions in Hungaria and Austria,

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that were under Junius Blesus, were in the ruffe of their mad mutiny, had menaced the Guards, stoned Lentulus, and upbraided Drusus that was sent from Rome by Tiberius to appease them; on a sodain, their Superstition made them tame, and Crest-fallen: For, in a clear night, the Moon being eclipfed, and before the Eclipfe was fully spent, the Sky covered with Clouds; being ignorant of the Natural cause, and Inspicious of their own mis-behaviour, they thought the Goddes's from'd upon them for their wickedness, and that it presaged their troubles fliould never have end. By which casual accident and unskilful opinion, they were again reduced to Order and the Discipline of Arms. What consternation have I seen in some at spilling of the Salt against them? Their bloud has deeper ay'd their frighted face; a trembling fear has struck them through the heart, as if from some incens'd Triumvir they had receiv'd a Proscription; all which, I take to be only Ignorance of what at first made it held to be ominous: and hath since by a long Succession continued the vanity to us.

Salt among the Antients was accounted as the Symbol of Friendship, because it both preserves from corrupting, and unites into more solidity: and, being used to season all things, it was not only first set upon the Table; but was held a kind of Confectation of it: Sacras facite Mensas salinorum appositu, Hallow the Tables with the Salt on them. And meerly from this estimation of Salt, it was held ominous if it should be spile; as if it had presaged some jar or breach of friend-(hip among some of the guests or company; so that, in truth, the unluckiness of it, is but a construction made by our selves without a cause. For, otherwise, seeing the old Egyptians, did so abominate it, that even in bread it was abandoned by them: For, they (affecting the purity of living ) held it as the Incitator of luft, and the weakener of carnality. Why then should it not as well from this, be avoided, as from the other find a Sacration? But, only blind custom, as in other things, so in this, bath led us along in the Error. While the Star-chamber was in being, at a Dinner there, I remember, the Sewer over-turned the Salt, against a Person of Honour, who startled, sputter'd, and blush, as if one had given him a flab, concluding it a Prodigy, and Ominous; to which Edward Earl of Dorfet (of a nobler frame and genius) handsomly replyed: That for the Salt to be thrown down, was not ftrange at all; but, if it (bould not have faln, when it was thrown down, had been a Prodigy indeed. To make Observation of accidents for our own instruction without either dishonour to God, or disturbance to our selves, I hold to be a wife mans part : But, to fear danger where none is; or to be fecure, where danger may be, is to change properties with one of those simple Birds, that either floop at a Barn-dore; or thrusting his head into a hole, thinks none of the rest of his body can be visible.

XXXVII.

Of Cowardice.

S an Eminency of Courage makes the owner grateful to all good company: so the defett renders him the disdain and scorn of all that but pretend to honour. There is nothing that disworths a man like Cowardice and a base fear of danger. It makes the smooth way difficult, and the difficult, inaccessible. 'Tis a clog upon Industry, and like puddle mater, quenches the fire of all our brave attempts: The Coward is an unfinisht man; or, one which Nature hath made less, than others: like Salt that hath lost its favour, his pertness and his gust is gone. As some great But or Hogshead full of liquor, he may carry a bulk and be ponderous like other men; but, if you come to peirce him, that which is within, is but the vappa of Humanity; 'tis flat and dead, and the spirits are decay'd and lost. Plutarch compares him to the Sword-fish, that bears something like a weapon, but there wants a heart; yet could he be content to walk off quietly, he might often pals undiscovered. But the misery is; for the most part, those that are least in heart, are lowdest in tongue. And indeed, having nothing else to set them forth, they can vapour higher, than the valiant man. Like the Drum they roar, and make a noise, but within are nothing but air and emptiness, being the worst ware, they require the greatest trimming, when once unbrac'd, their found is displeasing: yet, lest they should be thought as they are, they oft disquise it with an out-side braving; which in the end brings them to that which they would avoid; and having the miffortune, by the vanity of their boasting, to stir up more quarrels than other men, they necessarily fall either into more dangers, or more disgrace. Men will scorn them, for that they wear their shape, but do not own their courage: and for Women to avoid them, is as natural, as in a bouse to run from a rotten roof, which would crush them to destruction, when it ought to be their safe-guard and protection. Fear, like a whip, will make this Beast empty himself, though he kept it in his very bowels. He is neither fit to be a friend, nor an umpire in any affair. A little menacing makes him faulty in both: He is not to be trusted with anothers Reputation, that hath not courage to defend his own: So, he is not more unfortunate to others, than to himself: his danger is more than other mens. The Enemy is hercest to him that flies away. A Cowards fear can make a Coward valiant. Who dares not fight when he is resisted, will most insult when he sees another fearful; who flies, forfakes his belp, and gives his back to bloms, wherein he carries neither eyes nor hands to defend him. The timorous Deer will push the feeble from their Heard. Even Hares will have a conceit of courage, when they shall, for fear of them, see Frogs leap into water. So despicable a thing a Coward is, that spoils from Cowards won the Spartans scorn'd to offer to their gods. Degeneres

Degeneres animos Timor arguit; Fear shows a worthless mind.

was Virgil's long ago. He owns not that Melior Natura, that does incourage man. And then how low a thing is he, when he has nothing but his own dull Earth about him? If it be but by speech, that man is to act his part, 'tis fear that puts an Ague in his tongue, and often leaves him either in an amazed distraction, or quite elingued. For, the too serious apprehensions of a possible shame, make him forget what should help him against it; I mean, a valiant confidence bequeathing a dilated freedom to all faculties and fenses: which with fear are put into a Trepidation, that unlike a quaver on an Instrument, it is not there a grace, but a jar in Musick. And this Socrates found in Alcibiades, when first he began to declame, which he cur'd with asking him, If he fear'd a Cobler and a common Cryer, an Upholster, or, some other Tradesmen? for, of such he told him, the Athenians, to whom he spake, consisted. He that hath a Coward in his before, shall never do any thing well. Mercury and Apollo may be in his matter, but, the Graces will never be seen in the manner. If not thus: Out of too much care to do well, it drives a man into affectation; and that, like exotique and mishappen attire does mar the beauty of a well limb'd body: Nature's never comely, when distorted with the rack; when she is set too high, the proves untunable, and instead of a sweet cloze, yields a crack; The ever goes best in her own free pace. Knowledg, Innocence, Confidence, and Experience constitute a Valiant man. When fear is beyond circumspection, it lays too much hold upon us. All fear is out of defect, and in something gives suspicion of guilt. I know not what Divine could have given us more, than the almost Christian Seneca; Tutissima res est nil timere prater Deum. Timidum non facit animum, nisi repre-hensibilis vita conscientia mala. The safest of all, is to fear nothing but God. 'Tis only the galling Conscience of an ill led life, that can shake us into a fear. It is better in all things, but in ill, to be confidently bold, than foolifbly timerous. He that in every thing fears to do well, will at length do ill in all.

### . XXXVIII.

### Of History.

TO an ingenuous spirit, 'tis not case to tell which is greater the pleasure or the profit of Reading History: For, besides the beguiling of tedious hours, and the diversion it gives from the trouble-some and vexatious affairs, and the preserving the frailty of man from slipping into vice through mantonness with leisure; It enriches the Mind with Observation; and by setting us upon an open and

adjacent Scaffold, it gives us a verw of the actions, the contrivances, and the over-ruling Providences that have sway'd the affairs of the world. It is the Resurrection of the Ages past: It gives us the Scenes of Humane life, that, by their actings, we may learn to correct and improve. What can be more profitable to man, than by an easie charge, and a delightful entertainment, to make himself wife by the imitation of Heroick virtues, or by the evitation of detested vices? Where the glorious actions of the worthiest treaders on the worlds Stage, shall become our guid and conduct; and the Errors that the weak have faln into shall be mark'd out to us, as Rocks that we ought to avoid. learning wisdom at the cost of others: and, which is rare, it makes a man better by being pleas'd. In my opinion, among all the Industries of men, there is none that merits more thanks, than that which hath with Prudence, Truth, and Impartiality related those Transactions, which like main Hinges have shut and opened the Gates of the World. If Moses had not given us the History of the Creation, How blindly had we malked in the world? If the Prophets had not given us the Stories of the Fews, How much had we wanted, which now does lead us in the way of uprightness? Certainly, men owe their Civility as much to History, as Education. And we find neither Greece nor Rome were civilized, till they came to be learn'd.

And indeed in those that shall rightly, and well, relate the Occurrences of States and Kingdoms; there is required much more than makes up an ordinary man: They ought to be superlatively Intelligent, diligently Industrious, and uncorruptedly Sincere, neither driven by sear, nor led by flattery. Nor is it easie to have it well done by any, but by such as have been Actors in the affairs themselves; and have had some insight to the turnings of the inward wheels of the work. He that writes by Relation and Report, may casily err, and often miss the Truth. Rumors are but like Thundrings in the Air; we have a confused noise, but the particular cause that makes it, we do but guess at. Uncertain Report being certainly (as the Majesty of King James

observed) the Author of all Lies.

Who writes a History, his principal aim should be Truth, and to relate especially the extraordinaries both of good and ill; Of good, that men, taken with the Honour they find done them in story, they may be incouraged to perform the like; Of ill, that when men see the Insamy that they are branded with, they may leap from all that should make them so stigmatical. To these; Observations that shall naturally arise from a Rational Collection are not to be denyed, as the Imbellishment of a well-prais'd work. He that writes things false tells a Lie in the sace of the world: with which he does abuse Posterity. He is the worst of ill Limners; for he draws the Mind amiss. Some interweave their Relations with Fancies of their own: but a work so surries may be allowed a Romance, but not a History. Yet let no man that reads, be too scrupulous in expecting always a cleer light or a

full and perfect Narration. For besides that they are Men, that write; It is not possible that in all things the Truth of Affairs should be ever arrived at. Politicians pretend one thing to the People, but reserve the clean contrary in their hearts, and private Intentions. Their poylonings are Clandestine, and the making away of Enemies and Rivals is oftentimes by Bravo's hired in darkness: whose deeds are lockt up in Eternal night. So that none but an Omniscient God is able in all to trace the winding of these Serpents. If History be writ in the life-time of the Actors, It usually over-rates Virtues, and dashes out vice, or palli-ates. To dream amiss of the Prince, hath been accounted Treason: to write, would be much more. Princes in their displeasure being of the Nature both of Nettles and Thorns: If you but touch them they fing, if you Compress them they pierce unto blond. If an History be writ after Death; it may be more impartial, but less True: some things will be forgot, others covered with the dust of Time, and either spleen or favour vary the colour which naked Nature gave. And though he that writes be an Actor himself, yet we are very rarely to expect that all should be Sound and Carrant. He that is in Battel himself does oft not know the turn and progress of it. He can undertake but for himself and where he is, what is beside him may be unknown or disguis'd. Even Princes are deceiv'd by them they most do trust: And if a man be known to be about such a work, he shall sooner be put to record things Honourable than Just. And though of all others he that writes out of his own Knowledg by imployment, may be neerer Truth; yet a Man will be nice in blazing his own Errors; and where he is concern'd, self-love will incline him to lean to himself. If he be good, he would appear better: If he be Bad, he will not be fond that the world should read it in the Monument of Story, when he is gone. The dying Spaniard did but speak Humanity; That beg'd he might not be ftript when he was dead, though the defect, were only that he wanted a fbirt.

### XXXIX.

### Of free Dispositions.

Diogenes spake to Plato for a glass of wine; and he presently sent him a Gallon: when next Diogenes met him, his thanks were, I asked you, how many was two and two; and you have answered, twenty. There are indeed some of so Noble a Disposition, that like trees of ripe fruit, by degrees they are away all that they have, They would even out do the demands of all their friends, and would give, as if they were Gods that could not be exhausted; They look not so much either at the Merit of others, or their own Ability, as by their Bounty the satisfaction of themselves. I find not a higher Genius this way than slowed in the Victorious Alexander. He warred as if he coveted all; and gave away, as is the cared for Nothing; You would think he did not Conquer

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for himself but his friends, and that he took only that he might have wherewith to give. So that one might well conclude the world it self was too little for either his Ambition or his Bounty. When Perillus beg'd that he would be pleased to give him a portion for his Daughters, he presently commanded him Fifty Talents. The modest beggar told him, Ten would be enough. To which the Prince replies, Though they might be enough for him to receive, yet they were not enough for himself to bestow.

Doubtless all will conclude, a Mind, so vast, is a Nobleness to be ador'd and magnified. Their Bounty salls like Rain, and fertils all that's under them. The Vulgar, (as to Gods) will erest them Altars, and they will have all the Verbal plaudits that are owing to the largest

Benefactors.

Vivit extento Proculeius evo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

The Noble Love to Brothers show'd
By Proculeius, shall found lowd
In Fames shrill Trump; there mount so high
— That it shall never die.

All those benefits that a man does place upon others while he lives are as so many Trophies, raised to preserve his Memory when he is dead. Man's Lasting Marbles are his own good works; and like a living Monument they are rowl'd about wherever Men have Tongues. Yet I often find the men that thus are Boundless in their Bounty, and like the Air breath nothing but freedom upon all they meet with; though their dispositions, as the Gods, are been, and they best to others that have front to grass at all that can be gotten: Yet being but Men, and so their Materials limitted, they seldom prove but unfortunate to themselves. For being exhausted by the impudence and necessities of others, and their unnoble working on a free Nature; an nowelcome want at once undoes them, and the goodness of their disposition. Being easie to good, they will be so (much more) to ill, when they are press'd to't.

Every man we meet, may be made an Object either of Charity or Bounty: But they are very few, that will enable us to maintain wherewithal to continue them. When Zenocrates told Alexander he had no need of his Fifty Talents, he reply'd, though he had no need of them himself, yet he might have occasion for them for his friends: since sure he was, all the Treasure he had Conquer'd from Darius, would scarfe serve him for his. Should Neptunes Sea be ever slowing out, he would want Water for his own Inhabitants. The pool whose wast lets out more than his springs supply; will soon be shallow, if not wholly dry. To spend like a Prince, and receive like a private man, must needs beget

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fuch a fit of vomiting or loofness as quickly will impair all health. And though they be best to others, yet it is but to such as are grating and given to increach. For to the Generous mind they are often times less acceptable, than other more reserved Men. He that would be entire to himself, cannot well converse with him, without being fetter'd by some kindness: so he loses his Freedom, which is the Felicity and Glory of his Life. Every extraordinary Kindness I receive, I look upon as a help to pinion me. It is Nobler to deserve a favour than receive it, and to keep discreetly, than to lavish and mant all things but a vain and empty Applause. He that loves his Neighbour as himself is at the extent of the Commandement. He that does more breaks it. I would so serve others, as I might not injure my self: but so my self, as I might be helpful to others.

#### XL.

## The danger of once admitting a Sin.

Hough every thing we know not, be a Riddle at first : Yet once untied, there nothing is more easie. And as no feat of Activity is so difficult, but being once done a Man ventures on it more freely the second time: So there is no fin at first so hateful, but being once committed willingly, a man is made more prone to a Re-iteration. There is more defire of a Known pleasure, than of that which our ears have only heard Report of. Even Ignorance is so far good, that in a Calmit keeps the mind from Distraction: And Knowledg, as it breeds desire in all things feemingly Good; So doth it serve us with beguiling Sin. He that acts an offence, not only speaks, but Recites his own fowl Story: And as it makes it more Legible to others, fo it deeper finks in his own Mind, and Memory, for the being Charactered by his displaying hand. It lies within him like a Rak'd-up fire, which, but uncover'd, glows it self into a lively heat. The Glass that once is crackt, with every little sbake is apt to fall in pieces. He breaks his Hedge of Grace that admits of a scandalous fin. When once a weighty fin hath trodden down the Fence, each petty Vice will easily then step over. A breach once made, the City is in danger to be loft. To think we shall be mifer by being wickeder, is the simple mistake of man. Ignorance herein is better than Knowledg, and 'tis far better to want discourse than guilt. Alas we know not what rich Joys we lese when first we lash into a new offence. The World cannot Re-purchase us our pristine cleer Integrity. The Maiden-head of the Soul is gone. Difbonour stains us into discontent, we thereby flip our hold of Grace, which without many tears we never can recover. Perhaps we itch but once to try how pleafing fin will be: But at Adam's price we buy this painted Apple. And thereby chiefly we discover but our own want and Nakedness; and lose the Paradise of Innocence, that before this Act we enjoy'd. The chiefest KnowCENT. II.

man vainly believe he shall be less Actuated by the importunity of a scandalous sin, for having once committed it: For though it may seem as poyson told, before we come to tast it; yet, once letin, it boils us up to scalding all our senses. That which we thought was milk to quench, proves oil to instance. The palate of the soul, by tasting then is witiated: and that which before was Curiosity, does now turn into Concupiscence and the impetuous longing after practis'd pleasures. Surely he that would be pleasedly innocent, must refrain from the tast of offence. Though the imperious Tribunes condemned the Triumvirs, only because they came not soon enough to quench the sire, broke out in the Via Sacra. Yet doubtless every Active sin, is a slame to burn up Piety: which we ought if we can to prevent; if not, to make haste to extinguish, lest it quite consume our Religion. To death did the Lacedemonians censure that Souldier, that, meerly out of a boyish vanity, bore but a little scarlet-sansie in his shield; lest it should tempt the Army to a forcin Luxury.

Even small offences, are but the little Thieves, that (entred) let in greater: But where they are scandalous, the Dominion totally is given up into their hands. I would not purchase Knowledg by buying Slavery and Contamination. An innocent Ignorance is to be preserved before a nocent Knowledg. Let me rather have others think me Defective,

than that I should know my self to be Lewd.

#### XLI.

## Of Gratitude, and Gods accepting the Will for the Deed.

IN Love and Thanks there is no man necessitated to become a Bank-rupt. For both are things wherein 'tis in a Mans own power to be expressible: And there is no man so poorly provided for, but he may eafily find he hath many things for which he ought to be thankful. Either he enjoys Benefits that he could not challenge as of debt, (even a Being, Life, Humanity, the apprehension and expectation of felicity and eternity, are no way of our own, but Gods; they are bleffings that we never could have given our felves): Or elfe, he is exempted from many hard Calamities, that might have befallen him, if he ware not daily guarded by a Gracious Providence. To require so great Benefits as man does daily receive from the goodness of God, 'Tis no way in the power of frail Mortality; but to be ever thankful, is the best supply for that defect of Power: A grateful mind is the best Repository wherein to lay up Benefits: like Absolom's pillar it keeps alive the memory of the Donour, and like a mirrour aptly plac'd presents the view of all that is behind you. Gratitude does guild the Soul, and if the Iron of it be but smooth and filed, though it be not Gold, it shews it as if it were: and even in the fight of God 'tis beautiful.

beautiful. And if man-lives no day without a Renewed Favour, 'tis the least he can do, daily to Renew his Thanks. Nor would this be any thing if we had not a God of fuch vast goodness, that, by accepting for the Deed the Will, did dignifie our Intentions by being pleased with them: And as the Reason of Gods bestowing his Benefits is not the Merit or Defert of Man; but the infinite goodness of his excellent essence, that takes delight in doing good and obliging: So the efficacy of our thanks could nothing profit either him or us, but that he is pleaf'd for our avail to fet a value on them, and by accepting the meaning for the Act reward us as if we requited him. Doubtless then the best way of Retribution that is in man, is to flew his thanks by confessing the Receipt and Favour. He that is a thankful Debtor not only acknowledgeth his Bond and Want, but declareth what he would do, if he were able. Since then all I have is Bounty, let my endeavour be to be always thankful. Though I cannot express that, without a grace to make me so: yet that is more mine than any thing else beside.

Receive favours, I ever must: Require them, I never can: To remember them I always ought. In a better sense, let me say with

the Poet;

Semper inoblità repetam tua munera mente; Et mea me tellus audiet esse tuum.

Thy Mercies always, through my Heart shall shine; And all the Earth shall know that I am thine.

#### XLII.

## Of Diffrust and Credulity.

O distrust all, and believe all, is equally bad and erroneous: of the two the safest is, to distrust. For Fear, if it be not immoderate, puts a Guard about us that does match and defend us. But Credulity keeps us naked, and lays us open to all the flie affaults of ill-intending men: It was a Virtue when Man was in his Innocente: but fince his fall, it abuses those that own it. Yet too much diffidence as it argues, if not always gnilt, yet for the most part defect : So it begets us Enemies that without it had not been fo. Causeless supition not only injures others by a mif-apprehension, but it puts our selves into trouble, we have fear and disturbance that we need not. 'Tis the Jaundice of the Mind, that is not only yellow it felf, but makes every thing else appear so. It turnes Virtue into Vice; and many times prompts the Innocent to become indeed what he wrongfully was suspected for. Surely it was a precept from a Prefidious Mind at first, that bids us think all Knaves we deal with. I am sure it is against the Rule of Royal Charity, which in all doubtful senses; lays hold on that which is the best, and shews men to be

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good in themselves, whereby they are induced to think so well of others. Whereas Suspition is as oft begot out of consciousness in our selves either of what we have done or would practise, as it is from the sense of other mens failings. If we know men spotted with deceit or crimes to others, then indeed, not to mistrust is a breach of Charity: we are not careful for our selves, where it behoves our care to begin. He that deals with a Fox, may be held very simple, if he expect not his vafrous tricks. We trust not a Horse without a Bitt to guide him, but the well-train'd Spaniel we let range at pleasure, because we know we have him mnan'd to command. Phocion told the Athenians, They ought not to blame the Byzantians, for mistrusting their Captain Chares; but, their Captains that gave them cause to be mistrusted. He throws his Interest into a Gulph, that trusts it in such hands as have been formerly the Shipwrack of others.

Infelix, quem non aliena pericula cautum.

When the deceitful man hath shew'd to others what he is, Why should I take him for other, than what his actions have declared him? If he shews himself to be ill, I do him then no injury, to judge him what he is. He first does judge himself, and teaches me how to judge him. If I run upon a known Bogg, and yet will take it for firm ground, my falling in may beget laughter, but never pity with impartial people. With known dissemblers, Poets will not trade, and Martial is the Instance.

Decipies alios verbis, vultug; benigno: Nam mihi jam notus Dissimulator eris.

Go cheat elsewhere with words, and smiling eyes: I know th' art false, and all thy Arts despite.

Indeed, where too much Profession is, there is cause to suspect. Reality cares not to be trickt up with too taking an out-fide; and Deceit, where the intends to cofen, studies disguise. Birds of prey, discover not their tallons, while they fly and seek about for food. He stalks behind the Horle, that means to foot and kill. The weeping Crocodile first humbles his surprise in tears, And least of all should we be taken with swearing asseverations. Truth needs not the varnish of an Oath to make her plainness credited. When among the Romans, upon Averment, men used to swear, or avouch with Execuations; they presently fwore that they would not believe them. But, where there is no former brand, to shew he hath been criminal, 'tis breach of Charity, to conclude, that he will be falle. I will rather think all honest if strangers, for fo I am fure they should be; only, let me remember, that they are but men: so, not always proof against the assaults of frailty and corruption; otherwise, though they want Religion, Nature implants a Moral Justice, which, unperverted, will deal square. 'Tis observable, that before our Saviour gave the Rule, even Cicero had preached the same to the world. Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris.

Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you: Certainly, so I express a charity to my self, by providing, that I be not at the mercy of an other's undoing me; I can never be too charitable in my opinion and belief of others.

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#### XLIII.

# Concealed Grudges, the Destruction of Friendship.

Ith some dispositions nothing can preserve a man sale. Jealousie miscolours thole actions which in themselves are not capable of flain. Not having the prespicacity and clearness of Reason, what is done in fincerity is misconstrued to craft, neglect, or some other sinister end. But, among uncaptious and candid Natures, plainness and freedom are the preserves of amity; they not only take away present misapprehensions, but they lay a foundation of considence, that renders us more secure in futurity; whereas Reservation gives cause of fear, by putting us into a cloud, which may as well harbour a storm or tempest, as a gentle and refreshing shower. There is nothing eats out friendship sooner, than concealed grudges. When mis guided Reason hath once There is nothing eats out friend bip produced Opinion, even Opinion then doth soon seduce our Reason. Conceits of unkindness, harbour'd, and believed, will work off even a long grown love. The Egg of prejudice once laid, the close fitting hatches it into life; and, the sbell once broke, it flies about, or, like the Lapwing runs, not easie to be seized on. Reserved dispositions, though they may be apt to retain fecrets; yet, they are not so fit to produce love. The free and open brest, both propagates, and continues affection best. Philip of Macedon set a Prisoner at liberty, because he did but tell him that his Garment hung a little uncomely. It was a freedom in a Captive, which his Courtiers durst not venture to tell him of. Between entirest friends, it cannot be but sometimes little peeks of coldness may appear; though not intended by a willing commission, yet, perhaps so taken by a wrong suspect. And these smother'd in silence, grow and breed to a greater distast. But, revealed once in a friendly manner, they oft meet with that satisfaction, which does in the difclosure banish them. Regret is a Serpent that, warm'd in the bosom, stings. Unkindness like a tumor in the flesh, does rage and shoot with heat, and making much of; but, once let out, both ease and health do follow. 'Tis a sulphurous vapour in a cloud imprison'd, that roars and rumbles while it is thut up : But, if at first, by Lightning it flies out, the noise is prevented, and the Air is thereby clarified. And indeed, how can we make a judgment, when we do not see the bottom? Sometimes ill tongues by false tales sow discord between two Lovers; sometimes mistakes set the mind in a false apprehesion; sometimes jealoufies, that like dregs arise from even boyling love, imprint suspition in the thoughts. All which, may find ease in the uttering, so their discovery

and when it might see clear, it mists it with ascending sumes. Passionate Natures, like slints, may be quiet alone; but when they knock together, fire it self breaks from them; whereas calm discussions do so card affections into one another, that many times they never after can be parted or pulled asunder.

If, between friends, there must unkindness spring, 'tis best presently to tell, and reconcile. Perhaps, the suspected, that appear'd a little (mutted on his out-fide, unfolded, may be clear within; and then having more integrity, he will draw more love. If he should be guilty, he may repent, and by his error, become warned to prevention, and for that he hath offended, he shall be more obsequious. Pisifratus did not ill, when some friends had forsaken him, to follow and catch up their cloakes: who demanding his intention, he tells them, It was, if he could, to personade them to return; if not, 'twas resolv'd, that he would abide with them. However, let them that defire to continue friends, be sure to part so: a jar at farewel is a contradiction. They that part in unkindness, seldom meet in love. The last draught leaves the rellift, which, after it is past, does awell upon the Palate, while the guft of the former with this is malb'd away. Therefore we ought to provide that this may be pleasant: nor ought we to fart aside at every some that shall be cast in our way. To pass by offences, is wisdom; but to fall from a friendship, levity: Even in those that have been ill contracted, Cato's advice is good, They are rather to be unserved than cut.

#### XLIV.

'Iis neither a great Estate, nor great Honours that can make a man truly Happy.

Have sometime had the vanity to think, a vast Estate, and some high seat of Honour, to be a gay and glorious thing. And indeed, to look upon the superficies of it at the first glance of the catching Fancy, there may be perhaps a pleasing and entising splendor. Man has naturally so much of the Deity within him, that he loves to be ador'd and magnified. Among the Romans, Triumphs were so coveted, that the retusal of them to aspiring Casar, begot the change and ruine of the present State. Though to have the reeling Multitude (like a Pool of Reeds, waved with the wandring wind) bowing up and down in adoration of the Conquerour, does heave and lift up tumours and exalting minds, and such as have the Mercury of youth about them: Yet, when the grave Vespasian came to snail it, and be leaver'd in the throngs slow, march he began to chide himself, as being justly punish't, at his years, for admitting such popular Applanse, and Pageantry. And certainly, if we examine the true and most effential selicities of man,

we shall find that 'tis not Wealth or Power, not a great Effate, nor great Command, that can render us in our felves more happy than other men: All that really man is here made capable of, must be either benefits to his mind, or to his body. For the mind; surely, Kings never found so great contents as have liv'd with mean Philosophers. A Crown of gold's too heavy to be worn with ease. Their fears, their hopes, their joys, their griefs, their loves, their hates, with all their train of Passions are more phantaltick, more distracted, and more torturing, than those that wait upon an obscurer man, who like a Cat, without making a noise, can steat unheeded through the worlds confusion. Without a guard, they cannot fleep; and with one, they do not. A Martial watch diffects the night with noises; a mid-night Council starts their broken rest; and meals are stuff'd with frights, or with suspicion. He that Commands the most, enjoys himself the least: His Inclination is turmoil'd and fretted; thrust one way, pulled another; haled on this side, forc'd on that; driven and stroak't together. Who is't can guess at those Incessant cares, that go to bed with Princes but to keep them making? Enemies abroad, Treacheries at home, Emulations at neighbours, diffatisfaction of friends, jealeusie of most, and fear of all. A business so troublesom, that Otho (though he were so beloved of his Souldiers, that many of them did put themselves to death, because he would not live) chose rather to kill himself than endure it, and to hazard so many of his Noble dependences. His Title fure was as good as that of Vitellim: yet, where there hath been none, we have liv'd to fee, there hath been also no fuch confideration. And, which is more in Great Persons, their delicacy, and tenderness, like nice plants, make them more subject to destruction, more sensible of affronts, more impatient of labour and care, than fuch as, through habituated custom, are hardned to endure the frost, the heat, and the wind of affairs. Plainly it appears, He is more in the way to be happy, that lives in a kind of retreat from the world. In whom all men have an interest, he furely has least in himself. And, if retiredness be not more delicious than affluence and popularity, How comes it, that men of great imployment do so often lock up themselves from the croud and flux of affairs. As the happiest part of their life, they steal themselves into a Calm, and rejoyce that they can cozen their importuning Clients: do they not hereby feem to tell us, that they can never enjoy themselves, and stand at ease, or cool, but when they have laid by the Pendants and Caparifons of State, which heat, and load, and weary more than all the pleasure that they bring com-pensates? True wisdom, which proceeds from Piety and Innocence, they have not leifure as they should, to prosecute. The thorns of Authority hinder the feeds of the other from prospering. In so much, that some have held it for no Paradox, That a Prince who grows in goodness, will come to descend in his State: Examples hereof, are not hard to find, where, by the vices and infultation of others, the Innocent and Charitable have fared worse, than the not extreamly barlh and trannical. Certainly, the greatest pleasure that the mind is capable of in

this life, is in the contemplation of God and Nature, the experimental sweetnesses of Thilosophy, and the discoursiveness of Reason. And all these have their pleasure in retiredness, and uncrowded from the stings of business. Nay, admit an affinency of all things were, indeed, better than the moderate use of the pleasures of this life: Yet, with perpetual use the sense of the pleasure is lost. Whose every meal is banques, has not any. Continual feasts are burthensom, beyond the intermediate pleasingness of a craving appetite. He knows not the dear delight of life in any kind, that never liv'd but in the fulness of all. 'Tis watching and labour, that voluptuates repose and sleep. As he that is ever taking Tobacco, loses that Physical use on't, which others find, that do but seldom ule it; so, he loses the guft of what should be delightful, that so perpetually does cloy himself, that he leaves not space to meet his food with defire. One wholsom dish with hunger for the sauce, with purer health, with greater ease, with as much pleasure may be had and tasted, as all those costly viands Riot and Prodigality invented for either the Table of Vitellius, or the Kitchin of Lucullus. Nay, Pleasures are not truly tasteable, but in the fober tracts of Temperance; they then have that clear rellifb that Nature first indued them with : which certainly, is sweeter than what is strain'd and forc'd by Art. When the thirst is quench'd, the pleasure is not then so much in drink, as company. Nor can the fullcram'd person have his Senses and Intellectuals clear. Where there is much Provision dress'd, the Kitchin will be black't and darkned with smoke and reek. The empty morning, and the wasted night scess further into Knowledg, than the mid-day Sun, when unctious meals shall tumult all the fenfes. Nor can the like health attend the abounding Board, that does the temperate and convenient Table,

> Vides, ut pallidus omnis Cæna desurgat dubia; quin corpus onustum Hesternis vitiis, Animum quoq; pragravat unà, Atque afficit Humo divina particulam Aura.

See but how pale they reel,
From their destructive Suppers, how they feel
Their late tane Surfeits, which weigh down the Soul,
And to dull Earth, pins the Calestial Pole.

Like Bottles fill'd with Wine, that is not fin'd, their own Fumes crack them till they flie in pieces. He only finds the clean and politer pleasure, that feeds, as Nature breeds, sound men; where there is Temperamentum ad pondus. Like Fish in Crystal streams, untainted with disease, they smoothly glide through all the soft Currents of Life. Epicurus was not far from right, to make Pleasure even the Summum Bonum. But he meant it of the mind which was terse and clean, what is it that we can say more? Or how can we imagine greater, than to be participant and enjoying of the Divine Nature; of the Great and Immaculate God? Doubtless in a great Estate, 'tis very hard' to find time

for

for these Seclusions. The Relation of Acquaintance, and Friends, and Alliances; The Avocation of Bufiness, both Contingent and Necellary; The Application of others not to be avoided: The incitation to pleafures that more moderate Fortunes want, with the army of temptatiws that abundance offers, may instruct us neither to emuy those that fail in such full Seas, not yet to be sagueiously liverish after these more palatable than wholsom sweet meats. A great Estate without a mind that is greater than it, is a Snare: Nor are there examples wanting of many that have doposited their spacious Fortunes, to take up mean Convenience; Attilius descended from the Triumph to the Plongh : and we need not doubt but Menenius Agrippa liv'd both pleas'd and honor'd, though he left not Cast to discharge his Funeral. The mind of a middle fortun'd man, is as much at Liberty as his that is compass'd round with plenty; and the body of this latter is not capable of more than the other can afford to his. Three Ells of Holland he can use for a Thirty and more a Prince cannot put in without trouble : perhaps a mean man has not a Garment with fo long a Train, but then he can conveniently carry it himfelf, and needeth not the cumber or the charge to have one bear it after him.

#### It cities goes nor to direct . . . VAX

# Of Neglett.

Here is the same difference between Diligence and Neglett, that there is between a Garden curiously kept, and the Sluggards field, that fell under Solomon's prospect, when it was all over-grown with Nettles and Thorns. The one is cloth'd with Beauty, and the gracious amiableness of Content, and cheering Loveliness! While the other hath nothing but either little smarting pungencies, or else such transpiercings as rankle the flesh within: Negligence is the Rust of the Soul, that corrodes through all her massiest Resolutions; and, with admittance only, flakes away more of it's steel and hardness, than all the hackings of a violent hand can perform. The excretions of the Body grow but insensibly; yet, unless they be daily taken away, they disquise a Man to a monster: as Nebuchadnezzar's hairs were like Eagles feathers, and his Nails like Birds claws, in his feven years beafliality. What Nature made for Use, for Strength, for Ornament; Neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and to loath'd Deformity. We need no more but fit still, and difeases will arise only for want of Exercise.

How fair and fresh soever the Soul be, yet in our flesh it lives in smoak, and dust; and if it daily be not brusht, and cleans'd, by Care, and Penitence, it quickly discolours, and soils. Take the weeders from the Floralium, and a very little time will change it to a wilderness. And then'tis an Habitation for Vermine, that was before a

Recreation

ap with Proor and Circu

el hair, e e l'ait grain olds

er a revolute or deteit:

Recreation for Men. Our Life is a warfare, and men use not in it to fleep without a Centinel, nor march without a Scout; He that wanteth cither of these, exposes himself to surprize and the becoming a prey to the diligence and laboriou nefs of his Adverfary. We have known manythat have wasted goodly patrimonies, who have been handsomly natur'd and tree from vices of any fignal remark at all, for which we could give no other Reason but only a general incuriousness and neglect of timely inflection into their own affairs. Thus Honorius passed away his Empire to his Sifter Plandia: And Nero's other vices were not more contributing to his Ruine, than his supine neglect when the Legions began to rife. The mounds of Life and Virtue, as well as those of pa-Itures, will decay, itis but forbearing to repair them, that all the Beafts of the field may enter and tear up whatfoever is good in us and grows Certainly Religion teaches, to be exact and curious. The Law is fuch a Rule as every abcrration from it, is an eye-fore. We fee fometimes how finall a scruple can disturb the minds fair peace. Macarins gave himself pennance for but killing a Gnat in Anger ! Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the meanest miscarriage requires a Purification. Who does not therefore guard himself, neglects his greatest Enemy. Man is like a watch; If evening and morning he be not wound up with Prayer and Circumspection, he either is unprofitable, or false: He either goes not to direct, or serves to mislead. And as the slenderest hair, the least grain of sand, or the minutest Atome, makes it either a trouble, or deceit: so the least neglect does steal us into improficiency and offence: which degreeingly will weigh us down to extremity. If the Instrument of Living be not truly set, all that we play up. on't will be hatsh and out of tune. The diapason dies, where every string does not confer its part. Surely, without an union to God, we cannot be secure, or well. Can he be happy, that from happiness is divided? And God is so exact, so smooth, so straight, so perfectly perfect in all, that 'tis not possible for man to be join'd to him, unless propertionably he be so too. The smooth and rugged, never made good joint; the straight and crooked will never be brought to close: Unless our knots and excrescencies be taken off, and shot into directness, they hinder union, and thrust us off from Deity. No glew will hold us close, when we shall swell into unevenesses, by the neglect of not planing our selves into Virtue and Piety. Diligence alone is a good Patrimony, but neglect wastes a fair Fortune: one preserves and gathers; the other, like Death, is the diffolution of all. The Industrious Bee by her sedulity in Summer, dwells in, and lives on Honey all the Winter. But, the Drone (which, according to Pliny, is an imperfect Bee, and begot in decay, when the Bee is wasted and past labour), is not only cast out, but beaten and punish'd.

# Of Injury.

Njury is properly the willing doing of Injustice to him that is unwilling to receive it. And 'tis as well by charging fally, as detracting unduly. He that accuses me of the Ill I did not, and he that allows me not the good I have done: who puts foln goods upon me, and who steals away what is truly mine, hath very little Heraldry to distinguish the wrong he does. Only, in the first he begins with Murther: and ends with Theft: In the later, he begins with Theft, and ends with Murther. One bites before he barks; the other barks first, and bites afterward. Certainly, all the mischief in the world proceeds either from the actings, or the apprehending of wrong, from men originally unjust, or ignorantly suspicious. Were Right and Jufice preserv'd in exactness, Earth would be a Heaven to live in, and the life of Men would be like that of Angels, where Majores fine elatione prasunt, & minores sine vitio subsunt. Felicity would dwell with men, which now like Afras, is fled from the Region of Earth. How many Attendances, how many Journeys, how much Treasure might be saved? No crowded throngs need fill our Law-tribunals; nor armed Troops ungraze our fruitful fields. Every Injury is a petty war, and a breach at least of a pair of God's grand Commandements; Killing, and Stealing. And, though perhaps it may feem to prosper a little while, till the wheel of Providence walks its round; yet, doubtless, 'tis short-liv'd, and drags with it an Infection, that does taint the spirits, and confound the senses. Injustos sequitur ultor à tergo Dem. 'Tis one of Gods peculiar Attributes, That he is an Avenger of Wrong. There are but two parts of a Christian mans life: To abstain from doing wrong, and to endeavour to do good. And though the first in a bad world, be a good progress in a Christians voyage to Heaven; yer, it is in truth, but a dead and torpid Virtue. A negative Piety, that indeed, reaches not to the civility of neighbourhood. Neither the Priest, nor the Levite were Neighbours to him that fell among Thieves; yet, neither of them did him any Injury. And 'cis not unworthy our Observation, That of all Professions ormen, it fell out, that it was a Priest, and a Levite, that were thus nothing concern'd with the wounded's calamity. They, that like Bellows, could inkindle the fire of Charity in others, had nothing in themselves, but a serile cooling breath, derived from the common and transient Air. They, who to others seemed flagrant in their tongues, had Ice congealed in their frozen hearts: which need not put us to the wonder, when we find their practick zeal fall many degrees below their flaming harangues. Though we are commanded to be inoffenfive; yet, that is not all we are commanded unto. Things senseless and inanimate, forbear the doing Injury: but, the activeness in good, is

that which promotes to felicity. Eschewevil, and do good, is but one conjunctive Precept. He is but the leffer part of his way, that forbears the doing injury: yet, even this is a mystery, that, but very few attain unto. Either we mis-apprehend it; or, blinded with belicf of our own perfections, we flide over this, and yet pretend to be pious, But I can never think him good, that is but temporally good to himself. How can he have a good conscience either towards God, or towards man, that either fraudulently, or violently takes away what is anothers just propriety, I am yet to understand. Some Callings are fuch, as 'tis hard to be just, and hold them. And we may observe our Saviour was so far from allowing not only wrong, but force even in Souldiers and Merchants, (who yet, if any, are dispensed with) that he binds up their Profession in such limits, as'tis hardly possible to be a Souldier, and a Christian; we translate it, Offer violence to no man. And is not Plunder such, or taking away any thing that is anothers? Which being never to clandestinely done, without either noise, or the owners knowledge, under the cover of darkness, or the filence of the grave: yet, by the Law, 'tis taken to be acted vi & armis. If force can give a Title, all that I can catch and keep, is mine. If Justice and Propriety be not preserved, no man hath more than what he can keep by his own craft, or anothers courtefie. It was St. Austin that started the question; Remota Justitia, quid sunt Regna nisi magna Latrocinia? Take Justice hence, and what are Kingdoms elfe, but fields of war and rapine? But the word is properly, Terrifie no man; which intimates, they ought not to come so near taking away any mans right, as to put them into a fear. What Law and Civil Right does give a man just Title to, I ought not to deprive him They are Beafts and Birds of prey, or elle voracious fifbes in the wilder Ocean, that live and batten on the spoils of others.

Man by all the Laws of Creation, Policy, and Religion is tyed up, with his own fair Industry to live on what is justly his; and then he hath a promise of a bleffing with it. But, he that rowls and ruffles in his Neighbours hold, hath no protection but his own frail arm, or else his fraudulent head; 'gainst which the Prophet hath pro-nounc't a moe. Even a natural light will shew us the blackness of wrong, and then (what ever men pretend), certainly, Religion thines but very dimly, where that can be digested and not seen. The Othces of the Orator will tell us; Qui non defendit, nec obsistit si potest injuria, tam est in vitio quam si Parentes, aut Patriam, aut Socios deserat. He that does not hinder, or desend a wrong when 'tis in his power, is in the same rank of ill, with those that basely shall desert their Countrey, their Parents, or their neer Affociates, Surely, right-born Nature is nobler than a bastard Piety. He was not a Jew, but a Samaritan that parted with his Oyl and Wine, and lest provision for his cure, that, in the fore-mentioned Parable, fell among Thieves, which we cannot think to be other, than the Jews, or he went but down the Hill from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he

was

was set upon. They wound Religion to the inmost heart, that shew her to the world with such wild gashes, and adulterate spots, as are, the offering, or incouraging of wrong. The Pagan Tribune is to be presert'd before some Christian Conventions, that have appear'd in the world.

Cn. Domitius, the Tribune, summon'd Prince Seaurus before the Peoples Tribunal, Scaurus his servant, hearing of it, repairs to Domitim, and informs him, that, if he wanted matter, he could furnish him with sufficient for his Lords Condemnation: For which the Noble Tribune well remarded him; but, 'twas by cropping off his Ears, fealing up his lips, and sending him so to his Lord. I think, it needs no Grand Inquest to find in what Region the Nobler Religion did dwell; whether with them that punish Treachery, Perfidiousness, and Heri-cide with fmart and Ignominy :or, fuch as draw it out with Oaths, invite it with Preferments, and appoint to Slaves and Villains the rewards that are due to the only brave and honest. Doubtless, to a very Enemy, a Christian dares not offer wrong. Religion from above, is pure and peaceable; but wrong, is the fewel of war; and, by doing that, we help our Adversary, and war against our selves. We engage God on his party, and by our injustice disadvantage our cause: Not may we do it, that good may come of it: Justice, needs not Injury to help it to a Victory. Though in the way of Hostility the practice is far more common than commendable; yet, by just and gallant persons, it hath ever been disdain'd and abborr'd. And those that have so contemned it, have for it by all succeeding times, been seated with such as ave ascended to the highest Towers in the stately Palace of Fame. Themistocles advised to fire the Spartans Navy privately, as it lay in the Harbour. Aristides did consess it profitable; but, because he could not be satisfied, that it was just, or honourable, the project was decryed, and Themistocles enjoyn'd to defist. And when Alphinsus was offered by some, that they would entrap and cut off his Enemy, the Duke of Anjou: He protested, if they did any fuch thing, he would proceed against them, as he would against a pack of Parricides, declaring to all; That the war he undertook, consisted not of Fraud and Treachery; but, of Virtue, of Valour, and of noble Fortitude. He that can allow himself to do Injury, makes his favours to be suspected as snares. He is so far from being a Propitious Star, that the malevolence of Comets harbours in He is much distanc't from doing good, that is not principle'd to forbear a wrong. He is next to Charity, that abstains from Injury: but he is at Oppressions thresbold, that can dispense with it. Let no man think, he can purchase favour with either God or Men, by the formality or exteriours of Religion, if he lets himself loose unto injury. One unjust and unworthy action hurts not alone the man that does it : but, it transfers the scandal to the Religion he profesies, which for his sake groans, and grows suspected, if not contemned. Of the two, my opinion is with Socrates, 'Tis better Kk 2

CENT. II.

to fuffer wrong, than do it. He may be good, that suffers it; he must be bad, that offers it. An Innocent may be killed; but, he that murthers, cannot be innocent, either in present, or the sequel. For usually, the first commitment of a wrong, puts a man upon a thousand wrongs, perhaps, to maintain that one: And, 'tis more than probable, the sufferer will decline into wrong at last. Injury with injury is desended; and with committing greater, we are drawn to keep up the less. A sye begets a sye, till they come to generations. Who is once a Rebel, hardens his own heart, engageth his friends, oppresses his fellows, involves his relations, murthers the losal; and like a Torrent, lets in all that can tend to confusion. As the Powder once would have done the two Houses; so, he at once blows up both the Tables. By loosing from ground, he lanches into the Sea that hat no bottom, being thereby enforced to the breach of the whole Decalogue, both in bulk and branches, by himself and his guilty Adherents.

#### XLVII.

# Of Faith and good Works,

Find not a greater seeming Contradiction in the whole Gospel, than that which relates to Faith and Works: The Apostle Saint Paul argues high for Faith, and St. James as high for Works. One faies Abraham and Rahab were justified by Faith. The other, that Abraham and Rahab were justified by works. One faics, By the works of the Law shall no flesh living be justified. The other faies, That ye see then how that by works a Man is justified, and not by Faith only. Nay, St. Paul may feem to contradict himself, when in one place he saies, The doers of the Law shall be justified. And in another that we know a man is not justified by the works of the Law. And that no man is justified by the Law in the fight of God, it is evident. Surely, though these seem to be Contradictions, yet rightly understood, they are not so. For, to leave the Niceties of those sharp disputes that are on either side; I look upon it as a Rule, That where the scripture seems to run into Contrarieties, there certainly is a middle way between both, which we ought to feek out and follow; and that the extreams on either fide are forbidden, and the Union and Inseparability of both are enjoyned. I do therefore humbly conceive, That the infilting upon Fuftification by works, and the infisting upon Justification by Faith alone, might, with much more profit to the Church of God, be left to be so strenuously tugg'd for, by the differing Parties. It would more safely be evinced from these two seeming discrepancies, That no Man can be justified without degrees of both; and that to depend solely upon one is dangerous, for doubtless both are meant. And therefore when at one time the people came to our Saviour and asked him, what shall we do, That we might work the works of God? He answered, This is the

work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath fent. Declaring thereby, Faith to be even the whole work of the Evangelical Law. And when the young man in the Gospel asked him at another time, what he should to inherit Eternal Life? His answer to him was, That he should keep the Commandements. Neither of which are to be taken-exclusively, but both Commanded: so, both to be equally practifed. Works without Faith, are at best but Arrows shot at Randome: No man can assure that they shall ever hit the mark. And for Faith, St. James tells us, that without works it is dead. And then, what is it that the dead can do? Faith indeed glorifies God in private, between himself and our Souls. 'Tis the Monastique part of Religion, which acts all within the Cell of our own bosomes. But Works glorifie him before the World and Men. Faith without Works is but a wither'd tree, there wants both leaves and fruit. And Works without Faith, is one that hath no Root to give it sap and verdure. Faith is as the meaning, and Works are the expression of the mind. Faith is the pin that fastens the Soul to the Chariot of Eternity, while works are as the Harness and the Trappings whereby it is drawn along, and without which all her operations else are useless. Works without Faith are like a Salamander without Fire, or a Fifb without Water; The Element which they should live in, is not there: and though there may feem to be some quick Actions of life and symptoms of Agility; Yet they are indeed but fore-runners of their end, and the very presages of Death. Faith again without works is like a Bird without mings, who though the may hop with her Companions here upon Earth, yet if the lives till the Worlds end, thee'l hardly ever fly to Heaven, because the wants her Feathers. when both are join'd together, then does the foul mount to the Hill of eternal rest. These conjoin'd can bravely raise her to her highest Zenith: and by a Noble Elevation fix her there for ever; taking away both the will that did betray her, and the possibility that might. The former without the latter, is selt cozenage; the last, without the former, is meer Hypocrifie; together, the excellency of Religion. Faith is the Rock, while every good action is as a stone laid. One is the Foundation, the other is the Structure. The foundation without the walls is of flender value: The building without the Bafis cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their conjunction makes them good: whosoever does believe in God aright, believes him to be a Rewarder of good, a God that requires what is just and equal, that loves to magnifie himself in his mercy, in his doing good to his Creatures, and in his infinite and unbounded Beneficence; And that he is a punither of evil, a detester of Injustice, yet one that delights not in afflicting to their Torment the works of his bands. Therefore such as would perswade us these believe, and practise the Contrary of thele; thele Christians are of such a New Edition as nothing of them can be found in scripture or Antiquity. They are but infidel-Christians, whole Faith and works are at war against each other. Faith that

is right, can no more forbear good works, than can the Sun to shed abroad his glorious beams; or a Body of perfumes to disperse a grateful Odor: Works may be without Faith, they may rife from other ends, and 'tis no news to fee Hypocrifie decking her felf with the fringes and purls of the truest Religion. But faith will not be satisfied, if the have not Works attending her. A Solifidean-Christian is a Nullifidean Pagan, and confutes his tongue with his hand. I will first labour for a good Foundation, saving Faith: And equally will I seek for strong Walls, good works. For as man judgeth the House by the Edifice more than by the Foundation: so not according to his Faith, but according to his works, shall God judge man: Nor is it unworthy of our Observation, That when Saint Fames parallels faith and works to the body and soul; He compares Faith but to the Body, while works he likens to the Soul, that gives it motion, life, and animation. I shall forbear to make the Inference, but leave it to the Readers fober Confideration. See James the 2. 26.

#### XLVIII.

# Of the danger of a fruitless Hearer.

Hough Preaching in it's elecutive part be but the conception of Man, and differs as the gifts and abilities of men give it lustre or depression; and many Hearers for their knowledg are able to in-Aruct their Teachers: Yet, as it puts us in mind of our duties, that may perhaps be out of our thoughts; and as it is the Ordinance of God, and may quicken and enliven our Conversation, we owe it both our Reverence and Attention. And though we may think our education and parts have fet us in a higher form than it hath done him that does afcend the Pulpit; yet without a derogation to our own Endowments (as in other Arts so in that of Divinity) we may well conceive, He that makes it his trade and calling should better understand it, and is likely to be more perfect in it, than he that hath inspection therein but by Arts, perfect are by exercise and industry. As the by and obviously. man is born a Child, and does by tendence and improving time, creep up to full Maturity; So Arts at first are infant-things, till fild, and garnisht, they burnish out in perfection. Even in matter of fact; they have eafier and nearer waies to do things, who with affiduity and practice are still intent upon them; than can by those be thought on, that are strangers to the profession. And these Considerations may certainly content us to hear sometimes the meaner-parted preach. The Apostle allows it the foolishness of preaching, yet it was the way that peopled all the world with Christianity. It bruised the stanch Philosopher, and brought the wilful Pagan off from all his Idols. It topp'd the Coaring Eagle with the crosse, and bowed the lofty Conquerour to his knee and Tears. And, what know we but sometimes our Corruptions may

be let out by a poor brass pin, as well as by the dextrous hand that CENT. 11: guides a fitver Launcete He that is our spiritual Physician is not confin'd to any certain instrument that he will use to enre us with. And if we out of Copper, Lead, or Pewter-preaching, can extract pure Gold, I take 'tis no impeachment to our wife Philosophy. Surely they are not right, that because they can not hear such as they would, will therefore come at none. I will hear a good one, if I can; but rather hear an easte one than not to hear at all. He abandons his cure, that refuses to come at his Chirurgion.

That Cloth can never be white that lies where dews do never fall upon it. I observe those that leave the Church-assemblies (so they be not Heretical) do grow at last to leave Religion too. The Righteons man, by the unwife actions of others, does grow wifer. Even out of weakness he can gather strength. Now the great King of Heaven entertains not fools for his followers: If they be not wife before they come, yet they are wife in coming; and then, for that, he makes them so for ever after. 'Tis a prerogative belongs to his Servants; those that pay him their obedience, he does reward with Wisdome and Understanding. It was by keeping his Commandements that Davids wisedome did exceed his Teachers. He that hath wisedome to be truly Religious, cannot be condemnedly a Fool. Every precept of Christianity, is a Maxim of profoundest prudence. 'Tis the Gospels work to reduce man to the principles of his first Creation; that is, to be both good and mife. Our Ancestors it seems were clear of this Opinion. He that was pions and just was reckoned a righteom Man. Godline s and Integrity was call'd and counted Righteousness. And in their old Saxon English, Righteons was Rightwise, and Righteousness was originally Right-wiseness. 'Tis the fear of God that is the beginning of Wisedome: And all that seek it have a good understanding. It is to be presum'd, the Merchant that sold all to buy the Pearl, was as well wife as Rich. Those therefore that withdraw from the means altogether, (which, in ordinary, is preaching) or are long livers under it unprofitably, by degrees grow strangers to it, and diflike it. 'Tis an Aphorism in Physick, That they will in the beginning of diseases ear much and mend not, fall at last to a general loathing of Food. The Moral is as true in Divinity. He that hath a fick Conscience and lives a Hearer under a fruitful Ministry, if he grows not found he will learn to despise the word. When food converts not into Nourishment, 'twill not be long before the Body languisbeth. Bleffings neglected in the Van do troop in curses in the Rear and sequel; but, when contemned, Vengeance. Who neglects the good he may have, shall find the evil that he would avoyd. Justly he fits in darkness, that would not light his Taper when the Fire burn'd clearly. Offers of Mercy fleighted, prepare the way for Judgments. We deeper charge our selves. Yet are we more uncapable of clearing our accounts. He that needs Counsel and will not daign to lend a listning ear, destines himself to misery, and is the willing Author of his own sad wee. Continue at a stay we cannot: Corruption

Corruption neither mends it self, nor leaves to be so till it bring destruction. The fire followed Lots neglected preaching. Capernaum's state was heavyer for her miracles. Desperate is his estate, that hates the thing should help him. If ever you see a drowning man refuse help, conclude him a wilful Murtherer. When God offers more than hee's oblig'd to, we ought by all the waies we can to meet so glorious Mercies. To the burying of such Treasures, there belongs a Curse; To their mispending, Punishment and Consusson.

#### XLIX.

# Of Solitariness and Companionship.

'He Bat and the Owl are both Recluses: Yet they are not counted in the Number of the wisest Birds. Retirement from the world is properest when it is in a Tempest: but if it shall be in our power to allay it, we ought even then to immerse our private in the publique safety. He may indeed be wife to himself, that can sleep away a storm in a Cabbine. 'Tis a kind of bonest cheating of an Agues fit, by Repose. Most men will desire to be housed when Lightning and Thunder fly and rowl abroad. Otherwise, for a man to turn shel fish and crawl but in his own dark house, shows him but a dull and earthy thing. They are Beasts of Rapine, or of extream timidity, that hide themselves in Dens, and lurk out day in Thickets. Whereas those that are Creatures of Service are tame, sociable, and do not fly from Company: I deny not but a man may be good in Retirement; especially when the World so swarms with Vice. One would not travail but upon Necessity, when he must be either wetted with the rain of slander, or barter'd with the hail of Injury. It were too great uncharitableness to condemn in general all the Monastiques that have cloyster'd up themselves from the World: Nor indeed are they purely to be reckon'd among such as are shut out from Commerce: They are not alone that have Books and Company within their own Walls. He is properly and pittiedly to be counted alone that is illiterate, and unactively lives. hamletted in some untravail'd village of the duller Country. Yet we see in the general election of men, a Companionable Life is preferr'd before those Cels that give them ease and Leisure. It is not one of millions that Habits himself for a Monk out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at those that do it, upon an easie scruting, we shall find 'tis not so much Election, that hath bowed them against the grain they grew to: Either want or vexation, crosses or contingencies, fend them unto places Nature never meant them born unto. Soul of Man is as well Active, as Contemplative. The Divine Nature rests not only in the speculation of his great Creations : But is ever busie in preserving, in ordering, in governing and disposing by providence the various and infinite Affairs of the World. For man to give

give himself to ease and useless leisure, is to contract a rust by lying Aill: To be becalm'd is worfe, than sometimes tofling with a stirring gale. Certainly, an operative reft is acceptable to a mans felf and others: But, an ineffectual lazinefr is the seminary both of Vice and Infamy: It clouds the metal'd mind, it mists the wit, and choaks up all the Sciences : and, at last, trasmits a man to the darkness and oblivion of the grave. When Domitian was alone, he carch'd but Flies. But, of Augustus (a wife and prudent Prince) we have it recorded that he slept but little, and was fo far from loving to be alone, that he had alternate watchers to discourse him in the night when he waked. Was not Scipio more glorious, fighting in Africa, than Servilius Vacia sleeping in his noiseless Countrey? Certainly, the Inculture of the world would perish it into a wilderness, should not the activeness of Commerce make it an universal City. Solitude indeed may keep a mind in temper, as not being tempted with the frequencies of Vice, or, the splendour of wealth and Greatness. And 'tis true, the with-drawn from society, may have more leifure to study Virtue, and to think on Heaven. But, when Man shall be over-swayed by the pondure of his own corruptions, may not time administer thoughts that are evil, assoon as those that be good? The caution sure was seasonable, that Cleanthes gave to him, that he found alone, and talking to himself: Take heed (lays he) you speak not with an evil man. No man hath commended Timon, for that he hated company. He may laugh alone, and that, because he is alone: But, it hath not so pleased others, as that they have approved on'r. And having at his death left this his own mad Epitaph, you will not think him mended by his folitude.

> Hic sum post vitam miseramque inopemque sepultus: Nomen non quaras; Dis, Lector, te male perdant.

Life wretched, poor: this Earth doth now surround me. Ne're ask my Name: Reader, The Gods confound thee.

There is this to be said against solitude; Temptations may approach more freely to him that is alone, and he that thus is tempted, may more freely sin. He hath not the benefit of a ompanion that may give him check, or by his presence loose him from off the hook he hangs upon. Whereas in company, if a man will do good, he shall be incourag'd; if bad, he may be hindred. We are not sure the Serpent had prevaild upon Eve, if he had not catch'd her alone, and stragling from her Hustband. A man had need be a great master of his affections, that will live sequestred from the world and company. Neither Fools nor Mad men are ever to be lest to themselves. And albeit, a man may upon retiredness make good use of his leisure: yet, sutely, those that being abroad communicate a general good, do purchase to themselves a nobler Palm, than can grow up out of private recess. If a man be good, he ought not to obscure himself. The world hath a share in him, as well as he in himself. He robs his Friends and Countrey, that, being of use to

# RESOLVES.

CENT. II.

both, doth steal himself out of the world. And if he be bad, he will hardly mend by being alone. The Maskiff grows more sierce by being shut up, or tyed; and Horses grow more wild by their not seeing company: That Actor hath too much trouble, that is never off the Stage; and he's as little acceptable, that does never quit the Tiring-room. But he that can help, when need requires, in the Senate, or the Field; and, when he hath leisure, can make a happy use on't, and give himself imployment to his benefit; hath doubtless, the greatest pleasure, and husbands his life to the best of uses. For, by being abroad, he suffers others to reap the advantage of his parts and piety: And, by looking sometimes inward, he enjoys himself with ease and contentment.

#### T.

## Of the use of Pleasure.

Tho admires not the wisdom of Demosthenes, in the answer he returned to the Corinthian Lau: Panitere tanti non emo, He would not buy Repentance at so dear a rate? Surely, Pleasure is lawful, and God at first did ordain it for use: and if we take it as it was at first provided for us, we take it without a fting. But, when in the measure or the manner we exceed, we pollute the purer fream, or elfe, like Beasts in heat, we drink to our destruction; and the best we can expect, is, either to be fick, or vomit. And if it be but vomiting, which, like Repentance; brings it up again, even that is a sickness too. All our dishonest actions are but earnests laid down for grief. Vice is an infal lible fore-runner of wretchedness: on the best conditions it brings repentance; but, without repentance, torment and repentance too. I like those pleasures well, that are on all sides legitimated by the bounty of Heaven: after which no private gripe, nor fancyed Goblin comes to upbraid my sense for using them: But, such as may with equal pleasure be again dream'd over, and not disturb my sleep. This is to take off the parchings of the Summer Sun, by bathing in a pure and Christal Fountain. But, he that plunges himself in a puddle, does but ingage himself to an after-washing to get his filth away: And, who would feast with that, which he knows will make him sick if he eats it? Unlawful pleasures, though they be a differing Pass-over from that which Moses instituted, yet, they never can be eaten without somer herbs attending them. Like the worfer fort of Mushromes, though from the Sulphur of an Earthy mind, they shoot up in a night, and look both white and fair to the eye; yet, give them what guft you can, there will still a venemous quality stay with them, to be rid of which, if you but tafte, you must either purge, or be personed. Certainly, the counsel of the Preacher is the best rule for all the pleasures we enjoy in this life, Eccles. 11. 9. Rejoyce, O young man in thy youth. and let thy beart cheer thee in the days of youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the fight of thine eyes: But, know that for all these things, God will bring thee to judgement. Which by some, I find to be taken for serious, and not an Irony, as most do interpret it: And, I hope, I shall not offend, if I incline to their opinion that so think it, and for which I shall presume to give my reasons.

First, it suits with several places before in the same Book. Cap. 2. 10. when Solomon had given himself a latitude in his desires : he tells us, His heart rejoyced in all his labours, and it was his portion; nor do we find his youth reprehended for them, his failing being rather in his age, than it. And in the 24. verse of the same Chapter, he says, There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his foul enjoy good in his labour; and this he faw, that it was from the hand of God. Cap. 3. 22. He perceives that there is nothing better, than that a man (bould rejoyce in his own morks, for that is his portion. Cap. 5. 18. he repeats it with a remark, Behold that which I have feen, It is good and comely for one to eat, and to drink, und to enjoy the good of all his labour, that he taketh under the Sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for it is his portion. And in Chap. 9. v. 9. he exhorts again to joyful living: and the reason that he gives for it, is, Because it is his portion in this life: So that, one place expounding another, and being alike, either all may be thought Ironical, or none. The former places I find not so interpreted by any, and this by some, otherwise, that is, to be serious; as if he should say, Rejoyce and cheer thy self in all that God gives thee for pleasure; but, yet do it with that moderation, with that prudence, and that warrantableness, that thou mayst be able to give an account to thy God, that in bounty hath given them to thee, whenfoever thou shalt be called to judgment, as doubtless, thou shalt be for all that passes thy hand. Suitable to this, Lorinus, that cites the several Interpretations of this place, fays, Vel amara Ironia contra voluptuofum, vel est mitius consilium. Sic hilare fruatur prasentibus bonu, at meminerit reddenda rationis Deo. Either a Sarcasmus against the voluptuous; or elle, 'tis a milder counsel, That we so enjoy the present good, that we may remember to give account to God for using it. That we should laxe our selves in all the corrupt and mistaken pleasures of life, was never licensed by any of the wifer Heathen. Pleasure that impairs our abilities, that brings detriment, or forrow afterward, was laughed at by Epicurus himself: but a lawful pleasure, lawfully used, doubtless, is an Emanation of the goodness of the Deity to Man.

A fecond Reason I take to be this; The whole Book of Ecclesiasles, is a serious Tract, a kind of Penitential Descant and Judgment given of all that does belong to Man, a sober Collection of what his wisdom had observed from all those various paths of worldly affairs, that he had trod, in the course of his life. And in the whole stream, I find not any thing that bears the aspect of being light and Ironical: Some will have it, Solomons Repentance; and argument the writing of it, to be the proof of his Salvation, as if, being darkned with smoke and blackness, while he wandred and tumbled in pleasure, he now, by the light of Divine Grace, saw through those clouds that did before enwrap

CENT: II

him, and wind him off from that great wisdom that at first was given him. And sure, if this Text be Ironical, it differs from the scope of all the Text beside, there being not one place more, that I find to be commented with the like sense.

A third Reason is, That God would never have instincted the appetition of pleasure, and the faculties of enjoying it, so strongly in the composure of Man, if he had not meant, that in decency he should make use of them: Most natural actions in themselves, are not unlawful, but as they are circumscrib'd and hedg'd about by circumstance. The Apostle says, All things were lawful for him, but all things were not expedient: That is, all things that in themselves were purely as natural acts, and were meerly Adiaphora, indifferent, neither good nor bad in themselves, but as they were attended by other adventitions, that fall in with their use. These in themselves were lawful, but being chased about, and pounc'd with the settings off, and powderings of fin, they were not expedient for him. And this he seems to explain in the last part of the verse, I Cor. 6.12. All things are lawful for me; but, I will not be brought under the power of any; That is, All the acts of men as natural, are lawful for me to do: But, seeing there is so much corruption adhereing to their use, by my exceeding the measure, mistaking the manner, misplacing, or mis-timing them (In any of which, if I err the least, I come under the guilt and bondage of them): Therefore, though they be lawful for me in themselves : yet, I hold them, if circumstanc'd amis, nor to be expedient for me; nor will I put my self under the power of any; that is, to be tondemned for them, when I shall be called to account for using them. 'Tis neither a fin, to be honestly rich; nor a vice, chastly to enjoy the Rites of Marriage. Unlicensed pleasures, are those that leave a smart. The drinking water sometimes is a Julip; but to take it in a Fever, is destructive.

A fourth Reason is, From the several varieties of delight and complacency, which God created in the world: which surely, he would not have done; if it wholly had been unlawful for man to use them. All the several tastes of food, were meant to please the palate, as well as meerly to content our hunger. Of all the Fruits and beauties plac'd in Paradise, there was but one Tree only that was then forbidden him. If God had not intended delight, as well as bare supply; sure, one kind only, might

in every sense, have terminated appetite.

I conceive therefore, I shall not be far from Truth, If I think with Solomon, for man to enjoy himself in those felicities of mind and body, (which God out of his Immense Liberality hath given him), be his portion. Only we ought so to use them, as we may not be inthralled in their guilt; but, may be able to acquit our selves upon account for using them. Though questionless, if Solomon, who had a particular spirit, and a far larger measure of wisdom given him, than we can ere pretend to, or promise to our selves, could not escape being soyled by them; we ought much more to beware in their use. A wise man will not venture on that for a little present pleasure, which must involve him

into

into future danger; no way compensable by the short delight he takes. CENT. II Whatever we do, we ought before we act, to examine the sequel: If that be clear, the present enjoyment will be ease and content. But, to rush inconsiderately upon pleasure, that must end in sadness, sutes not with the prudence we ought to be indued withal. 'Tis a folly of a bigger bulk than ordinary, that makes a man over-rate his pleasure, and

under-value his vexation. They are Beafts, that will be catch'd in a fnare by their appetite. I will endeavour to be content, to want that willingly, which I cannot enjoy without a future diffate.

LI.

# Of Libelling.

T feems Vice is so naturally hated of all, that every mans finger itches I to be giving of it a blow. Though they be tyed up by Fear, by Power, and Reflections upon their own particular interest, while the offendor keeps in Command, and hath the Fasces at his dispose; yet, as foon as ever he is uncoller'd from these chains, or the latter be laid by, and the hand of protection taken off: As at a Fox that is coursed through a street, every thing that can but bark, will be opening upon him: And though they never loft a Lamb themselves, or had a feather of their Poultry ruffled, yet, like whelps fet on by the bawling of others, they are as fierce against them, as if their Families had been ruin'd by them: when, it may be, all that they charge him with, is, that he hath merited more than others; or, out of duty, hath become the skreen for keeping off the vulgar beats from scorching of his Prince or Patron. Indeed'tis hard in changes to escape the flying Pasquil. And 'tis as hard to avoid a change. For the Humours of men are variable; and Displeasure, as often rises out of Fancy, as upon just cause. And though a man by all the Innocence, he can muster up in his whole Life, cannot promise himself to be ever out of the reach of this winged Dragon: Yet, there is no doubt, but a prudent integrity is the readicft way to it. Virtue does but rarely bear those stroaks that are due to the back of Vice. The Furies seldom lash but guilty souls. For the most part, they are dunghils where these Scarabees do both breed and light. An infamous life makes work for a gauling pen. Yet, a Libeller, is but the beadle of Fame; or the iron that brands him for his Vice, and Roguery: and though he writes Truth, he hath but an Executioners office, and after the man is condemned, is but the Hang-mans hook to drag him to the Gemonia. Libels are usually composed of the deepest, and the bluest gall; being like fire pent, when they get a vent, they break forth far more eagerly; than being registred by the pen and print, like strokes in Oil, they hardly are wash't off, with the greatest and most painful rubbing you can use. Like the French Punaise, if you let them live, they sting; if you kill them, yet they flink. You may heal the foar, but not the fear: And though per-

haps there may be wit in some of them; yer, is that put of with so much Spleen and Cowardize, that duly examin'd, they over-shadow all the Thine that's in them. The wifer Governments have ever been fevere against them. Ulpian tells us of a Law, that makes the Person convict of libelling to be Intefabilis; that is, he shall neither be capable of making a will himself, or of being witness of any made by others. And Tacitus relates, that Libelling (by Augustus) was brought within the compass of the Law against Treason. Certainly, 'tis an ungenerous thing, to publish that to all, that we dare not own to any: 'Tis an unnoble Comardice, that frikes a man in the dark, and like a Serpent bites him by the heel, and then glides into his bole, for want of courage to abet his actions: Be it true, or falle, no man gets reputation by composing a Libel; for it tends to diferace, enkindles malice, ushers in revenge, and discloseth spleen. The most generous, I observe, are the least concerned at them. Why should any man keep himself awake, that he may hear these Night-Birds call? It is not for a wife man to be troubled at that, which no body living will own. A Libel, is Filius Populi, that Inving no certain Father, ought not to inherit belief. As 'tis hard, to find any man free from all that may merit reproof; fo, 'tis as easie, in the best, to find something that we may reprehend. Yet, fure I am, Charity will rather abate the score, than inflame the reckoning. He that Libels, transgresses against the common rule of Morality and Religion: he does not do, as he would be done by. We ought rather to bemone the unfortunate, than unworthily to infult against him, that is not now in a condition for his own vindication. 'Tis a disposition quite unchristian, that we shew in such bad actions, being wholly contrary to that intermutual amity and friendliness that should be in the world. We rejoyce in others croffes, as if they were bleffings to us. And 'tis all one, as if we were so preposterous, as to be dancing and frolick at Funerals. If men were heavenly, they would be enkindled with a warming fire of love and charity to condole dyfasters, or offences; if but humane, yet Nature, never meant to Man a mind fo cruel, as to add weight to an over-charged beam. He that falls into a publick difgrace, hath enough to bear of his own, there will be no need of anothers hand to load him. To envenom a Name by Libels, that already is openly tainted, is to add ftripes with an Iron rod, to him who before is broke, or fley'd with whipping: and is, fure, in a mind well temper'd, look'd upon with disdain and abhorrency.

#### LII.

#### Of Apparel.

Hough we hear not of it, till fin sent Man to seek for't: yet, since it is a covering for shame, there is something of decency in it, it being begot like good Laws out of evil and corrupted Manners; and surely

furely, rightly considered, we thereby do declare our guilt, and the flender esteem that is to be fet upon us, when we chuse rather to appear in the spoils and excretions of other inferiour creatures, than to shew our limbs and parts as Nature hath bestow'd and furnisht them. It may, indeed, be thought a modesty in Nature, to cover those excrementive parts, which, left uncover'd, perhaps might offer offence. In Birds, they are wholly conceal'd by their fethers, in Beafts, by the tail they are produced with. 'Tis generally supposed, if Adam had not faln, he had had no need of Garments: his Innocence was his clothing; and for covering of his shame, he then, indeed, had needed none. But, why Man (indued with fo many Prerogatives, above all other Creatures) should be exposed to more inconveniences than any that were else in the world; either we must think him worse provided for by his Maker, or else, that Paradise should have ever been in such a Calestial serenity, that there would have been no need of any thing to defend him against the hard and sharp, the heat and cold, of the Air and changing Seafen. It is not probable, when all Creatures elle have either shels, or Scales, Hair, Wooly or Fur, or some kind or other of Natural Tegument to guard them against outward injuries, that Man alone without a fence should be exposed naked to all those adventitiom affaults that are incident, to gall and vex fuch weakness. As it is my belief, that Man was created mortal before he finned; fo, I could incline to believe he might have come to Garments, although he had not falm. It's true, it was after his fall, but before he was turn'd out of Paradife, that he made himself his Fig-leaf-Circumplexion: which, being rough and fretting, was but a kind of gentler Curricombe. And whether lighted on by accident, as next and readiest; or, taken for a a present necessity, not knowing better; or, design'd so out of choice, as a Hair-shirt to pennance him for his folly in offending, I shall not dif. pute: but, furely, God himself saw that so uneasie and unfitting, that out out of pitty to his erreature, he put him into pelts, a gentler, easier, more soft and pliable, more durable, more warm, and more defensive clothing than that his own new-wretchedness had lighted on. Lucretius would have us think, it was after some tract of time, that he arrived at his clothing in skins: but the Text is a testimony against him. Though it may be from Adam's hiding himself among the Trees of the Garden, he might be glimpfed to relate, as we find in the Poem of his 5. Epicuri.

> Nec dum res igni scibant tractare, neque uti Pellibus, & spoliis corpus vestire serarum; Sed Nemora, atque cavos Montes, sylvasque colebant, Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra, Verbera ventorum vitare, imbre que coacti.

When first men knew not how to work with Fire, Nor in Beasts skins, or spoils themselves t' attire; For woods and Groves, and hollow Rocks th' inquire

And

And forc'd'mong leaves, their sluttish limbs they'stow, T' avoid the rain, and raging winds that blow.

Certain it is ; Mans own invention, went but to the Fig-tree-leaves : perhaps, his fresh-born ignorance could not on the sodain find out other: Or, having found so sad an effect of transgressing one Command, he durst not presently rush upon the violation of an other. His limit for diet was, to Fruits and Herbs. Not being commission'd to feed on Flesh, he could not come at the skin, till his compassionate Maker licens'd him to kill the carcale for the case alone. For, we do not find in the Text, that he had any commission to eat flesh; till after the world had been malbt with the Floud. But, to wear Apparel, we find it natural; there being no Nation, or People, so deeply savage, but, that their verenda at least, have been shaded by them. Nor can, in reason, the greatest Critick, complain of Providence, for sending man naked into the world: For, seeing he was Lord of all, and had wit to make use of all, there was no need of inducing him clothed upon the Stage of the World, as other creatures, who had no ability to help themselves, beyond those Veils that Primitive Nature gave them. The Universe to Man, was a larger furnish't shop; every fit material was his stuffe and trimming, produc'd and laid before him for his Garment. He was only left to be his own poor Taylor, to make them up and drefs himself as he thought most convenient: And therefore, Fashion, which is left at liberty; among wise men is not to be tax'd, unless it be inconvenient, or ridiculous. Every mans palate may as well be confin'd to one kind of Cookery, as his fancy pegg'd up to one kind of fashion. It is not only lawful for a man to vary, but even to please himself in that variety, since in it self one is as lawful as the other; a little skirt is as legitimate as a great one; and comparatively, as colour, one is not worse than another. The Athenian Magistrate reproved Crates, for wearing a fine linen Garment, who to justific himself, told him, he could show him that great Philosopher Theophrastus clothed in the same; and, to prove it, carries him to the Barbers, where Theophrassus sate to be trimm'd with the like cloth cast about him: Now (says he) you fee how impertinently scrupulous you are; for, were it ill in it self, it were not in shops to be used. The sober Scipio was statued in the Capitol in an Exotique Habit: And Sylla being Emperour, confin'd not always to the Roman Gravity. We read, how God himself commanded his High-Priests Garments, that they should be glorious and beautiful, not only rich in stuffe, and curious in workmanship, but orient in colours, and refulgent with Fewels. And whether by this, it were learned from the Fews, or, was naturally seeded among the Heathen, fure it is, their Priests and Flamens were more resplendent in their robes, than others of a larger cense: which may lesson us to this, That even, to Heaven it self, good clothes are not displeasing. We find not ault with the Peacock's shining train, though other Birds be not so gay as he. As a Saddle and Trappings to a Horse, is Apparel to a Man; though

hough a badge of fervitude, yet withal an Ornament : And as a poor one disgraces a well-shap'd Courser, so a rich one is sutable to the Beast that is stately and handsome. Nevertheiels, in Apparel, especially, for constant use, the Positive is the best degree : Good is better than the Beft. He is not right, that is in them either poor, or gandy; the one argues fordidness, singularity, or avarice; the other, pride and levity: yer, as the world is, a man loses not by being rather above his rank, than under it. It is as old as St. James, That a gold Ring and Sumptuous Apparel had more respect, than the man that was meanly arrayed. If we be to fet a fewel, we give it the best advantage we can think on; and the richer'tis, the more care we take to grace it in the luftre." Though Virtue be a Diamond so pretious, that 'tis richest when plain fet; yet, we think not either the cut, or the water, can make it sparkle too much. Certainly, it is necessarily convenient, that upon occasion, we be sometimes braver than ordinary at great Solemnities; upon approach to Persons of extraordinary Honour, upon causes of common Rejoycings, and Festivities. Socrates himself, when he went to a Feast, was content to be smugg'd up and effenc'd in his Pantophles: And being demanded, how he came to be fo fine? his answer was, Ut Pulcher eam ad Pulchrum; That he might appear hand some to those that were so. Though Foseph were sent for in hast out of Prison, so as the Text layes, he was forced to run; yet he shaw'd himself, and changed his rayment, before he would appear before Pharaoh. It is an incongruity to mingle Rags and Silk. Though all be Pearls; we match not round and orient, with those that are discolour'd and uneven. A man ought in his clothes to conform something to those that he converses with; to the custom of the Nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition: For, that is best, that best fuites with ones Calling, and that rank he lives in. And feeing all men are not Oedipusses to read the riddle of another mans inside; and most men judge by Apparencies; It behoves a man to barter for a good esteem even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle that we see it wears. The bellique Cafar, as Suetonius tells us, was noted for fingularity in his Apparrel, and did not content himself without adding something to his Senators Purple Robe. If there were not a Decorum and a Latitude according to mens ranks, and qualities, what use would be of filk and softer Rayment? In vain had Tyrian seas their greedy purples bred. The Affrian worm should wast her self in vain. The costly sur, the finer flax, would all let go their values, and instead of benefit become a Burthen to the full-stor'd world. Attalique Garments have their proper use. The Pontique Bever and Calabrian wool, the brighter Ermine and the darker Sables, find justly wearers whom they well become. Yet in Apparel, a manly carelesness is beyond a feminine Art; Too great a tricking tells the World we dwell too much on outsides. There are three good uses we may lawfully make of Apparel, to hide shame, to preserve from cold, and to adorn the body; M m

the worst taske we can put it to, is to engender Pride; when we think the Logg is precious, because the bark is Aromatique and perfum'd. When Demonax saw the Fool in fine apparel, and by reason thereof to wear as well as it an outward insolence, he hearks him in the Ear with this; That fine-wrought wool that you (Sir) are so proud of, was worn by a Beaft before twas worn by you: And yet that Beaft doth still a beast continue. I do not see in the general but that the man becomes the Apparel rather than the Apparel the man; for some are of so homely a garb, that no clothing can hide them from the Fool or Clown: While others give a grace to any thing is cast upon them. And that may fettle us in this Resolution, that comely Apparel is better far than either coftly, or conceited. He that is phantastique in his clothes hangs them on as a Sign to tell the World that a Pupper dwels within. When Caligula's pride and folly rendred him so ridiculous, that he would cry up himself to be sometimes Jupiter, sometimes June, o. therwise Diana, often Venue; and so change his Habit, sutable to those various shapes the fabling Poets had bestowed upon those foppith Deities; Dion hath this Note upon him, Quidvis potine quam homo videri cupiens; He had rather feem any thing than what he was or should be, A man. He that will be fingular in his Apparel had need have fomething superlative to balance that affectation. As Elias, John the Baptift, and Dion Prufius who had been a strange fight appearing mantled in a Lyons skin, if his parts had not advanced him to the Chariot of the Emperour Trajan. Commonly that is most comly that most like of, and is liked by ones felf: A man may have Liberty to please his Fancy in his Habit, so it does not disparage his Judgment.

#### LIII.

## The good use of an Enemy.

HE Skilful Physician, out of noysome plants and poysonous beasts, can sometimes gather and confect his cure for soul discases. As bryars and thorns, though they be pungent and untractable: yet in a sence they hold the Beast from wandring into wider danger: so though an Enemy be no way grateful to the common sense of Humanity, yet surely by the prudent he may be made a Mithridate; and, as a guard upon our Actions, to keep them that they stray not beyond Discretion and Convenience. It was the opinion of Disgenes, That our life had need of either faithful friends, or sharp and severe Enemies; And many times our Enemies do us more good than those we esteem our friends. For whereas a Friend will often pass over ordinary failings and out of Respect, Connivence, Relation, or self-interest, speak only what shall be either grateful or not displeasing. An Enemy will catch at every Error, and sets himself as a spy upon all our Actions, whereby as by a Tyrant-Governour we are kept impaled

impaled within the bounds of Virtue and Prudence, beyond whose limits if we dare to wander, by him we presently are whipt into the circle of Discretion. Like the Serjeant of a band in Armies, if we be out of rank he checks us again into the place and file appointed us. To a fool he is the Bellows of paffion, but to a Wife man he may be made a School-master of Virtue. The greatest glory Rome did e're arrive at, in part did from her potent Enemies rife. They taught her all the arts of War and Government, till the mounted to a Fame whose splendor was so bright that like the Sun it deaded all the leffer fires before or fince in the world. Was the not beholding to her Enemies for all her 350 several Triumphs, and in them for her Conquerors impalmed Purples, and their laurel'd Temples in their Turricular Chariots? And certainly as her glory was the highest, so those Triumphs were the highest pieces of magnificence and splendor that the Sun e're gaz'd on. For therein were the Arms, the Wealth, the Garments, Gems, and pretions Utenfils of all the several Nations of the Earth; and, in Etfigie, Towers, Cities, Forts, and Battails as they won them. All rarities of creatures extant through the world. Whole droves of Oxen for the Altar dress'd with guilded Horns, and flowry Garlands crown'd, with their Ministers in Thining Silks, with Golden Vefels for their use in Sacrifice; Musick, Perfumes, Feasts, and the summ'd up Excellencies of all that could be thought on; and (after all these stately sights, and the roab'd Senate coming out to meet them) Kings, Princes, Dakes, their Wives, their Kindred, Children, and Allyes, the captiv'd Souldier, and the tam'd Commander, with hands behind them bound, sadly and slowly moving to usher the approach of the Victor's leifurely proceeding Chariot. Certainly, the highest Virtues, the greatest Fortitude, the Dominion and Wealth of the World they got by having Enemies. And at last, with their Enemies, they conquer'd their own Virtues too: For, no fooner were they freed from those, but the ease and rust of Peace did Canker all their brightness. Metellus professed he knew not, whether his Victory did Rome more harm, or good. And when one was applauding the happiness and security of Rome, having awed Greece, and sub dued the Carthaginians; the wife Scipio conceived her most in danger, while the had none to fear, and keep up in her the growth of Fortitude, and Diligence. A man with an Enemy, is like a City befreged: While Hannibal is at the gate, it is not for him to be careless and licentious. For Enemies like Ravens, though they smell not the found; yet, they can sent corrupted manners presently. So, that as Appius Claudius observed of Rome, and we may find it confirmed in our Neighbours of the lower Germany, their Enemies have added to their Fame and Industry. From them we often find more truth than Thines among familiars; they boldly speak their undisguis'd opinion; they prevent our running into Vice and Error; and if any act, mil-befeeming Virtue, thall but unawares escape us, they will be sure to fingle it out of the Coppice wherein twas lodged, into the open Plain, by every under Wood-man, to be beset and shot at. So, that if a man by his Mm 2

CENT. II. Friends cannot know wherein he offends; his Enemies in that will put on Friendship's office, and shew him where he fails. And, so I know the thing, what matter is it, whether it be blown me in a petty whirlwind, or whisper'd in a calmer air? By either, if I please, I may take occasion to mena. The Air, we see, is cleansed as oft by ruffling Winds: as by the gentle and more grateful rayes of the warming Sun. Nor does an Enemy only hinder the growth and progress of our Vices: But he enkindles, exercises, and exalts our Virtues. Our Patience is improved by bearing calmly the Indignities he strives to load us with. Our Charity enflamed by doing good for ill, by taking the better handle of his actions, by pardoning and forgiving the injuries he does us. Our Prudence is increased by wisely managing our selves in our demeanors, lest weakly ordered, we give him opportunity to wound us. Our Fortitude is strengthened by a stout repelling of scorns, and an undaunted courage shew'd in all our actions. Our Industry is ripened and habituated by watching all his On-fets, and his Mines; and by best contriving how we may acquit us in all our contestations. And, questionless, sometimes we ought to be thankful for an Enemy. He gives us occasion to show the world our Parts, and Piety, which else perhaps in our dark Graves would sleep and moulder with us quite unknown; or, could not otherwise well be seen without the vanity of a light and an oftentous mind. Miltiades had miss'd his Trophy, if he had miss'd an Enemy in the Marathonian Fields. Horatime Cocles, and Mutius Scavola had never gain'd luch fame, by either of them furmounting the opposition of an Element, the last of Fire, and the first of water, if they had not both been put to it by the Etrurian Porfena. And though the last line alone of Martial's Epigram might prove this, yet, because he hath so elegantly, in little, limb'd in the Story of the latter, I have prefum'd to give you the whole.

> Dum peteret Regem, decepta Satellite, dextra, Injecit sacris se peritura focis: Sed tam seva pius miracula non tulit Hostis; Et raptum flammis jussit abire virum. Vrere quam potuit contempto Mutius igne, Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit. Major decepta fama est & gloria dextra; Si non eraffet, fecerat illa minus.

When his right hand mistook the King (his Prize) Inrag'd to th' fire he gav't for Sacrifice. But the foft King amaz'd at fuch fell fights, Snatches it thence, and so the Man acquites. That hand which ( fcorning flames) fout Mutius burn'd, Porsena durst not see, but from it turn'd. Mistake became his glorious Fames excess; Without mistaking, he had acted less.

And, after all this, we may be deceived by our friends, and we CENT. II. may deceive our selves. But, an Enemy cannot be unfaithful, or degeive us; because we know him so well, that we do not come to trust him, but keep him out at a distance, and clearly out of the capacity of cozening; fo that, though a friend may please more, yet an Enemy may profit as much. The Confideration whereof may very well facilitate unto us those seeming hard Commandements of our Saviour and Christianity; To forgive our Enemies, to pray for them that persecute us, to do good to them that hurt us, and even to love our E. nemies: For albeit, they love not us; yet, fince they are occasion of so much benefit to us, as to promote our Virtues, and repress our Errors; if we can be but wife for our selves, we shall find it but an Act of Reason and exactest Justice, to afford them our Affections; not only as they are our Brethren, and pieces of the same Imagery with our selves, but even out of the Rules of Civilitie and Nature. If, but by accident, though unwillingly, a man do us a curtefie, yet we use, and it becomes us, to be thankful, because, without him we had not been so happy; every Instrument that brings us good, we are beholding to. And certainly, as we ought to be thankful to God for our afflictions, that are fent by him to amend us, fo our Enemies are to be reckon'd in the number of those by which we may be refined, if we will. As the hardest stone is properest for a Basis; so, there is not a better Pedestal to raise a Tropby of our Virtues upon, than an outward Enemy, if we can but keep our selves from inward Enemies, our vices, our weaknesses, and our own disarayments.

#### LIV.

## Of Gifts and their Power.

THere Love and Gratitude grow in the heart, it will not only blossom in the tongue, but also fructifie in the hand by attion and expression. And indeed, to expect or receive favours, and not to think of requital, is, like the Beaft, to take bread from the hand, and thengallop away for fear of being made to do fervice. Certainly, there is a greater force in gifts, than usually men think of; they conquer both the wife and foolish. With gifts both Gods and Men are taken, and prevail'd with. From Hell to Heaven, the order is in all to offer: With a sop even Cerberus is quieted. And, and regard his rifts becalm'd fo much their minds, 'twas faid of Philipsthat his Gold, and not his Iron, all Gracia had subdued. And when the Gods were efficer begg'd to, for bestowing favours, or sought to for their Angers being appeas'd, the Altars smoak'd with Offerings, as being believ'd the way the sooner to incline them to Beneficence. He that hath buft ness, and spares his hand in presenting, angles without a bait; and ofttimes renders him that he would have his Friend, his Enemy. A kind-

ness unremarded, turns into neglect, as if we slighted both the man and the matter. 'Tis true, in Administrations of Justice, where men like Gods ought uncorruptedly to adorn their high Tribunals, where the Publique is concern'd, and men, besides Conscience, are bound up by the folemness of Oaths, It is a Sin to accept; and, doubtless, no Virtue for any at all to offer: As'tis the modest Virgins, so 'tis the Magistrate's part, when tempted, to refuse: And, as 'tis fallly said, 'tis the mans part to offer, so questionless, he cannot be free from corruption, that would lay any thing that should look like a lure before the eyes of Justice. 'Tis like some Dalilahs wanton eye; though it makes no bargain, yet it tempts. A gift thus offer'd, is no other than an illegitimate philtre, endeavouring to adulterate Affection from that Bride to whom they stand already betrothed; and, though we contract not, is not better in the aim than a bribe. In which, I see not, why the offerer should not be as highly punishable as the receiver. I do not think the Devil was better than Eve. The Author of the mischief is more criminal, than he that weakly is feduc'd to follow him: who laics a snare to take me, though I scape it, is not wholly Innocent. What can be faid in excuse, is chiefly this, The Client is not sworn, not to offer; but the Judge is bound, not to take. Certainly, who ever offers it out of finister ends to himself, with but the least thought of perverting Justice, and, who ever takes it out of the defire of gain, intending thereby to be partial, come both within the guilt of bribery; which, as Job tells us, will beget a fire that shall consume their Tabernacle. And 'tis from the greatness of the influence that Gifts have upon men, that the Laws have been so severe against them. Indeed, it is not fit a corrupt man, should ever come to know the power that gifts carry over minds: They gently bow them from their own intention from the grounds of right and justice. They bring a stranger into affinity, an Enemy into a Friend. They are charms upon the disposition; and, like the blandishments of the strange women, they kiss men into kindness they intended not. Besides the blinding of the eyes of the wife, Solomon tells us, A gift is a beloved Jewel, a Stone of Grace, (as the Original hath it) and it prospers whithersoever it turns. It blunts the keenedg'd Sword, and breaks the brazen Wall, Amans gift makes room for him, it throws open doors, puts out the Watch-mans light, and brings him to the Great mans presence, Prov. 17.8. & 18,16. 'Tis the Absolom of Israel that steals away the heart from Justice, that is and should be King. And bate them but this Felony, and doubtless, then a wife man will not be wanting in them. Before favours received, they feem to speak affection and regard; afterwards, gratitude and acknowledgment. It is not good to be constant in gifts at set and fixed times; for Custom, as in other things, so in this, does usually run into Law. Expectation will diminish the value of a Free-will-offering, and it will quickly become as an obliged Sacrifice; and, if we omit, we displease. This was seen in New year s-Gifts, which being at first only auspicious and honorary, grew to that pass in the time of Angustus,

gustus, that every man brought them to the Capitol, and there left CENT. II. them, though Augustus was not there: And Caligula by an Edictordered them then to be brought him.' Tis best when we give, to do it so as it may be fure to shew to either love, respect, or thankfulness. And great Presents are not so much to be commended, as those that take the fancy, that square with a present occasion, and may be of often use in the Eye, whereby we may be retain'd in remembrance. The Bottle of foul water which Peribarzanes had from the Countrey fellow, was fo grateful to Artaxerxes, when he was thirfty, that he protested he never drank of a pleasanter wine in his life-time; and the Peasant it was had from, he would not suffer to depart, till he had lifted him from his Poverty, to be a person of Wealth. A Noble heart wears fetters when he is beholding, and sometimes rather than be overcome, will wane himself to less in his Estate; as chusing rather to be less, than lagging to requite a benefit. Among the Romans, Donations of Estates between marryed couples were forbidden, unless to purchase Honour with: perhaps, because they would have Leve so pure and natural between them, as that nothing of Art should intervene: That Love might have no other ground but Love and genuine liking. Otherwise, between remoter Relations, they held them as the Cement of affection and friendship. And they had their Customary Seasons for such Intermutual expressions of regard by Presents, as on the first of December at their Saturnalian Feasts; on the first of January for their New-years-gifts; on their Birth-days; and on the Calends of March, in memory of the service done by the Sabine women, the green Umbrella and fat Amber were to women fent. And, in all times, fuch Gifts as were meerly out of affection and benignity, that were amiable and honorary, were never at all forbidden: for, having no ends but these, they were reprehendable, if not done; but, much commended, if they were performed. Mendicatory or fishing Gifts that like lines are cast into the water, baited with a small Fry, in hope to catch a Fish of a greater growth, the generous have ever disdained. 'Tis but a begging out of the compass of the Statute; which, though it be more safe, I scarse hold To ingenuous, as a down right craving of Alms. A man may give for Love, for Merit, for Gratitude, for Honour, to engage a lawful favour, or prevent a menacing storm : but never to betray, to entice to injustice, or to make a gain, by begging with a little, greater. For, though the pretente be Love and Honour, the aim is Interest and Lucre. And if it be a Bribe, it never hath a prevalency, but, when two Knaves meet, and agree to cofen a third; that both of them have cause to think honester than themselves.

LV.

Of the inconvenience of neglecting Prayer.

Is Conversation chiefly that begets both Faith and Love. Affectation cannot but covet to have the object that it loves be He that never comes at me, allows me not much of his kindnels: If my friend withdraws himself from my Company, I may justly suspect I am maning in his wonted esteem. For, absence is a wind that by degrees blows of those fruits that grow upon the Tree of Friendship. It disrobes her of all those pleasing Ornaments and Contentments that are by Familiarity and Conversation enjoyed. And as it fareth between two that have been antiently Familiar, yet dwelling asunder, the inferiour out of a careless neglect omits or minds not his usual daty of visitation; and this so long, that at the last he forbears to go at all: So, their Loves that by frequent Intercourses were heatful and alive between them, by discontinuance only, drop into decay and thrink away to nothing. There needeth nothing more but a lingring defistence to divest him of all those solaces and comforts that usually enrich the noble and contentful Region of Friendship. By lying still he lazes out his interest, and dis-arrayes himselfinto an unacquainted stranger: That, at last, if he would return, shame and the sense of his neg-lest, forbids or hinders his reverting to his former intimacy. As water fer abroad, it airs away to nothing by only standing still.

And 'tis not otherwise between the Soul and God: Not to pray, not to meditate, not to have him in our thoughts, dif-wonteth us, and estranges him. And when in soddain plunges we more particularly shal come to need him, our shame does then enervate our weak Faith, and with despair does send our burning blushes down into our Bosome. what confidence can we run to him in need, whom in our plenty we have quite neglected? How can we beg as Friends, as Children, as Beloved, when we have made our felves as strange as Renegadoes?" Tis a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God; Man needs no greater Infelicity than to be left by him to himself. A breach once made by Negligence, like that by water worn, though it be by so foft an Element, yet by time it breaks it felf into a Sca. Though France and Britain supposedly once were one, yet we see the tracts of Age have made them feveral Regions. 'Tis far from prudent policy to admit of Interposures. If we would be prevalent and effectinable, we ought with all our care to preserve that interest, which never can, but by our own neglect, be lost. Though Princes bejust, yet they are not familiar with subjects at a distance. They are Privadoes that have daily recourse to Majesty, that have power by their neerness to help themselves and others. Those birds we breed up tame, that follow us with their spreading wings, that often chirp their pretty confidences to us, that pearch upon our shoulders, and nestle in our warmer Bosomes; To these

we daily do distribute food, and with our tender care provide them still protection. But those that wildly fly about and shun us, we never are solicitous to care for. The advice was divine in the every way accomplish't Xenophon, That we should in Prosperity be sure frequently to worship and adore the Gods; that whensoever we had a more peculiar need of their affiftance, we might with greater confidence approach them at their Altars. He that would keep his friend must make him often visits, and ever and anon have something in a readiness to exercise his stock of love, and keep affection flaming. And surely, 'tis from hence the Apostle bids us pray without intermission, for it keeps us mindful of our own inherent duty, and God is always put in mind of us; and, to incourage our Addresses, blesses us. When a man neglects his praying and his praising of his Maker, it makes a Chasm betwixt him and his own felicity. If he does see God at all, 'tis but as Dives after death faw Lazarus, a great way off, with a large gulf fixt between. And though it is not required that we should be always tedder'd to a formal solemn praying; yet by our mental meditations and our ejaculatory emissions of the heart and mind we may go far to the compleating the Apostles counsel. There is in the lives of the Fathers a story of one Abbot Lucius, that being visited by some young Probationers, he demanded of them, if they did not imploy themselves in the practice of fome manual Labour? They told him, No, they spent there time according to the precept perpetually in praying. He asked them then, If they did not eat and fleep? They faid, both these they did. Then says the Father Who prays for you the while? But they not knowing what well to reply to this, he thus returneth to them: Well (fays he) I perceive you do not do, as you fay: But I can tell you how you may pray continually. I am not ashamed to labour with my hands. Of the Date-tree leaves at times of lessure I make up little lines, or perhaps some other matters. And while I work, I send forth still between, some short petitions to my gracious God. When I have some little quantity of finisht work I sell it perhaps for ten pence or a shilling, about a third thereof I give away to the poor: the rest I spend my self. So that when I eat or fleep, these poor men praying for me, they perform my part, and so I pray perpetually. Certainly the breathing and effusions of a devout Soul turn prayer into a chain, that linking still together tyes us fast to God: But intermission breaks it, and when we are so loose, with every rub we casily are overthrown, And doubtless we shall find it far less difficult to preserve a Friend once made, than 'tis to recover him when once he shall be lost.

LVI.

Of Envy.

Is a vice would pose a man to tell, what it should be liked for. Other vices we assume, for that we falsely suppose they bring us

cither Pleasure, Profit, or Honour. But, out of Envy, who is it can find any of these? In stead of pleasure, we vex and gall our selves. Like cankerd Brass it only cats it self; nay, discolours and renders it noisome. When some told Agis, That those of his neighbours family did envy him; Why then, fays he, they have a double vexation: One, with their own evil; the other, at my prosperity. Like a Corroding Plaster, it lies gnawing at the heart; and, indeed, is founded in grief; That being the object of it, either in himself, or others, through all the conditions that are. Either he grieves in himself, when another is happy; or else, if ever he does rejoyce, 'tis certainly because another does suffer. So calamity seems the center that he points unto. As a Desert-beast, the days brightness drives him to the dulness of a melancholly Cave, while darkness only presents him with the prey that pleases him: As a Negro born of white Parents; 'Tis a fordid sadness, begot at another mans joy. And because he hath no infelicity of his own, as is brought, and is concomitaneous, with most of other vices; the envious man creates his own disturbance, from the prosperous successes of others. Socrates call'd it, the faw of the foul, that pricks and cuts the vital blond, and tears the flesh but into larger atoms. Bion, seeing a spiteful sellow look sad, was not able to say, whether some disaster had befallen himfelf, or fome good luck some other. He is a man of a strange constitution, whose fickness is bred of anothers health; and seems never in health, but when some other is sick; as if nature had fram'd him an Antipathite to Virtue: And so indeed tis equal, that he does become at length his own fad scourge and beadle.

> Justius Invidia nihil est, que protinus ipsum Authorem rodit Excruciata; suum.

No vice so just as envy, that alone Doth gall and vex the mind that doth it own.

Profit can never by this be acquired: for, he is an enemy to him that is able to help him; and, him that is miserable and cannot, he delights in. The Swine is pleafed with wallowing in his mire; the Dog, by tumbling in his loathfom carrion; but envy is not pleasure, but the maccration of the body. It fowrs the countenance, gives the lips a trembling; the eyes an uncoelestial and declining look, and all the face a meager wasting paleness. 'Tis the green sickness of the soul, that feeding upon coals and puling rubbish, impallids all the body to an He-Etique leanness. There is no pleasantness in his conversation, that should invité us to affect his company: Nor is his honesty such, as to make us covetous of so crabbed a Companion, whereby we should be drawn to confer favour, or bestow rewards. Flattery is often recompensed with bounty; Injustice finds a bribe; Prodigality obligeth many; Avarice accumulates all: but who did ever give to one for being Envious? or what is it but outward hate, or inward torment, that the envious gets? Honour by it, I'me sure, can nere be compass'd. For tis so perpetually tound

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found in weak mindes, that it stamps the Fool upon the Master for troubling himself, not only with things without him, and that concern not his own well or ill Being; but that he resolves to be miserable, as long as he fees another man to be happy. 'Twas a handsome wish of seneca, That the eyes of the envious might behold all the felicities of every feveral Citizen: for their own vexations would rife and swell, according to the floud of joys that appeared in other persons. It proclaims us further to be low and inferiour to others, for we never envy him that is beneath us; fo that it cheats our own intention. Him, whom we would blast with the dark vapour of differace and obloguy, by our envying of him, we point out for excellent, and flick a ray of glory upon his deserving forehead, that all the world may note him. It taints the bloud, and does infect the spirits. And if it be true, that Philofophy would inform us of, it turns into a man a Witch, and leaves him not, till it leads him into the very condition of Devils, to be detruded Heaven for his meerly pride and malice. The aspect of his eye alone, does fometimes become not only vulnerary, but mortal. They prove a fascination by the eye, when the spirits are corrupted; from the experience of a Looking glass, that at certain seasons, by some bo-dies gazed on, becomes spotted and stained from their only intuition; for they say, Certain spirits virulented from the inward humor, darted on the object, convey a Venom where they point and fix: and those noyfome vapours centred on the eye, which is much more impressible than the hardned glass, they are taken by the eye of the aspected, and through it strike the very heart and intrails. Nor is it to be wondred at, since we daily find, in way of love, the eye can with an amorous glance bewitch the heart, and fire the spirits till they burn our besome. If one way the eye can at a distance charm, then why not by another? Invenom'd spirits throw their flames about; and doubtless, wound the unprepar'd they light on. Excited poylon, rifes into spreading and difpersed infection. The air becomes infected by the noysome breath, and he that comes within the dint on't dies. The very Shepherd could conceive that pointed malice wrought upon his flock,

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat Agnos!

Some spitesul eye sure has my Lambs bewitcht.

It may be tis from hence, as well as from the implacability of the vice, that Solomon tels us, Anger is cruel, and Wrath is raging, but who can stand before Envy? Yea, hence tis, not unlikely, that twice the Apostle joyns it with Murther, Rom. 1. 29. & Gal. 5. 21. as if he that conversed with the envious, went in danger of his life; as indeed he does, being subject to all the disadvantages that unfortunate man can live under: whatsoever he does well, is presently detracted from, till it be descend and synalapha'd into nothing.

At a Feast in Spain, the meritorious Discovery of America by Columbus was discoursed on; the bonester fort did highly praise the En-N n 2

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terprise; but, some haughty Spaniards, envious at so great a glory, sightingly faid, The thing was no fuch wonder, fince a plain Navigation could not well avoid it; and doubtless there were many Spaniards that could have discovered those, and other unknown Lands, without the help or affiftance of an Italian. Columbus was by, and filently heard the passage, whereupon he leaves the Room, and immediately returns with an Egg in his hand, and to this effect bespeaks them; Gentlemen, Which of you can make this Egg stand upright upon one end? they try'd, and could not, so concluded it was not to be done: But, Columbus shaking it, and giving it a gentle crack, straight way set it up in their fight: At this they jeer'd as a thing so trivial, that it was no Mystery, but this way it might be done by any body: Yet, replies Columbus, none of you could do it till first I show'd you the way. And such was my Discovery of the West-Indies, till I had made it, none of you could do it: and now I have don't, you boast how easily you could find out that, which I have found out for you.

Of all the spies that are, Envy is the most observant and prying. When the Physicians to Frederick were relating what most would sharpen the sight, and some were for Fennel, and some for Glasses, and others for other matters; the Noble Astins did assure them, there was nothing that would do it like Envy. Whatsoever a man does ill, by it is magnified, and multiplied; his failings all are watcht, drawn out, and blaz'd to the World, and under the pretence of good, he oft is led to the extremest issue of evil. Like Oil that's powr'd upon the roots of Trees, which softens it, destroys, and withers all the branches. And being once catched, with scorn he is insulted on. For, Envy is so unnoble a Devil, that it ever tyrannizeth most upon a slip or low prostration, at

which time gallant minds do most disdain to triumph.

The Envious is more unhappy than the Serpent: for though he hath poison within him, and can cast it upon others; yet to his proper bosom tis not burdenfom, as is the Rancour that the envious keeps: but this most plainly is the Plague, as it infects others, so it fevers him that hath it, till he dies. Nor is it more noxious to the owner than Fatal and detrimental to all the world beside. 'Twas envy first unmade the Angels and created Devils. 'Twas Envy first that turn'd man out of Paradise and with the bloud of the innocent first died the untainted earth. 'Twas Envy fold chast Foseph as a Bondman, and unto Crucifixion gave the only Son of God. He walks among burning coals that converses with those that are envious. He that would avoid it in himself must have worth enough to be humble and beneficent. But he that would avoid the danger of it from others must abandon their company. We are forbidden to eat with him that hath an evil eye, lest we vomit up the morfels we have eaten and lose our sweet words; That is, lest we get a fickness instead of nutriment, and have to do with those that, like Enchanters, with smooth language will charm us to destruction.

CENT. I

#### LVII.

### Why men chuse bonest Adversity before undue Prosperity.

Since Pleasure and Complacency, with Glory and Applause either true, or mistaken, is the general aim of Man: and the avoiding Pain, Disgrace, and Trouble, the Shelf that we would not touch at; It is to be confidered, from whence it comes to pass, that wise men, and mostly fuch, should chuse Goodness and Virtue with affliction, and the burthens of unpleasing accidents; rather than Vice garlanded with all the soft demulsions of a present contentment. Even among the Agyptians, the Mid-wives would rather incur the danger of Tharach's angry and armed power, than commit those murthers that would have brought them preferment. Males when he was grown up, that is, was full forty years old, (the time of Judgment's ripenels) He chose adversity and affliction, which he might have avoided, before the pomp and plendour of Pharaoh's Court, and the Son-ship of the Princess his Daughter. Socrates being committed by Publike Authority (though unjustly), would neither break his Prilon, nor violate Justice, to purchase Life and Liberty. Hath not our own Age feen Him who hath abandon'd both his Life and Crown, rather than betray his Honour, and his Peoples Liberties; returning to the Offer (as my Author fays) this Heroical and truly Regal answer, Mille mortes mihi subire potius erit, quam sic meum Honorem, sic Populi Libertates prostituere, I shall sooner undergo a Thousand deaths, than fo my Honour, fo my Peoples Freedoms proftitute! Certainly, the Appetition of Happiness, and that (Primus omnium Motor) Love and Care of our selves, even in this seeming contrariety of choice, holds still, and leads us to this bold Election. Else Man, in the most serious Exigents of his life, were his own false cheat, and led by a Genius that in his most extremity would cozen him. It would cast deceit upon Providence, that if we did not do for the best in chusing these Indurances, would delude us with vain beliefs, and running into Nothings. Seeming would be better than Being, and Fallbood should be preferr'd before Truth; which being contrary to Reason, and Nature, cannot be admitted by Man. If therefore we did not believe, Truth and Honour and Justice were to be preferr'd before this prefent life, and all those clincant sparklings, that dance and dangle in the Rays and Jubilations of it, fure we should not be so sortish, as to chuse the first, and let the latter slip away disdained. Among some other less weighty, these following reasons may for this be given; one is the Majesty and Excellency that Virtue hath in her self; which is not only Beautiful, but Eternal; so, that there is a power in her to attract our adherence to her before all the transient and skin-deep pleasures that we fondly smack after in this postage of life in this world. The Philosopher said, and truly too, That Virtue was the beauty of the Soul, Vice the deformity. Virtue hath a flavor, that, when the draught is past, leaves a grateful gust and fume, which makes us love & cover after more. Socrates taught every where, that the just man and the happy were

all one. The soul of Man like a tree in a fruitful foyl at first, was planted in the Element of Virtue, and while 'tis nourisht by it, it spreads and thrives with fruit and fair viridity. But every Vice is a Worm, or frost, or blast, that checks the sap, that nips the tender branches, and

Cankers the whole body it self.

A second Reason is, because the Soul is Immortal, of which this to me appears a potent argument. If it were not to be any more, why should it not prefer fruition, and the exercises of life, before a dissolution and privation? Were a man sure, that all would end with life, we should be simple to provide beyond it: But, because it does not, Providence, which in the general, leaves none unsurnisht with that which is sit for him, hath given him this prospect and apprehension of suturity, and out-living life, and his journying through this world. Socrates when he was condemned, told his Judges, that Melitus and Antius might cause him to die, but they could not do him mischief or incommodate him.

A third Reason is, That doubtless, there is an Eternal Justice, of which God gives us both the sense and notion, that when hereaster Man thall find a punishment for his sins and vices, he cannot plead the want of Proclamation, since 'tis more than whisper'd to his Spirit within him, and so charactered in his Soul, that 'tis one of the distinctive properties of Man from Beaft, that he can reflect upon himself, and apprehend Eternity: which as it will justly condemn us, so it will leave our great Creator without blame, and our selves without excuse. It is the opinion of Plate in his Phaden, that the Souls of good men are after death in a happy condition, united unto God in some place Inaccessible: but those of bad, in some convenient room condignly suffer punishment. Besides these, there is so much good in affliction, and the consequents of it, That, as the wife Creator knows it the Phylick of our frailty; so wise men are the least offended at it. He that by the Oracle was approved for the wifest, confessed, though he knew before he married her, that his Xantippe was a scold unsufferable; yet, he wittingly did marry her, to exercise his patience, that by the practice of enduring her Threwith hears, he might be able to brook all companies; the brawls, the scorns, the sophisms, and the petulancies of rude and unskilful men; the frettings, the thwarrings, and the excruciations of life; and fo go out a more perfect and an exact Philosopher. Virtue is not learned perfeetly, without a severer Tutor, That by the Red of Discipline, and the Fire of Affliction, can scour us from our dross, and burn of all our rust. A good man like an Asbestine Garment, as well as a Tobacco-pipe, when foul, is clensed by burning. The faithful hereby learn all their excellent virtues, Patience, Charity, Temperance, Fortitude, Humility, and Contentment, with the whole Train of other glorious graces that crown the most deserving. By this, God forms his servants into splendour: He brushes off their dust, washes away their stains, consumes their dregs, & builds them up into Saints. Nor is it to be doubted, but it is a Mark of favour to be bred up thus like Princes, under the Tuition of fo grave an In-

Instructor, in the rudiments of Piety and Goodness. The Apostle Bastardizeth those that suffer not. It is a sign of sonship, to be chastiz'd. We are the objects of our Heavenly Father's care, while we are lesion'd in the Arts of Virtue, while we are chequ'd and bounded and impal'd from offence. It therefore is no wonder, that the devout Climachus should perswade men, That persevering under scorns and reproaches, they should drink them off. As they would do Milk and Honey. The Souldier is not expert, without patting through several perils. Iron is but a dull thing, till it be forg'd and anvil'd, vic't and filed, into shape and brightness; but then, and not before 'tis fit to take its guilding. We most approve that Horse, that hath best been manag'd to the Bit and Spur, without which he were an untameable danger. The workman boyls his filver, before it can be ready for burnishing. Without quarrelling Rome, we can allow this Purgatory, to putrifie and cleanse us, that we may be the better candidated for the Court of Heaven and Glory. He that is fo head-strong as to cast away Discipline, is in danger, to have the next thing he throws away to be Virtue: we correct where we would amend; where there is no hope, we do not trouble our felves so much as to reprehend. Nor does Correction so much respect what is past, as that which is to come. Nemo prudens punit, quia peccatum est, sed ne peccetur; A wise man does not punish so much the ill we have done, as to prevent, that we may do none hereafter. 'Tis Seneca's, and may instruct us to believe, That though we be not at ease, yet we may not be unfortunate. As bodies that are crooked, disdain not to be brac'd in steel, that they may become ftraight: So the Mind that is warping to Vice, should not think much to be kept upright by the curbings and the streaks of Adversity.

# LVIII. Of Play and Gaming.

He Olympick and the rest of the Games of Greece, were instituted first meerly for Honour and Exercise: and though they wanted not Wealth, yet their rewards were not in Money and Treasures, but only in Wreaths and Garlands, of such slight Plants as were easie to come by, and common among them. Chiefly, they had but four kinds of Plays; for being Victors in which, they were.

With Pine, with Apple, Olive, Parsley crown'd. Serta gnibus, Pinus, Malus, Oliva, Apium.

As Aufonius informs us. Though afterwards with higher Plaudits and Acclamations, they came to have Pensions and Provisions from the Publique for life. But these, and such like, are not much to be faulted: For, their Institution was handsom, and their end and aim was good. The Play that's most complainable, is the inordinate Gaming for Mony; which he that first invented, was certainly, either very idle, or else extreme-

ly covetous. Albeit in the sequel it cheats the Intention in both: for, who so busie as they that are intent at Dice? Their foul and senses run along with them, and feldom'tis, that they give men leave to be moderate. And instead of gaming it wastes even what we had without it, Some inform us, they were first invented by Palamedes in the Trojan War, in that ten years Siege to keep his Souldiers from idleness: And the truth is, it may fute better with their Calling, than with that of other mens. He that makes it his Trade to kill, will blanch but little at stealing; and whatfoever he comes by, if the War be not highly just, he hath as good a plea to, as to that he gains by dicing. He was not much out of the way that being asked what difference there was between Aleator, and Tefferarum Lufor? answered readily, The same that there is betwixt Fur and Latro. And indeed to play for gain, and by unlawful means to draw away mony from another, to his detriment; in the opinion of Divines is but permitted Thievery, worfened with commixtion of Murther. And to see some men, when they have plaid their mony, their watches, their horses and clothes, would one judg less than that they had fallen among Thieves, and had been plundered of all that they had? Nay, they are not only rob'd themselves, but they themselves rob others: for his dependents and friends have interest in what he hath. How often does the lavish Gamester squander away a large left Patrimony; and, inflead of Plenty, entails a want and beggery to his Islue? I do not remember that we read the name of either Dice or Gaming in the tract of cither Scripture, to shew us the profaneness of the Trade is such that it comes not at all so much as under a Text. By the Laws Cornelia and Titia, It was among the Romans punishable. In the 79 Canon of the Provincial Council held at Eliberis, Dicing was forbidden to the Faithful under the penalty of being kept from the Communion a year if he did not give over. But in the 50 of the General Council at Constantinople under Justinian, it was forbidden to all, and punished with Excommunication. Certainly there was cause, why so grave Assemblies did so severely punish it. And indeed if we examine, we shall find it not only as a Serpent in it felf, but waited on by a troop of other Scorpions, that bite and sting with equal poison and venom. Two things are most precious here to the Life and well-being of Man, Time and Treasure: and of both these, does the following of Gaming rob us. They that are bewitched with an humour of play cannot be quiet without it; 'Tis a malus genius that eggs and urges them to their own destruction. 'Tis in many men as importunate as Fate, that affords neither rest nor resistence; but with a pleaf'd Avidity hurries them on to that which in the end they would not find. He that is a lover of play, like the lover of a Harlot, he does mind that so much that he neglects, all other occasions. Businesses, friends repose, Religion, and Relations, are all laid by when once he is set upon play. Night is by flaming tapers turn'd to day, and day worn out within the pen of wals, as if confin'd or Prisoner to his sports. As the Romans did with drink; we do with play; We play down the evening star and play up the morning flar: The Sun may round the World before

one Room can be relinquisht by us. One would think, some new Philosophy had found out for Gamesters this unknown Summum bonum, which exacting all their time makes Nature more beholding to Necessity than inclination, for either sleep or food. Surely a gamester can never expect to be knowing, or approv'd for either his own, his friends, or his Countries service. The time he should lay out in fitting of himself for these, runs waste at this Brack of play, which arts him in nothing but how to deceive and gain: though well weigh'd even in gaining he comes to be deceiv'd at last. If he does win, it wantons him with over-plus, and enters him into new ways of expence; which habits him at last to lavisbness, and that delivers over to an aged poverty. Besides, he cannot be quiet with his purchase; they that he won it from will fludy and contrive Revenge. And he is not fuffer'd to be at peace in Victory; for the most part, whatsoever is gotten by play is either vainly wasted, or but borrowed to repay with Interest. It leads men to excess, that without it would be quite avoided. If they win, they spare no cost, but luxuriate into Riot. It they lose, they must be at it, to keep up their gauled and their vexed firsts: in both, a man is exposed as a prey to Rooks and Daws, impudent and indigent companys that flatter, suck, and perpetually pillage from him. 'Tis the Mine that carryed close in dark and private trenches through hollow and crooked saverns, blows up at once his Fortune, Family, Fame and Contentment, and in the end through diforder and furfets leaves him to go off a Sot: Certainly it cannot be the pleasure of the action that so strongly can inchant men. What pleasure can it be, out of a dead Box to tumble Bones as dead; to see a square run round; or to see his Estate reduc'd into a Lottery, to try whether he shall hold it any longer or no? Surely, it must be Covetousness and the inordinate defire of getting, which prevailing once upon us, we become poffes'd, and by it are carried as well to the Graves and Sepulchres of the dead, as the Cities of the living by this ill spirit leading us. I cannot conceive how it should fuit with a Noble mind, to play either much or deep. It defrauds him of his better imployment, and finks him into less than he is. If he wins, he knows not whether the other may spare it or no. If he cannot, the generous will fcorn to take from him that wants, and hates to make another suffer meerly for his sake. If he can spare it, he will yet disdain to be supply'd by the bounty of him that is his equal or inferiour. If he loseth and cannot spare it himself, it proclaims him to be unwife to put himself upon exigents for will and humour; and not honest, for he injures all about him. He that plays for more than he can spare, makes up his stake of his Heart and Patrimony, his Peace, his Priviledg, his bosom'd wife and his extended Son; even the Earth he holds floats from him with this ebbing tide. Be he rich or poor, he cannot play his own. He holds not Wealth to waste it thus in wantonness where there is plenty; besides a mans Relations, the Common-wealth and Poor have some share due to them. And he cannot but yet acknowledg he might have imploy'd it better. It gains him 00 neither

neither honour nor thanks, but under the others Cloak perhaps is closely laugh'd at: as easte and unskilful Thales, having put Solon into a passion for the supposed death of his Son, said, it was for that and such like Inconveniences he thought not fit to marry. And he that fees into what heats, what fears, what distempers and disorders, what madness and vexations, a crosse-hand at play implumees some men in, will never hazard his own peace of mind, with bidding by play for fuch Phrenzies fuch Bedlam fits and differtions of the whole frame of man, which sometime never leave their Patients, till they drive them into Despair and a Halter. What is it provokes to Anger, like it? And Anger ushers in black Oaths, prodigious Curses, Sensless Imprecations, horrid Rage, and blacker Blasphemy, with quarrels, injuries, reproaches, wounds, and death. And which is not the meanest of the ills attending gaming: He that is addicted to play and loves it, is so limed by custom to it, that if he would stir his wings to fly away, he cannot. Therefore Plato was in the right when he fbarply reprov'd the Boy he found at play, and the Boy told him he wondred how he could be so angry for so small a matter, Plato reply'd again, that custom was no small matter. 'Tis not denyed, but labours and cares may have their Relaxes and Recreations. Though Memmius objected to Cato his nightly Play and Jollity, yet Cicero excused it with in. stancing his perpetual daily toil for the bublique. But we must beware lest we make a trade of sport, and never to play for more than we may lofe with content, and without the prejudice of our felves or

#### LIX.

### Prayer most needful in the morning.

Here is no doubt but Prayer is needful daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for our selves alone, 'tis necessary: and 'tis charitable, when it is for others. At night it is our Covering; In the morning it is our Armour: so at all times it defends us from the malice of Sathan, our own subordinations and betrayings, the unequal weather, that the world affaults us with, and preferves us in the favour and esteem of Heaven: We are dependents upon the Court, while we are but Petitioners there; so till we be denyed and dismis'd, we have the protection thereof: which certainly is a priviledg that a stranger cannot claim. And albeit prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night; yet I hold it of the two more needful in the morning, than when in the evening we commit our selves to Repose. 'Tis true we have enough to induce us to it then: the day could not but present us with something either worthy our thanks, or that needed our begging and pardon, for removing or continuing something: and though we be immur'd with walls, and darkness, yet are we not exempted so from Perils, but that without our Gods affistance, we are left a Prey to all that is at enmity with man. Besides, Sleep is the image!

image or shadow of Death, and when the shadow is so neer, the sub-stance cannot be far remote. The dying Gorgias being in a slumber, and asked by a friend how he did? He answered Pretty well; only Sleep is recommending me up to his Brother. Some, we know, in health have gone to rest eternal: and without thinking of the other world, have tane their leave of this; not knowing themselves that they were on their way, till they had fully disparched their Journey. But notwithstanding all this, a man at rest in his Chamber (like a sheep impenn'd in the fold) is subject only to unusual events, and such as rarely hapen; to the emissions of the more immediate, and unavoidable hand of God. Danger seems shut out of dores; we are secured from the injury of the Elements, and guarded with a fence of Iron, against the force of fuch as would invade. We are remov'd from the worlds bustle, and the crowd of occasions that justle against us as we walk abroad. He that is barr'd up in his house, is in his Garrison with his Guard about him, and not so soon attacqued by his Enemy, as he that roaves in the open and unshelter'd field. Who knows not, the Ship to be lafer in the Bay or Harbour, than tols'd and beaten in the boiling Ocean? Retiredness is more sase than business. We are withdrawn when the vail of night and rest enwraps us in their dark and filent Cabinet; But with the Sun, we do disclose and are discovered to our prying Enemies: We go abroad to meet, what at home does not look after us. He that walks through a Fair of Beafts is in hazard to be gor'd, or kickt, or bruis'd, or beaten : We pass through Bryars and Thorns and Nettles, that will prick and scratch and sting. We are in the day as Travailing through a wilderness, where wild and savage Creatures are, as well as tamer Animals. All the world is Africa; where heat and drought venom, or something new, does still diffurb us. The air, the fire, the earth, and water are apter all to wound us. The frays, the trains, the incitements, the opportunity, the occasions of offence, the lures and temptings from abroad, and the businesses and accidents of Life, deny us any fafety, but what we have from the favour of protective Providence. Befides, Prayer does facre all our Actions. Tis the priming of the Soul, that laying us in the Oil of Grace preferves us from the worm and weather. When the mind in the morning opens to God as the eye to the Suns cleer light, by the Radiance of the divine beams we become enlightned inwardly all the day. He is lifted in Gods fervice and protection, that makes it his first work to be involled by prayer under the Standard of the Almighty. It was from hence fure, that Devotion forung of Christians crotting themselves at their entering upon businels. All thriving States have ever lought the Gods in their first infancy. The morning to the day is as youth to the life of a Man: If that be well feafon'd, 'tis likely that his Age may answer it, and be progressive in the path of Virtue : To live well every day is the greatest and most important business of man, and being unable for it of himfelf alone, he needs the more to gain Divine affiftence. In works of moment, even Heathen never ventur'd without their feeking first fuch Deities as they believ'd might help them. 002 No-

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——Nothing's well done
But what at first is with the Gods begun.

He carries an affistant Angel with him for his help that begs his Benediction from above; and, without it, he is lame and unarmed. We do not find that Sant's devotion ever was superlative; yet, he was troubled for fear the Philistims should catch him before he had said his prayers, I Sam. 13. 12. And because he had neglected this he stumbled up an offering, thinking that way to supply it. He that commences with heaven, goes out in all a cataphrast. But if any thing happen ill, he walks upon his own hearts checque, if God were not taken along.

# LX. To beware of being surprized.

S sodain Passions are most violent; so sodain occasions of fin, are most dangerous. They are traps that catch us while we think w'are fecure; while we think we are born aloft, and apprehend no hazzard, the failing floor finks under us, and with it we descend to ruine. There is a proflernation in assaults unlookt for. When Cafars friends were stabbing him, his Robe did hide his face, while he lay down to die. Amazement quails the heart, till it becomes with the press of its own vitals, drown'd; when the senses are set upon by unthought-of objects, Reason wants time to call a council to determine how to refult the affault. He that thinks not of a business, and is o'th'sodain call'd upon, is as to that alleep, and at first waking starts, but knows not where, nor yet with whom, he is. Surely he is a wife man that is not caught by the sodainness of unlook't for accidents. Like darred lights that swiftly break upon us, they blind our weakned fight, and at best they leave us but to chance, whether we shall come off with glory or with shame. Alexander clouded his three great Victories, with the rath and violent ruine of his three chief friends. Uliffes had the reputation of being crafty as well as wife; yet, by the fodainness of Palamedes laying his Son in the furrow, where he was madly fowing Salt, he discovered himself to be sober, that would have appear'd distracted. And he that could smooth over the crossest chances of Humanity, and bear them with a Noble Fortitude, and by the sleekness of his temper, wind himself beyond the common reach; was yet by the unexpected death of a Dog that he lov'd, put to more trouble, and shewed more weakness; than either other weightier matters could impose, or than befitted a wife man to be taken with. Like Gunpowder in a lock, it blows open all our wards, it rashes ope the curtain of the mind. As a fir'd Petarr when the City is walled about, this gives an entrance through the shatter'd gates. When Phryne knew not how to be fure of Praxiteles his best piece of Limming, which

he (in Love) had promifed her; the makes one, breathless, to bring him news that with a sodain violent fire, his house was almost burn'd down. At which he cries out prefently, Is Cupid and the Satyre fav'd? by which she knew, that was the best, then told him, all was well, but Cupid and the Satyre hirs. We see, Love that is kindled at first fight, hath oft an eager fierceness with it; beyond that which is leisurely built up by time and conversation.' Tis Lightning melts the Sword, which else is proof 'gainst all the stroaks of the hand upon the Anvil. Surely Job considered how apt he might be to be surpris'd, when he made that Covenant with his eyes against beauty. For want of which, David was catch'd by the accidental seeing of but Bathsheba bathe at a distance.'Tis oft the booty that makes the un-intending thief; for that first steals the man, before the man steals it. Opportunity creates a sinner; at least, it calls him out to act; and, like the warming Sun, invites the fleeping Serpent from his holes. We are like Flax that's dress'd, and dry'd, and kemm'd; if the least spark but fall upon us, we cannot chuse but burn. And though the Pelayians of old, would understand our praying against temptation, but a defire to be protected from the accidents and chances of humane life; yet, doubtless, our Saviour knowing the proneness of our nature to fin, and how easily we were to be surprised, and how hardly we could escape, if once temptations did but glance upon us; taught us to pray, that we might not come into temptation; lest by it, we should be overcome and perith. Who commits himself to the Sea, is every minute waving towards death; and sodain gusts indanger more the Vessel, than the constant gale that drives the Bark before it. Like Acute diseases, they sooner destroy life, than the leisurely progressions of a long collecting fickness. It is one of the weightiest, and most material parts of Prudence, to prepare and arm our felves to encounter Accidents. Wit as well as Wildom is required to this business; for, a man surprised, is even in reason more than half beaten; being taken at a disadvantage, from which he hath no way to ex-intricate himself, but by the dextrousness of his ingenuity. 'Tis a fright that shrinks the soul into a corner, out of which it dares not peep to look abroad for help; so in stead of a Remedy it runs to despair. The unexpected fight of flying Thysbe's garments, without examining, parted both the Lovers to act their own fad Tragedies. Had not the richness of the Babylonish garment, and the weighty wedge of gold tempted the inclining Achan, he had not been feduced to trouble Israel. 'Twas Dinah's itch to see new fashions, that exposed her to a Ravishment. To avoid occasions, and to be above accidents, is one of the greatest masteries of Man. How like naked beggars we see the weak soul skip under the lash of every sodain dylaster; while the Magnanimous and composed mind, by preparing and forethinking, meets nothing new to bring him to amazement? He that foresees an Inconvenience, though he cannot always avoid it; yet he may be ever fitted to bear it better. If we cast before hand, we may avoid being put to the after-Game. And the edge of the evil is abated, if we but see the Bow that is bent against us.

#### LXI.

### Of Improving by good Examples.

Here is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be Honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all Cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the Noblest Fame, to hold the horns of this Altar, which, in all assays, can in himself protect him. And though in the march of humane life, over the Stage of this world, a man shall find presented sometimes examples of thriving Vice, and several opportunities to invite him upon a seeming advantage to close with unhandsome practices: yet, every man ought so to improve his progress in what is just and right, as to be able to discern the frand and fained pleasurableness of the bad, and to chuse and tollow what is good and warrantable. If any man shall object, that the world is far more bad than good, so that the good man shall be sure to be over powred by the evil: the case is long since resolved by Antisthenes, That 'tis better with a few good men, to fight against an Army of bad; than with swarms and shoals of bad men, to have a few good men his Enemies. And furely this was it which raised up David to that bravery of spirit which made him profes, That though an Host were pitched against him, yet should not his heart be afraid. He that is intirely and genuinely Honest, is the figure and representation of the Deity, which will draw down a Protettion upon it against all the injuries of any that shall dare to abuse it. There is a kind of Talismanical influence in the foul of such. A more immediate impress of the Divinity is printed on the spirits of these, than all the scattered Heard of looser minds are capable of. The rays of heaven do more perpendicularly strike upon the minds of these, whereby they have both assimilation to God, propenfity to good, and defence against injury. And it not only obligeth men not to do wrong; but, to make amends if wrong be done: and to disperse with benefits to our selves, if in the least they shall bring detriment to others. So that a man ought not only to restore what is unduly gotten, or unawares let flip by others; but to feek our how we may do right. Thus if I find a Treasure, and know not him that lost it, I owe my endeavour to search and find him out, that it may be again restor'd. It is truly said by St. Augustine, Quod invenisti & non reddidisti, rapuisti. He steals the thing he finds, that labours not to restore it. If he does not restore it, 'tis enough, that he does not do it, only because he cannot.

And although no man be priviledged to swerve from what is Honest; yet, some men have, by much, more obligation to be so than others. They have taked of higher dispensations, been more deterred by Judgments, more gained upon by Mercies, or are illuminated with more radiant knowledge, whereby they better understand than others, wherein to be so. And, indeed, without knowledge 'tis impossible to

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understand wherein to do right. Though the best knowleg a man hath, be a light so dimly burning, that it hardly shews him to see clearly all the cobwebs and foul corners in his affairs: Yet ignorance is an opacous thing, and if not a total darkness, yet such an eclipse, as makes us apt to stumble, and puts us to grope out our way.

And besides all these, there are some that have more reason to be Honest than others, as having sound dealings from others, that, like sire brought nearer, warmes their conscience more. And not only would be evidence and conviction against them if they did wrong, but stirs

them up to do right.

And truly, I shall not blush to tell my Reader, that in the Number of these, I look upon my self as concern'd. Should I sail of being Honest, when advantage should be in my hand, I should not only be apbraided but condemned by two especial passages that happened to my self; which for the Rarity may beget my pardon, that here I set them

down to be known. One was:

An unknown Porter brings to me, to my Lodging, A Box seald up, and on the outside directed to my self. I enquired from whom he had it: He told me A Gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose Name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him 6. d. to deliver it safely; which now he had done, and having discharged his part, he could give me no surther account. I opened the Box, where the first thing I met with was a Note written in a hand I knew not, without any Name subscribed, in these very sollowing words:

Mr. Owen Feltham, It was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this, and the rest of my sins.

And under this Note, folded in another Paper in the same Box, were Ten Twenty-shilling-pieces in Gold. I cannot call to mind: that ever I was deceived of such a sum as 5. L. in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe, he did it to disburthen a Conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem suitable to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his Name to value him as he deserved, I have presum'd to recite the thing, that others from the sense of it may learn to be honest and himself reap the benefit, that may happen by so good an example.

This perhaps might be from some one, that not only prosessed, but practised Piety, and the rules of bonest Living. And though I could not expect so much should be found among those that pretend not so high in Religion; yet, to shew, that even in looser Callings, and as well now, as in our Saviours time, some (reckoned among Publicans and Sinners) may go to Heaven before the captious and the critical Censorist; (If we shall judge by exterior demeanor, as the Rule that's given us; I shall

beg leave to give my Reader this second Story, which was thus.

Going

Going with some Gentlewomen to a Play at Salisbury Court, I east into the Womans Box who fate at the Dore to receive the Pay (as I thought) fo many shillings as we were persons in number; so we pass'd away, went in, and fate out the Play. Returning out the same way, the Woman that held the Box as we went in, was there again, as we went out; neither I, nor any of my company knew her, or she us; but, as The had observed us going in, the addresses to me, and says, Sir, Do you remember what Mony you gave me when you went in? Sure (faid 1), as I take it, I gave you twelve pence a piece for my felf, and these of my Company. Ay Sir (replies the) that you did, and something more; for here is an Eleven (hilling Piece of Gold that you gave me in stead of a a Shilling; and if you please to give me twelve pence for it, 'tis as much as I can demand. Here had been, if the woman had been so minded (though a little) yet a secure prize. But, as many do probably conjecture, that Zacheus, who made Restitution to the shame of the obdurate Jews, was a Gentile as well as a Publican: So this, from one of a Calling, in dif-repute, and suspected, may not only instruct the more precile of Garb, and form of Honesty, but shew us that in any Vocation, a man may take occasion to be just and faithful. And let no man wonder, that a person thus dealt withal, and lesson'd into his duty by the Practice of others to him; joyn'd with his other obligations to goodness; be hereby prevaild upon to a greater care of his own Uprightness and Integrity, than perhaps without finding these, might have been. I will not have the vanity, to fay, These passages have rendred me better: Nor am I ashamed to confess, that I have sometime remembred them with profit. Sure I am, they ought not to loofe their Influence, nor to pals unheeded; when they shall reflect on our selves. He that means to be a good Limmer, will be fure to draw after the most excellent Copies, and guide every stroke of his Pencil by the better pattern that he lays before him: So, he that defires that the Table of his Life may be fair, will be careful to propose the best Examples; and will never be content, till he equals, or excels them.

# LXII. Of Hatred.

Here is a Civil Hatred, when men in general detest whatsoever is Vice. And the Prophet David speaking of the wicked, says, He hated them with a persect hatred; to shew us, that Hatred is then Persect, when the Object is only Sin. For we ought not as a Creature to hate any thing that God hath made. All that he fram'd was good, excellently good, and merited both love and admiration. But Sin and Vice, being things that God never created, we ought to abandon and abhor them, as being derogatory to his Glory and Wisdom, and destructive to the being of that which he was pleas'd to make for the satisfaction of his own free will and pleasure. And hitherto hatred is good. But of hate,

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as a Vice, either in our selves towards others, or from others to us, there is reason to be careful, that, even with both hands, we thrust them both away. Hatred in our felves against others, is but perpetuated and long-liv'd Anger, which ought never to last longer than the declining Sun; but continued, like heady Wine, it intoxicates the Brain and Senses. He that nourishes Hate in himself against any other person whatfoever, fows weeds in his own Garden, that will quickly choke those Flowers, that else he might take pleasure in. At first, it does but simper, yet time will boil it up to height and rage. As Pismires towards August, though they did but creep before, yet, now they will begin to fly.

The beginning for the most part is but mean and poor; yet, 'tis fire, and from a shaving, or neglected rush, it easily can sometimes whole Cities turn to Cinders. The Fends of Families bubbled up at first from little weeping Springs, that any child with ease might trample over, that shew'd all clear, and seem'd to tell no danger: but gathering as they creep and curl about, they rife to Rivers past our foording over. Timon, that at first allow'd himself to hate but only bad, grew at last, to hate whatever he found was Man. 'Tis Envies Eldest Daughter, that, besides being Coheir with Insultation upon Adversity, troubled at Pro-(berity, Back-biting and loud-tongued Detraction; inherits all the mifchief that can arise from Malice. No man drench't in Hate, can promise to himself the candidness of an upright Judge; his hate will partialize his Opinion. He that is known to hate a man, shall never be believed in speaking of him: no, in neither truth, nor fallbood. If he speak well, he shall be thought to diffemble; if ill, it will be taken as from malice, and the prejudice that he is byass't with. So, while he carries the heart of a Murtherer, he shall be sure to have the fate of a Lyar:not to be believ'd, though he does speak what is true.

And though this in our selves be fatally enough destructive, yet, 'tis much more dangerous when it flies upon us from others. A Wife man will be wary of purchasing the bate of any. Those which Prudence might make his Guard, as Cadmus his Teeth he fows into Serpents, that lie in wait to sting. Against the Hatred of a Multitude there is no fence, but, what must come by Miracle. Nor Wealth, nor Wit, nor Bands of armed men, can keep them safe, that have made themselves the hate of an inraged multitude. 'Tis Thunder, Lightning, Storm and Hail, together. How many Imperial Heads did the Populacy of the Romans tread upon? Let no man flight the forms and hate of the people. When 'tis unjust, 'tis a Wolf; but, when 'tis just, a Dragon. Though the Tyrant seated high, does think he may contemn their malice : yet, he may remember, they have many hands, while he hath but one neck only. If he, being fingle, be dangerous to many; those many will to him alone be dangerous in their hate. The Sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust, and lightness; yet, anger'd by the Winds, they bury both the Horse and Travailer alive. With any weapon that comes next, it can both fight and kill. Quem quisque odit, Periisse expetit; His hated Enemy he expects should perish. And when he hath neither wealth nor

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strength, he watches Occasion, and attends both Time and Fortune. There be four things that more particularly do generate Hate; Pride,

Covetousness, Perfidiousness, and Cruelty.

The proud man is the subject of contempt. And 'tis no wonder to find Man against him; when we find upon Record, that God doth refift him. Pride is the eldest of the seven deadly Sins: And because, that would domineer over all, 'tis just, that all should seek to pull it down. If it did cast Angels out of Heaven from Earth, it well may throw offending Man. The proud Man would have us believe him to be a God; he would rule all, he would be thought to excell all: he would be Papal, and Infallible, when others know him to be short of a Man, a Bond-man to some pitiful lust, and quite mislead and erring. And 'tis, for this, That though some out of fear, or interest, may bow to him; yet, the generous and wife most abhor to have him their Ruler, that cannot rule himself: Usually, though he be high, he is barren. Like Mount Gilboa, he has neither dew nor rain. As to Sejanus his Goddels, Fortune, we offer Incense and Perfumes, till we find the turns away, and then (as he) we kick her, and break her to pieces. Even Heaven, to proud ones, does deny its Influence. Let no man therefore think to get to Heaven and stability by that, with which the Angels there could not be permitted to stay.

Secondly, Covetousness. This is so greedy to catch at all, that it pulls even hate along. A fordidness so cleaves to it, that disdain and scorn attends it. 'Tis the inlet of those fins, that grate, and scratch, and gall, Thefts, Rapes, and Plunders, Perjuries, and oppressive Murthers; and makes a man not only a Thief, but a Jaylor too: For, whatever the Covetons catches, he keeps it up a Prisoner; so that neither himself will, nor any other can make use of it. Hatred is as properly due to the Covetous, as Affection to the Bountiful. And we may as well love the Rat that drags our Evidence into his hole, and eats it, as we may the craving and rapacious person. He empties all the veins, and sucks the hearts life-bloud; for, he drains away Money; and that, the old Comedian tels us, Anima et sanguis est Mortalibus; 'Tis the common Peoples Soul. The enjoyment of Propriety, is that which preserves men in peace; but, he that rapines upon that, as a Robber, shall find Swords and Staves taken up against him to defend it. Septimins Severus had not venturd to march to Rome, in quest of the Empire; if he had not known his Souldiers all paid, and Julianus hated of the people for his Covetousness. Marcus Crafsu being a Roman General, had ne're been us'd so hardly by the Parthians, as to have melted Gold pour'd down his Throat, if his Avarice and Rapine turning the publick calamities to his private benefit had

not made him Hated.

Possideat quantum rapuit Nero, Montibus Aurum Exaquet, nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo.

Gold more than Mountains, or then Nero leiz'd, Can never make him pleasing, or well pleas'd.

A third and main procurer of Hate, is Fallhood and Perfidiousness: Tis the highest Cheat in Humanity. A deceived Trust exasperates affection into an Enemy, and cancels all the Bonds of Nature. When we prosecute a deceiver and a violator of Faith, we undertake the cause of all Mankind. For every one is concern'd, that a Traytor and an Impostor be banished out of the world; for, he that premeditately cozens one, does not cozen all, but only, because he cannot. And, when a Man grows once to be noted for a person of fallhood, and a Jugler, every man will avoid him as a Trap that is fet only to give Wounds and Death. As with a Jadish Horse, if we will be safe, we must be sure not to come within the reach of his heels: who is it that will not hate him, with whom it is not fafe to live? If a man be once a Fox, he ows his preservation to his craft, but nothing to the good will of his neighbours. He comes then to be in the Catalogue of those, that Peter Ramus speaks of, Quidam versantur in dolis, & eis quelibet adversantur. Every thing is enemy to him that is deceitful. Pausanias was but suspected to betray Lysander in the battail: and the people would not rest till he was banisht from among them. Deceipt is a Thief in the night, which steals upon us in the dark, when we think our selves secure, and are not aware of either his way or his Time, which makes us fleep as it were in Armour guarded about with bars against him, and with mastiffs to destroy him.

The next Monster that calls up Hate against us, is Cruelty; which ever is usher'd on with severity and rigor. Man is a frail thing and should he be put to expiate every offence with the extremity of Punibment, he must have many lives, or else have his Torments endless. We expect a Fathers pardon, and know the Gods do not alwaies punish to the height. He that hath not mercy to mitigate Correction, excludes himself from favour when he fails. To be alwaies strict and scrupulous is not conversation for man; It presently descends him into cruelty, which makes him as a wild beast shunn'd. He that cannot kill him, will avoid him if he can: 'Tis not in Nature that ever he should be lov'd. 'Tis with cruelty as 'tis with choler. It is kindled with meeting it's like: as flints that knock together, fire flies from both. No man can love his Tormentor, or him that would destroy his being. Ferinaista rabies est, sanguine gandere et vulneribus, et abjecto homine, in sylvestre animal transire. That rage is wholly bestial that smacks the lips with bloud and bleeding wounds, and casting of Humanity he passes into sierce and savage. Nero, Caligula, Vitellus, and many more, afford us sad examples of the end of crucky: and above all, the unfortunate Andronicus; who met with more by the torrent of a popular bate than one would think humanity could either suffer or invent: All things that men met with, were instruments of fury, and every Boy and Girle became an Executioner.

To prevent the hate of others, is, not to love our selves too much. He that does so, becomes unrival'd in affection, and at last does love alone what all men else do hate. The best is, not to prefer our private before a generality; and rather to pass over trivials, than be angry

at puntilies. He that minds his own with moderation, and but seldome intrudes on the concernments of others, shall surely find less cause to hate, or to be hated 5 and may at last come to live like the Adonis of the sea, that Elian speaks of, in persect tranquillity among all the rapacious sishes of the Ocean.

# LXIII. Of bardness of Heart.

His is not so much when a man is careless and unsensible of anothers condition, as when a man by the practice and custom of fin is grown obdurate, and sear'd up so, as nothing can work upon him to mollifie him that he may be medicinable. Origen gives a handsome Character of it, Cor durum est, cum mens humana velut cera, frigore iniquitatis obstricta, signaculum Imaginis divina non recipit; Then is the hart hardned when the mind of man like wax becomes so petrifi'd with the cold benummings of fin, that the impression of the Divine image cannot be made in it. So that other finners are passing on the way, but the hard-hearted is come within the confines of a final destruction. He not only marches fast from God, but he builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the Camp where he might be fafe. He is pass'd over the Sea of Iniquity; and then, as the Prince of Orange at the battail of Newport, he fends away the shipping, that he may not have amind to return. He puts himself out of the power of perswasion; like a stubborn metall, once ill cast, he leaves no way to be mended but by breaking: so much he is his own dire Enemy, that without a Rape upon him he will not find Salvation. Tis not the distilling showr nor the gently fanning air, northe ruffling wind, nor the rowling Thunder, that can work upon him. 'Tis only Lightning that can pierce the pores and melt the steeled heart within the scabbard, that must either doe the business or leave him quite undone for ever. For whatsoever happens to him to mend him, makes him worfe.

Adversity, that is the Academy of Life to instruct and breed up man in all the waies of Virtue and Knowledge, to him it's but like the Gaol where he learns to shift and cheat, till at last he grows incorrigible and desperate. Prosperity suns him to a harder temper. Elation leads in disdain, which spurns away the hand that offers but to lift him up. Benefits seldom sink into obdurate minds; They take them to be Duty in others, but merit and desert in themselves. 'Tis the soft and gentle Nature that is soonest taken with a courtesse, there it sinks as essence does in cotton till all becomes a Fragrancy; And therefore as they are most unhappy to themselves in the end, so they are worse for others to converse with in the way. For as nothing but compulsion can make them be indurable, so 'tis not a little trouble to the ingenious to be put upon waies of constraint. The generous nature likes himself then the worst, when he must appear a pedagogue with a Rod or Ferula even in his hand, the good inclination is soonest won by

fair

fair and civil dealings. But ill dispsiotions being led by passion and a sensual appetite grow dangerous when not awed by Force, nor yet are they much the better by punishment or faring worse. The unruly horse that's spurr'd is more so for his spurring. Like the steel both by fire and mater too, it is hardned; Pharash was not better'd by all the plagues brought over him. Nor were the Jews by his example mended either in the radiance of the Gospel, or the raging of their sedition in Terusalem. Neither was their obduration, or their obcacation less. Judgments that are the terrours and the turners of the seduced Soul, that hath but humanity in it; upon the obstinate they do not work at all. Either they reverberate them back before they pierce; as a wall of steel does a blunt-headed arrow; or if they do perhaps a little while find entrance, like the Elephant with the Convulsion of his nerves, and his bodies contraction, he casts out the shaft that sticks within him: so he closes in his own Corruption, which else might find vent at the wounds. 'Tis a fatal Notion under which the Apostle renders it, The hardness of thy Heart that cannot repent. As if by a Barr put upon it, it were sealed up to ruine. He is chain'd and pinnion'd and prepar'd for Execution, that he cannot repent. 'Tis like being born a fool. When Nature has doone'd him among the incapacious and filly, 'tis not in the power of correction or instruction, or in all the arts, to cure him. The pestel and the morter cannot do it, nor can the hardned Soul by any thing be mollify'd, being indeed fit only for destruction. He is neither meet to govern, nor to be govern'd by others. As Rome when finking to confusion, nec libertatem, nec servitutem potest tolerare. Neither Obedience or Commands can be indur'd or manag'd. And this does easily come to passe when men are once habituated in Vice. As constant labour sears the painful hand to hardned brawn, and a callow insensibility: so the continued practice of Vice does hinder the minds clear sense, and leaves it in a way incorrigible, Definit esse remedio locus, ubi, qua fuerant vitia, mores fiant, When Vices habit themselves into cultome and manners, there then wants room to take in what should Remedy. If frailty therefore casts us into Vice, let no mans obstinacy so fasten the nail in his Soul, that it cannot without tearing all in pieces, be pull'd out. He that commits an errour does too much: but he that perfilts in it, grows an Heretique, shuts himself out of the Verge of the Church; so is not qualified to claim salvation.

### LXIV.

### Of Revenge.

Here is no man that feeks Revenge, but 'tis because he conceives he hath had injury done him. And though there be a seeming Justice in the requital; yet, for the most part it is done by doing injury to him that first offered it to us; which in the actor cannot but be evil, since to offer injury, upon any score, is unjust. Anothers doing injury to me, cannot legitimate my doing wrong to him. So though it be

a thing both easie and usual, and, as the world thinks, savouring of some Nobleness, to repay a wrong with wrong: Yet Religion speaks the contrary, and tels us, 'Tis better to neglect it than requite it. When wrong is done us, that which we have to do, is to remove it. We are not commission'd to return it; But doing wrong again, does no way do the thing: What will it ease me when I am vext, that I may vex another? Can anothers fuffering pain, take off from my own smart? 'Tis but a purer folly to make another weep, because I have that which grieves me. Nay well examin'd, 'tis a kind of Frenzy, and something Irrational, because another hath done us a mischief, therefore we will hurt our selves, that fruitlesly we may do him one; perhaps it may be it was from hence, that Poets feign'd, that Nemesis was by Jupiter tranform'd into a Goose, a filly Creature, to set out unto us the folly of Revenge; for, at best, 'tis in us, but returning evil for evil; and that, in the favourablest appellation, we cannot call less then frailty, which is indeed an Inquination. Suppose a mad Dog bites me, shall I be mad and bite that Dog again? If I do kill him, 'tis not so much to help my self, as 'tis to keep others from harm. My interest is to seek a present Remedy, while pursuing the Cur, I may at once both lose my Wit and my Cure. If a Waspsting me, I pursue not the winged Insea, through the air, but streight apply to draw the venom forth.

And, in Revenge, though the rancour, should be tolerable; yet the usurpation never can be justified. The right of vengeance rests in God alone, and he that takes it out of his hand, he so far does dethrone him, as to put himself in his place. And while we throw a petty vengeance on the head of our offending brother, we boldly pull the Almighties on our own. The mind of man in peace and calm-warm Charity, is the Temple and the Palace of the Holy Ghost; but, Revenge is a raging flame that burns this House of God in the Land. Like Herostratus, he gains but a mistaken and polluted fame, that burns this stately Structure of the Goddess. Through his own swell'd heart, he strikes a flaming sword, that he may, to please his malice, but pierce his enemies garment. Diogenes, sure, was much in the righter way, when to one that ask'd him, How he might take the best Revenge of his Enemy? his answer was, By shewing himself an honest and upright man. St. Augustine yet goes further, and lays, The revengeful man makes himself the Judge, and God his Executioner; and, when he wishes God to plague that wicked Enemy of his: 'Tis just with God to ask which wicked one he means, fince both the best is bad, and Revenge it felf is Injury. Nor is it only against the laws of Divinity, but against the laws of Reason; for a man in his own concern, to make himself Judge, and Accuser, and Executioner too. 'Tis like our late misnam'd High Court of Justice, to which the Loyal and the Noble, the Honest and the Brave were violenc'd by Ambition and Malice, and facrificed to the Damons of misguided Rage and Passion. Surely, the best return of injury is to do good, the next is to overlook it as a thing below us. If it be injury, our revenge is in the Actors bosome;

bosome; What need we do that which his own mind within him will do for us? If it be not injury, we ought not then to be angry at all: fo if we have a disposition to do a displeasure, upon our selves the Revenge is to be practiz'd, for that we have let our paffion boyl beyond the temper that it ought to hold. 'Twas a high Imperial act in Conrade the first, who having had a sharp war with Henry Duke of Saxony, and having had his Army by him newly overthrown, and his Brother beaten out of the field; yet being fick, and believing he should shortly die, he sends for all the the Princes of the Empire, and there, though his Brother were still alive, he recommends to 'em this his Enemy, as the fittest man to rule the Empire after him. Thus we see, great minds do fometimes light on Actions suitable, and learn by commanding others at last to command themselves in the hight of seething bloud, to the wonder and instructing, by example, such as God hath set to come after: and to shew us, that as in God, so in those that in their power draw nearest to him; there is a Greatness greater than Revenge, while meaner and leffer Powers are wholly swallowed by it. It shews our want of strength, when we let this Passion Master us. If we would see what kind of things they be, we may learn from Martials friend that they are,

Indocti, quorum pracordia nullis
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia caufis:
Quantulacunq; adeò est occasio, sufficit Ira.
Chrysippus non dicit idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium; dulciq; Senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem accepta sava inter vinc'la cicuta
Accusatori nollet dare.

Unletter'd fouls, whose glowing hearts will hiss With nothing, or what next to nothing is: Each petty chance for passion shall suffice. Though so Chysippu taught not, nor the wise Cool Thales: nor old Socrates, who would In chains not part his Hemlock to the bold Accuser 'gainst his life.—

If ever Revenge be fit to be taken, it is when all our passions are becalm'd; and then 'tis but as Physick to be us'd more to prevent a future sit, than satisfie our craving appetite. All Revenge is a kind of War, and any easie Peace is to be put before it; for, when we are once ingag'd, we know not when to recoyl. A single child may fire a populous City, when all the wise men in it may perhaps be pos'd to quench it. If we consider rightly; for the most part, the Remedy is beyond the Disasse; and 'tis not a voise mans part, to chuse what is most mischievous. He that does but deser it, gains time: and then we may look about and see our way more clear; so with safety we may make that Punishment, which acted in passion would be Revenge.

LXV. That

LXV.

That most men have their weaknesses, by which they may be taken.

Hough it be not necessary to labour for a flowing wealth, yet tis fit we have so much, as we need; and not for the want of wealth, expose our selves to be necessitated to ill. As a man would willingly have wherewithal to do good; so he may be happier to be in such a condition, as not to be oblig'd to inconvenience, through defect, nor endanger'd by Plenty to be proud and petulant. The Poor are so fettered by their poverty, that they may eafily be taken by the Assault of any that will but pretend their Relief. The Rich are taken by their own ambition, by their passion, or their appetite, their liberty, or wantonness: That 'tis no easie matter in the extreme of either fortune, to resist a fierce temptation when 'tis offered. And besides all these, in any estate our own Inclinations are the powerfullest motive-Trains to lead us. Wholoever shews a passion or an avidity to any thing; he thereby tels his Enemy where he is weak, and in what Muse we may set a snare to And 'tis's tare thing to find any man so fortify'd on all sides, that he can rest stanch against all the baits that are cast out to catch him. Every man hath something whereby he may be taken; and, 'tis rare to find that fish that at some time or other will not bite, if the bait be such as likes him. Even Angustus had his Mecanas, and Alexander his Hephastion. And eis well, if we be drawn at all, that we happen to be led by a Noble Conduct. Though 'tis best when a man can be his own Solomon, and his own honest Hisbai, to support himfelf, and overthrow the defigns of his Enemies; yet, he is next to best, that being in doubt, will take advice from the Oracle, rather than the cheating Augur.

But vitious men, or fuch as are not baalne'd by true Honour, have not only some peculiar enormity; but, they have every thing that is fenfual to enflave them. And sometime even the meanest and the most petty thing, as a chain, can lead them any where. If they be but Paper-Kites, even a little boy with a slender thred can pull them where he pleaseth, and draw them down from Heaven unto Earth: A Horse, a Dog, a Landscape, or some lighter thing. Vitellius and Apicius were for Gormandizing and Gluttony: Vespasian and Didius Fulianus were for Profit: Nero might be catch'd with a Song, and Domitian with a Fly. Claudius had his beloved Mushrome, and Crassus wept for the death of his dear Murana. Nor is it love alone, but hate as well as it, that places us in the Disadvantage. A known Antipathy gives our Enemy help to subdue us. Even Beafts that reason want, have yet the sense to make their advantage of it. The Fox, that knows the Badger hateth fluttishness, by fowling of his entrance drives him out of his Earth. And 'tis a vast Prerogative, that man hath over the rest of the Creatures, by only knowing their Inclinations and Abhorrencies.

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He knows both with what baits to incite them, and with what (bewels to drive into the Net and Toyl: By knowing this, and appropriating to their appetites and fears, he becomes a Master of those, that by his Power and the Corporeal endowments of Nature, he never would be able to conquer. What force could seize the uncontrolled Lyon, if it were not tempted by the Lamb upon the post, or terrified by the fire that he hates and trembles at? What swiftness could overtake or draw the mounting Falcon from the Clouds, if the Pigeon on the Lure, should not stoop her to the small reward on the extended fist?

Doubtless, He that hath the fewest fancies, that is free from the sting of pointed and pricking want, that is not tumor'd with the too much barm of wealth, that can most conceal or master those ticklings and asperities that he hath in himself, is the nearest to a contentful enjoyment at home, and an unenvy'd peril from abroad. I have never read of any Island so Impregnable, but Nature had left in it some place or other, by which it might be Vanquishable: So it is more rare to find out any person so at all points Arm'd, but there is some way left whereby he may be sometime surprized. This Passion, that Assection, this Friend, or, that Kinfman, this or that delight, or inclination. He is the ftrongeft that hath fewest accesses. But, as those places are the weakest that lye open to every Invader; fo certainly, he is the most subject to be overcome, whose easiness exposes him to be prevail'd upon, by every feeble attempt. And however, by Nature, he may be fertile, and of a good foyl; yet, if he lies unmounded, he shall be sure to be always low. At least, a man would have a Fence, and a Gate, and not let every Beast that hath but craft or impudence, to graze or dung upon him. In any Estate, it is most conducing to freedom, not to be behind hand. He that puts himself into a needy condition, he walks with manacles on his hands; and to every one he deals with, gives power to lock them on. Necefsity is stronger than either Wine, or Women; and if a Man be taken in that, he is but as a wyth in the hand of a Gyant: he can neither buy nor fell like other men; but, wearing his own chains, is at the mercy of him that will lead him.

#### LXVI.

That Spiritual things are better, and temporal worse, than they feem.

I T is almost universally true, that which Seneca said of Joy, Omnes tendunt ad Gaudium; sed, unde magnum & stabile consequantur, ignorant, Every man would arrive at for and Contentment, but how to come by fuch as may be great and lasting, there are but few that know. We are quite mistaken in most of what we grasp at. The Progress of Man is but like some losty Tower, erected in the bottom of a Valley: We climb up high, in hope to see wonders, and when we are at the top, our Prospect is nothing the better. The Hills encompassing, terminate Qq

our Eye, and we see after all our pains, but larger piles of Earth, that interpose betwixt us and Heaven. The greatest pleasure we had, was, when we were getting up : Belief of better, lifts our easie steps; but, mounted once, we find a cheated Faith: Which drew wife Bias to conclude, that, Nothing was to Man more sweet than Hope. Even all Earthly delights I find sweeter in expectation, than injoyment: But, all Spiritual pleasures more in fruition, than expectation. These Carnal contentments that here we joy in, are shew'd us through a Prospective Glass, which makes them feem both greater, clearer, and nigher at hand. When the Devil took our Saviour to the Mountain. He shewed him all the Kingdoms, and glory of them; but never mentions the troubles, the dangers, the cares, the fears, the vexations and the vigilancies, which are as it were the Thorns and Mantlings wherewith a Crown is lined. He held a full blown Rose, but mention'd not the prickles shaded underneath. I something doubt, whether to get wealth with some labour, be not more pleasure, than wantonly to spend it. 'Tis a question, whether to expect a Crown be not more content, than to wear one? And furely, were not their Persons Sacred, that is, by the Laws of God and Man, untouchable as to prejudice; and so, protected against the malice, the envy, the fury, and the rabidness of self-ended Man: It would not be an easie matter to Conjure him into that Enchanting Circle. Whatfoever Temporal felicity we apprehend, we cull out the pleasures, and over-prize them; the perils and molestations we either not fee, or are content to wink at. We gaze upon the face, and are bewitched with the tempting fmiles, while, under pleafing looks, a fad Infection, even the vitals taint. Like Time, they appear with a lovely bulb before; but, behind, are pill'd and ball'd. It is but Meremaid-joy, that this frail world bequeaths us.

> — Turpiter atrum Desinit in piscem mulier formosa supernè.

That beauteous face in show, Waves into some sad scurvy fish below.

And that these Sublunaries have their greatest freshness plac'd in only Hope, it is a conviction undeniable; that, upon enjoyment all our joys do vanish. The pleasure lasts not longer than we get it: and if it did not leave a west behind; yet, being so fleeting, it is not worth the leap-

ing of our pulse to meet it.

But, when again, we look at what is Spiritual: like those that practise to beguile themselves, we turn the Glasses to ther end about, and give a narrowing figure to all those fair proportions that would propose themselves to our eye; we believe them less, and more remoted from us. Our Senses do with us, as Philo Judeus says, the Sun does deal with Heaven: It seals up the Globe of Heaven, and opens the Globe of Earth: So the Sense does obscure things that are spiritual and heavenly: but, reveals and augments what are terrene and temporal.

The Sphere of spiritual things is higher than our Sense can reach: but, as we mount, our Prospect still is nearer. Acquiri potest, aftimari non posest; Obtain'd it may be, but rightly valued, never. Who at first blash (if Humanity may be Judge), would choose the Austerities of a Regular and Conscientious life? Our Saviour at first, (by reason of the Ignorance and Infidelity of Man) gave his Church the power of Miracles, to convince men to the belief of finding a felicity in godliness. For albeit, it be most true, that is memorably spoken by Aneas Silvius; that admitting Christianity had not by our Saviour and his Apostles been confirmed by Miracles; yet, it would in time have been taken up, and entertained and rooted in mens hearts for the very honesty and integrity of it: yet, by the but meanly wife and common ductions of bemisted Nature, it would have been no very powerful Oratory, to perswade the taking up of our Cross to follow him. But, when men afterwards came to see, how in the lowness of disgrace and poverty, and in the height of pain and torment, Christians became irradiated with Internal Foyes; then Proselytes came in in swarms, and by the Spirit were taught to wade over all those shallows which Islanded that Country of felicity, in which the truly pious person dwells. A man that hath not experienced the Contentments of Innocentive Piety, the sweetnesses that dew the Soul by the Influencies of the Spirit, and the Ravishings that sometime from above do shoot abroad in the Inward Man, will hardly believe there are such Oblectations that can be hid in godliness. They are the Representations of the Foyes hereafter, which are so high, that like God the Author of them, we may sooner apprehend them by Negatives, than Affirmations. We may know what is not there; but, we never can come to know what is there, till by a pleased fruition we can find them. Let no man then be discouraged with the pallidness of Piety at first, nor captivated with the seeming freshness of Terrenity: both will change. And though we may be deceived in both; we shall be fure to be cheated but in one.

#### LXVII.

### Of Bufiness.

Here are some men that have so great an aversion to Eusiness, that you may as soon persuade a Cat into water, or an Ape to put his singers into sire, as to get them to enter upon any thing that may prove trouble, or beget attendance. But these, for the most part, are persons, that have pass'd their youth undisciplin'd, and have been bred up in that delicacy and tenderness, that they know no other Business but their Pleasures; and are impatien to fany thing that looks but like a hinderance of that: yet, this in the end, does many times produce effects, that prove ungrateful and destructive. For hereby the management of affairs do often fall into inseriour hands, that through Covetousness and Ambition, and for want of skill, put all the wheels of Government out of

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order;

order; till they run both themselves and the State into ruin. Like unpractiz'd and ignorant Apothecaries, they do so disproportion their Ingredients, that instead of saving Physick, they minister but disease and poylon. There are another fort of men quite contrary to thefe, whom custom and quotidian practice has made so much in love with Action, that if they once come to be put by their Imployment, even life it self seems tedious and an irksome thing; and, like a Spaniel ty'd up from his hunting, they sleep away their time in sadness and a melancholy. Certainly, as the world is more beholding to men of Bufiness, than to men of Pleasure; so the men of Pleasure must be content to be govern'd by those of Imployment. However they are contemned by the vanity of those that look after nothing but Jollity: yet, the Regiment of the world is in their hands; and they are the men that give Laws to the fenfual and voluptuous. Therefore, that man is but of the lower part of the world, that is not brought up to business and affairs. And, though there be, that may think it a little too serious for the capering bloud and sprightly vigour of Youth: yet upon experience, they shall find it a more contentive life than idleness, or perpetual joviality. He that walks constantly in a smooth and a level'd path, shall be sooner tyr'd, than he that beats the rifing and descending ground. A calm at Sea is more troublesome, than the gale that swells the Waves. If a man with a Sythe should Mow the empty Air, he sooner would be weary than he that sweats with toyl to cut the standing Corn. Business is the Salt of Life, that not only gives a grateful smack to it, but it dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putresaction, and drives off all those blowing Flies, that, without it, would corrupt it. And that this may appear more case, there are requisite to be had in Business, both Knowledge, Temper, and Time.

Without a man Knows what he goes about, he shall be subject to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right. And it will be sure to seem more tedious, than it would if he knew the Road.

And if he want Temper, he shall be sure not to want trouble. Even all the Stars are seen in night, when there is a clear serenity. but tempefts rifing, darken all the sky, and take those little guids of light away. No storm can shake the Edifice of that Mind that is built upon the Bafe of Temperance. It placeth a man out of the reach of others, but bringeth others to be within his own. 'Tis the temper of the Sword that makes it keen to cut, and not be backt by others striking on it. 'Tis the Oyl that makes the joynt turn smooth, and opens the dore without noise. Casar with a word appeas'd a daring Mutiny, by calling of his Army Romans, and not his Fellow-souldiers. And with as small a matter Psamneticus sav'd the Saccage of a City. Cyrus had newly taken one of his, and the Souldiers in a hurry running up and down, Psamneticus with him, asked what was the matter? Cyrus answer'd; They destroy and plunder your City. Plamneticus replyed, It is not now, Sir, mine, but yours. And upon that confideration, they were presently call'd off from the spoyl. The

The next is the aptly timing of affairs for which there can be no particular precept, but it must be left to judgment to discern when the seafon is proper. Men do not reap in feed-time, nor fow in Harvest. Phyficians give not Purges till they have prepared the humours. The Smith may strike in vain and tyre his labouring arm, if first with fire his iron be not mollifi'd. Circumstances are many times more than that which is the main, and those must be left to be laid hold on, as they offer themselves to occasion. Men may fit their baits and cast their nets, and, as the Apostles, fish all night and catch nothing, if they take not the seasons when the soals do move upon those Coasts they trade in. And let a man be fure to drive his Business, rather than let that drive him. When a man is brought but once to be necessit ated, he is then become a vassail to his affairs; they master him, that should by him be commanded. And like a blind man wanting fight for his way, he is led about by his Dog. Any thing posted off till the last, like a Snowbal rowls and gathers, and is by far a greater Giant than it was before it grew to Age. As Exhalations once condens'd and gather'd, they break not then but with Thunder. In the last Acts of Plays, the end of business commonly is a huddle: The Scenes do then grow thick, and quick, and full. As Rivers though they run smooth through lengthned Tracts of Earth; yet when they come near the Sea, they swell, and roar, and foam. Bufiness is like the Devil, it ever rageth most when the time it hath is thortest. And 'tis hard to fay which of the two is worse; Too nice a Scrupulofity, or else too rash a Confidence. He is as mad that thinks himself an Urinal, and will not stir at all for fear of cracking; as he that believes himself to be shot-free, and so will run among the hail of a battail. And furely, it conduces infinitely to the case of business, when we have to deal with honest and with upright men. Facile imperium in bonos; The good and wife do make the Empire casic. Reason, and Right, give the soonest dispatch. All the intanglements that we meet withal, are by the Irrationabilities arising from our selves or others. With an honest man and wise, a business soon is ended, but with a Fool or Knave there is no conclusion, but never to begin. Though they feem tame beafts, and may admit awhile to be plaid with; yet on the fodain, and when we think not on't, they will return to their natural deceit and Ferocity, 'Tis not enough that the Sea is sometime calm and (mooth, but we had need be sure there be no Shelves nor Quick-sands under that still water.

# LXVIII. Of Nobility.

Homas Sarfannes being asked, what kind of Prelate he thought Eugenius the 4th, would prove? His answer was: you may easily guess at that, if you know but the stock he comes off: for such as is his Family, such a Prince shall you find him. 'Tis true, by his own

virtues or vices a mandoes often differ from his Progenitors. But usually through successive generations the bloud does hold its Tincture. And in a Noble Family for the most part the stream does, still hold Woble. Which by wife States hath been sometimes so presumed upon, that they have fet marks of Honour upon them; not only out of respect to their Ancestors, but out of hope to find the Successor not to degenerate. It was a Law among the Romans, that if there hapned contentions in their elections for the Consulhip, Those that were descended of the Sylvians, Torquatians, and Fabritians, should in the first place be preferr'd. And we see it common among Princes, That offices of trust, and places of command, are settled on the Heirs of some deserving Families, as prefuming they will merit to keep what their Ancestors at first by their merit did acquire. Certainly, it is to be believ d that he which out of nothing, or a mean beginning, is the first founder of a House and Fortune, had something in him beyond the Standard of an ordinary man. And 'tis likewise to be believ'd that where the spirits are so by Virtue and Industry rarifi'd and refin'd; even in the generation of posterity they do transmit themselves, and are propagated to succeeding Ages. Some Families are observable for peculiar eminences in the current of fuccessions. The Romans had not a Family of more merit than the Scipio's. And it is not unworthy our observing that even the first founders of that Family, were eminent for their piety to the Gods and their Parents. The first whereof, when his Father was blind, as his staff, he was his Guide, and led him about in his way: from whence he took his Name. The next being a Child did every day in private fer out some time for the Temple; And at 17 years of age brought off his wounded Father encompass'd by the Enemy. And indeed he that difcharges his duty to these two, cannot but be eminent in all the rest of his conversation. The foundation of Honour and Greatness is laid in obedience and respect to these: But the neglect thereof, or the lewd practice of the contrary, puts a man out of favour with Natures genius : and leaves him to be ravin'd upon, by all the Infects of his own small Appetites, as well as the greater ragings of his intemperate passions. They that are bred under the government of fuch as are thus wife, have infinitely the advantage of a Plebeian Race. They are season'd with the Maxims of Honour, and by their education lifted above those groffer vapours that they are subject to, that have their being in the lower Region of men. And if but one in an age steps up to do this, he leaves it as example; and puts posterity in the way of continuing it. And not to speak of the helps of Fortune, which (unabus'd) are infinite. They are presidented into Virtue and Honour, and they are deterr'd from poor and skulking conveyances, by the orientness of that same which their Fare-fathers left them: fo that, doubtless, earth cannot present us any thing that is more glorious than antient Nobility, when it is illustrated by the rays of Virtue. And though to be a King in Virtue and Wisdom is the brightest Jewel that sparkles in a Regal Crown (as Solomon's wisdom renowned him more than his being Monarch of the whole twelve Tribes):

Tribes); yet furely, as in a beautiful Body the temper and transcendency of the spirit is more grateful, so is Virtue also more lustrow and bining in the stem of antient and ennobled bloud, than in the newness of a rising House. Each may be marble in the Quarry where it lies, and not of that course rag that common pits afford. But it must be art and industry and the diligence of the laborious hand that gives it gloss and smoothness; before the streaks and taking veins can be discern'd in it. If there were not something more than ordinary that lay coucht in this bed of Honour, fure Nature never would so have framed the mind of man, as to have planted in it an appetition of it in generous and enlarged Souls. Alexander would needs derive from Jupiter; the Romans from Hercules, from Venus, from Aneas, and the like. And how many Nations have thought it their honour to draw their Descents from the Trojans? as it was an honour to be a Gracian, where virtue and the arts were learned: so it was held a stain, and he was branded with the name of a Barbarian, that was of another Nation. It was objected to Anti-Sthenes as a difgrace, that but his Mother was a Phrygian; had he not well wiped it off, by replying that Phrygia was the Mother of the Gods. But however it be, it is Virtue and true Nobleness that is the Crown of Honour. It enamels and enchaseth what is Gold, and it guilds what is not, that it makes it like it. They that are of the highest merit in themselves, the least insist upon their Ancestry: for they well know Aliena laudat, qui genus jactat suum, Who boasts his Stock, commends but what's anothers. The best use they can make of glorious Actions by them well atchiev'd, is to endeavour that they may outgo them. Or at least to beware, they darken not, by their own declination, the splendor that they liv'd in, The best way to keep their Ancestors great acts in memory, is to refresh them with new ones of their own. And let them be fure to remember, they grew up to that brightness by degrees. Even fire it self, the quickest of the Elements, must be kindled and blown up by degrees, before it shines it self into a flame : when it breaks out on a fodain, it is usually both ominous and harmful. The Sun does rise insensibly to his Meridian glory, but the very light of Lightning burns. He that at the first leap jumps into the height of all his Ancestors, had need be strong and well winded; lest he loose his Race before he gets to the post. He leaves himself no room for casual accidents, nor can he give a loofe, if he be put to strein in his Race. Of the two it is better to be the Fool of the Family, than the Unthrift. Another Generation may prove wife: but the Riotous and indifcreetly prodigal after he hath was ited all the fruit, he digs up the Tree by the root, that it can bear no more. And instead of hoped applause, he departs the world with infamy, and dwells among the curfes of posterity. A degenerate Son of a Noble Family, is a worm at the Root, that would make a Jonas angry; for it takes away the shade from all that shall come after. A spendthrift like an Earthquake does shake the house so long, that at last it cither falls in pieces, or is swallowed up in Ruine. He pisses on his Fathers Honourable ashes, that by his Vices makes them stir, and ruffles them

them in his urn. In stead of warming Suns; they are the bearded comers of a house, that threaten nothing but portentous horrors. And when they have nothing of their own, but their Fore-sathers merits, they subsist but like to Felons, by the protection of that Altar, from whence if pull'd, they sall to death and some. Who would not rather have died over all those deaths that Tyrants have invented; than being the Son of the elder Scipio appear a Candidate so besimeared with vice, as to be sin'd by the Censors, to be turn'd out of the Senate, and have the Signet (with the head of his Glorious Father graven on't) torn from off his singer: Or as Quintus Fabius Maximus, for his horrid Luxury to be forbidden by the Prator, for medling with his Fathers goods, and not one in all Romes City to be forry for it? He is not like to be prevalent in Battail, that, without his own stout sighting, thinks it is enough for him, to be covered with the shields of his Ancestors.

Quis enim Generosum dixerit hunc, Qui Indignus genere & proclaro nomine tantum Insignis? Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus; Æthiopem, cygnum; parvam extortamque puellam Europen: canibus pigris scabieque vetusta Lavibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucerna, Nomen erit Pardus, Tygris, Leo, si quid adhuc est Quod fremit in terris violentius. Ergo cavebis Et metues, ne tu sis Creticus aut Camerinus.

Who w'le count him Noble that unworthy lives
Of his great stock; and by that only thrives?
We may as well some dwarf an Atlas call;
A More, a Sman; some low crook'd Girl, the tall
Europa; 'Tis but as we names bestow
Of Leopard, Tyger, Lion, or what now,
's more sierce on earth, to mangy Curs that lick
The nasty nozel of some Candlestick.
Beware and fear, then, lest thou prove in sine,
A Cretian false, or prophane Camerine.

#### LXIX.

### Of three things to be considered in Men.

Nevery man that we meet with, there be three things that incounter our Consideration. The Mind, the Behaviour, and the Person. As a beauty in any of these, commends the party to our liking; so a blemish in any of these, slicks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. The most beautiful and the most lasting of these, is that which to the eye is not wishble; and, though it take not that sense; yet, it casts abroad such Rays, as draw out the love and liking of those, that come to find the goodness, or the parts, that it is surnisht with. How grateful does the ingenuity

ingenuity of some men make them? 'Tis a wealth by which they sive; and many times having none of their own, they are, for the handsomeness of their disposition, taken into a partnership of Empire, with those that have abundance. Such was Aristippus, being at first fore'd to read Philosophy to get a living, by the greatefulness of his wit and parts, grew high in the savour with Dionysius: And when he had been shipwrackt at Sea, and cast upon Rhodes; it got him such friends there, that when all his Companions return'd, he was tempted by the savour of the Citizens to stay from his own Country among strangers; with whom he had no Interest, but what his parts had won him. You may take him in the Character that Horace hath lest of him,

Omnis Aristippum decuit Status, & Color, & Res.

In all the wiles of Fortune he was lovely.

Surely, 'tis the Noblest wealth, and with most ease is carried every where. 'Tis kept without a forein Guard, and is of present use wherefoe're a man is thrown. Like the Philosophers stone, it creates a man gold, that had none of his own. It turns the coorfer Metal into use-ful Coin, and is such as cannot be lost without our health or being. And truly, the beauty and comliness of the body, does oft-times do the like; nay, with mean capacities, it does a great deal more; for, it fuits to their mind, and is more obvious to their fenfes, that fee no deeper than the grounds of Corporal Beauty, and the emanations of a pleafing. Aspect. Yet, certainly, 'tis a form that pleaseth all, as well the wife in mind, as the weak in apprehension. Xenophon was of more than ordinary lovelines; and being a youth, by chance was met by Socrates in a narrow Ally at Athens; Socrates liking his aspect, held out his staffe to stop him in his way, and question'd him, where such and such Merchandizes were fold? which Xenophon presently told him? Then he ask'd him, if he knew, where men were made better; to this he Said, He could not tell. Then says Socrates, Go with me, and I will shew you. Upon this he became his Scholar, and afterward grew a Favorite to Cyrus, and for Arts and Arms, left his memory famous to even this very day.

The next is a handsome Behaviour. He that demeans himself well is ever usber'd in by a friend, that recommends him to the Company that knew him not. 'Tis not difficult by the behaviour to guess at the Man. This is a motive Beauty, which waits upon the whole body, as the other does upon the face and complexion. Sapienti viro incessus modestior convenit. A sober Garb becomes the wifer man. The Emperor Trajan was so winning this way. That his friends would have thought it too much, had he not satisfied with this Answer, That he defired to be such a Prince to others, as he desired an other Prince should be to him, if he were a Subject. There is a grace waits upon a noble meen, that exacts a liking, if not a love from all that do behold it. The grave and civil persons slock't about Livia at the Theater,

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while Julia, like the five, by her ridling up and down, had shak'd up all

the chaffy ware about her.

As these, being well complexioned, procure favour and let us into mens affections; so a stain in any of them, sets us like the Owle among Birds; if there be but light, we shall be sure to be chatter'd at, or struck at. A mind that's fill'd with ignorance, or the perversness of a froward disposition, hath many enemies and no friends. As upon the Sea in a storm, men may look without horror at a distance, but never will cover to come upon it; where, if we escape drowning, we cannot being frighted and wet. He that is of a bad disposition, wants nothing of being a Tyrant, but Power; and wants not will, but means

to do mischief.

He that is a Clown in behaviour, tells people, that it flows from a rude mind. Diogenes, though he had wit, by his currishness got him the name of Dog; and coming once to a feast, the Company call'd him so, and threw him bones: And, to make good the appellation that they styl'd him with, as they fare at the Table, like a Dog, he pift on their backs. The Vices that we harbour inwardly, are divulg'd by our outward fashion. Ex minimis poteris cognoscere impudicum; & Incessus oftendit, & manus mota, & interdum Responsum, & relatus ad caput digitus, & flexus oculorum. Improbum & insanum rifus, vultus, Habitusq; demon-Brat. Even petty things the wanton do discover, the gate, the motion of the hand, sometimes the answer, holding up the finger to the head, or the very cast of the eyes does do it. Laughter, the Countenance, or the habit discovers us to the wicked and the wild. And though sometimes, under an unpleasing Aspect, the goodness of a well-disciplin'd inside may be cover'd; yet, usually, the deform'd are Envious and Disdaining; and they had need excel others in the mind, being mulcted by Nature with a corporal deformity. Afop, with all the Morality of his handsom Fables, could not wipe of this coorsness of his outside; which, doubtless, as a chain held him ever in the condition of a flave: who else by the sublimity of his Fancy might have mounted to higher preferment.

The best remedies for these are Divinity, Morality, Physick. Religion can convert and adorne that mind, which naturally was ill. It is the Reason of a Deity, which doubtless can do more than all that is infused from man; and, comprehending the universal duty of man, as to God, the World, and himself, it must needs excel in this, all that can be gained from man. They that are truly acted from the inspirations of heaven, have all that can be got from below, with the excellencies

of what is above.

Though to mend our Conversation, Philosophy can go far, as soerates did confess to Zopirus, when he taxed him of several Vices; yet it's effects are allowable rather in outward Morality, than in the intrinsick integrities of the soul. And certainly, when that is prevalent within, the outward demeanor is both acquired and directed by it. A wise man ought not in his carriage to commit a Solecism against

Wisdom. For there may be many outward gestures that are not in CENT. II themselves unlawful; yet, highly are undecent. It was observed by the Tews, that, cum digito loquitur stultus; the pointing finger ensigns out a Fool: though the hand may direct to the text, yet it dwells but in a blank margent. It was one of Solons Adagies, In via non properandum; To run upon a Journey, is either necessity or folly. And the Cringes of some are such, as one would take them to be Dancers or Tumblers, rather than persons of stay'd and sober Callings. Men are like Wine, not good before the lees of Clownishness be settled; nor when tis too windy, and will fly out of the Bottle; nor when tis too austere and sowre to be tasted. In a midling clarity and quickness it is best: And so is man in his carriage and comportment, when he is neither dull nor vapouring, nor too tart and severe in his way. He that can preserve himself in this temper, shall preserve his body in health the better; and so correct the inconveniences that may by want of that render him less grateful to the company. As 'tis not necessary for every man to be a Doctor in these Arts: so it will be convenient, he have so much of them as may not only keep him from contempt, but procure him approbation abroad.

#### LXX.

### Of Dancing.

Oubtless, it was out of the jollity of Nature, that the Art of this was first invented and taken up among men. Bate but the Fidale; the Colts, the Calves, and the Lambs of the field, do the same. So that the thing in it self seems to me to be natural and innocent, begot and born at first out of the sprightly and innocuous Activity and Rarefication of the bloud and spirits, excited by the youthful heat that flows and flowers within the swelling Veins. We need therefore the less wonder, that some of the Ancient Grecians should so much extol it, deriving it not only from the Amanity and Floridness of the warm and spirited blond; but, deducing it from heaven it self, as being practiz'd there by the Stars, the Comunitions, Oppositions, the Aspects and Revolutions, the Ingresses, and the Egresses, and the like; making such a Harmony and Confent, as there feems a well-ordered dance amongst them.

And we shall find it not only practiz'd by the Generality of almost all the Nations of the Earth; but by many of them, and those the most Generous and Civiliz'd, brought into the Solemnities of their Religion. As the Phrygians had their Corybantes. The Cretians, their Curetes dancing in Armour. In Delos, nothing facred scarse ere done without it. The Indian Brackmans, morning and evening dancing did adore the Sun. The Ægyptians, Æthiopians, the ruder Scythian, and the learneder Greek, scarse entred upon any thing that folemn was, without it. The Romans had their Salis, their

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dozen of Priests to Mars; who in pyed Coats, with Swords by there sides, a Javelin in one hand, and a Shield in the other, dane'd about the City. Socrates that was owned to be the wisest among all the Greeks disdain'd not in his Age to learn to Dance, and after to commend the Exercise. And Seneca tells us of the Meritorious Scipio, that he was not assamed, ut antiqui illi viri solebant, inter lusum, & session fest tempora, virilem in modum tripudiare, as the Antients then had wont, at Plays and Solemn Festivals, in a manly wise to trip it up and down. Even among the Fems, where the Oracles of God were extant, we find it used among the Rites and Exercises of their Religion, and upon occasions of extraordinary Joy.

Miriam led the Maids their dance, with her Timberel in her hand. Jephta's, daughter met her Father with a dance. And David did it before the Ark, his pious zeal, transporting him to this corporal exultation. 'Tis like, he danced alone; else Mical would have laugh'd at more than him. But yet, if it were not mixt, it was next it; being, as all that

we read of, in the fight and view of both fexes.

When the Prophet Jeremiah, foretold the return of the Jews from captivity, Jer. 31. and begins to reckon up the joys that should ensue; Among the rest, he tells them The Virgins Shall rejoyce in the Dance: the Latin hath it in Chore; and doubtless, that did oftentimes confift both of men and women together; as well as Virgins comprehend both fexes. And if Dancing were unlawful, neither would God allow of being served by it; nor would Solomon have told us, There is a time to Dance, as well as there is to mourn. So that 'tis not the matter and the thing that is condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuse. I find not that Salust twitted Sempronia, meerly for her dancing; but, for doing it more artificially than an honest woman needed: And 'tis for this that Gabinius and Calius too, are reproached. Cato, I know, accused Lucius Murana, for dancing in Asia; and Cicero, that undertook to desend him, said, He durst not maintain it to be well done in respect of the circumstances: but, sure he was, he did not do it constantly; as if the using of it but sometimes, were a kind of justification. And in this sens was his saying, Nemo Saltat Sobrius, The Suber man does seldom act in capers; taking it to be allowed doctrine, That Aligando dulce est insanire in loco; 'Tis pleasant to be frolique in feason.

Ludovicus Vives tells us of some Asians that coming into Spain, and seeing the people dance, did run away affrighted; as thinking them possest with some ill spirit, or else that they were out of their wits. And indeed one would think there were some Sorcery in it, that the tickling of a Sheeps-gut with Hair and a little Rosen, should make a wise man leap up and down like mad. Nor did the wise Aphonsus deem that woman less, whom he saw so wildly dancing, that he concluded, Surely, 'twould not be long before that Sibyl would declare her Oracle; though he himself a little after, with the Emperour Frederick, and his Empress, was content to make

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one at the sport. To dance too exquisitely is so laborious a vanity, that a man would be assumed to let any body see, by his dexterity in it, that he hath spent so much time in learning such a trisse. And to be totally ignorant of it, and of the garbe and comportment that by learning it, is learn'd; shews a man either stoical or but meanly bred, and not inur'd to conversation. The best is a kind of tarelessness as if tweere rather natural motion, than enrious and artissial practizing.

That there have been feveral offences occasioned by it, is not to me an Argument against it, in it self. Even at Sermans, I have read, that feenes of lust have been lay'd. I would not patronize it for the least offence that is in it. But if it conduces to the bettering of Behaviour, and the handsome Carriage of a mans person among strangers; if it be for a Harmless Exercise, for a Recreation meerly; or, to express inossensively a justifiable joy; I see not why it should be condemn'd. It is good for a man so to Dance, as not to put his friends, that shall behold him, out of countenance; or, that he need be assamed, if his enemy should stand by. Some men have an aversness to it, and these it seldom becomes.

Frederick the Third, us'd often to say, He had rather be sick of a Feaver, than endeavour to Dance. And most Martial men are rather for the Drum and Trumpet, than the Lute and Viol. If it were absolutely ill in it self, or if the ill that seems to adhere, were in it self inseparable from it; It were better all were gone, than for the greatest pleasure to keep the least of mischief. But I cannot think that all must sin, if they come but once to humour an Instrument; or, that there cannot be dancing without a danger to Chastity. I had rather hold with Aristippus.

Mens,qua pudica est nesciet corrumpier.

The truly modest Will, In Bacchus Orgies can be modest still.

And albeit some of the Fathers have declaimed high against this Recreation; yet, I take it to be, as it was rudely and lasciviously used by the Vulgar, and with the insective Pagans of those times. But surely, as solemn Entertainments are among great persons; and, meetings of Love and Friendship among persons of Quality; There is nothing more Modest, more Decent, or more Civil. Where even the least inclination to wantonness is held a mark of Rudeness. And having so many eyes upon them, any Place or Time, indeed, were sitter for such purposes, than these. To conclude upon this Theme, I take it to be like Usury; something difficult to be kept in the mean; easie to be let into excels: and almost by all Nations at once decryed and prastiz'd.

# LXXI. Of the Folly of Sin.

T was the Fool that faid, There is no God; for certainly, no Wife man ever thought it. And yet, the Fool had so much wit, as not to prate on't : It was but in his heart he faid it. Impudence was not so great, nor inward Conviction so strong, as that he could with Considence declare it by his Tongue. Nor did he seriously think it in his heart: so that it proceeded no further, than a bare and lazy wish, because he would be glad it were so. But, doubtless, he could no more believe there was no Soul of this vast world, than that there was no spirit to actuate his body: Or, that a Watch could tell us Time, and motion all its Wheels, without a Spring or Balance. If we believe and fee, That the Mind with ease, with pleasure, and without trouble, disposes and commands every motion, and member; every Muscle, and Nerve; every referve, and posture of our Corporal Frame: we may as well conceive, that Infinite and Incomprehenfible Spirit, may as eafily dispose and order every particle and accident of this Great and Circumferential World. And then, it cannot but follow, That this Great Soul of All, must be Infinitely Wife, Infinitely Just, Omnipotent, and Omniscient, with all those other glorious Attributes that go to the making up of God. And if God be, and be thus, as Sense and Reason by Demonstration makes evident; Can there be any greater folly in the world, than to incur the anger of this Almighty and All-wife God? Sin is so purely Folly, that it is in the main, affuredly, never less than an Aversion from true Wisdom. Sin can no more be without Folly, than fire without driness, or, water without moisture. 'Tis Folly that opens the dore, and lets it into the heart; that hugs it, and retains it there, as the Kidney does the Stone, till it eats and grates out that which gave it birth and breeding. It was well faid of Stobaus, Malorum omnium Stultitia est Mater Of all that's ill, 'tis Folly is the Mother.

When a Man is under a Prince that he knows is exact in his Justice, will he be so unwise as before his face to violate his most equal Law? Sin is so deeply a folly, that it sets a man against himself, and transports him clean contrary to his true and proper Interest. If there be any man more Fool than the wicked, let him take the Gingling Scepter, and the py'd Coat, if he can. Even Nature teaches all things a self-preservation. But the sinner is more brutish than the Beast of the field. He destroys himself, and locks his own legs in the stocks, Suppose a man raised by a Noble Prince, from the poverty and subjection of a Cottage, to the plenty and command of a Province, and withal hath promise of a glorious Crown hereaster: One would think it were this mans Interest to hanour and observe this Prince, to be true and faithful to him, to have no compliance with his Enemies, not to let them have any thing of his service or attendance. And would not all the world condemn him for a Fool that should for trifles anger him? That should play with Boys,

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converse with Beggars, consort with Theives and Traitors, great offenders, and all the loofer fort of the filly and the base; and not content alone with this, would be fure to frolick it with his Princes grandest Enemy, and be ready to obey him in all that he should command? Yet, this is the case of every one that is micked. It was among the simple ones that Solomon faw the young man as a fool going to the correction of the flocks, through his incontinence, 'Tis the fool that utters flanders, 'tis the fool that sports in mischief, 'tis the fool that rages and is confident, 'tis the fool that despiseth instruction, though from a fathers love; tis the fools lip that enters into contention, 'tis the fool that will be medling, 'cis the fool that holds his hands in floth; 'cis the fool that truffeth in his own frail heart; 'tis the fool that makes a mock at fin. And the Prophet Jeremy will tell us, He that gets mealth wrongfully, though he may run well, at his end be shall be a Fool. Nor indeed is it the want of parts, or an inability of Nature, that so much undoes a man, as the turpitude and stain of fin. Even a Evol and an Innocent may be sometime of similary sense. And we read not, that a man shall be plagued for a fool by the defect of ordinary comprehension. But the Psalmist will tell us, That Fools, because of their Transgression and Iniquities, are afflicted. And questionless, there is a great deal of reason for this, A man is not condemned for being a natural Innocent; it is not ever his fault: The children that our Saviour received, were such. But 'tis the fin, that exposes us to punishment. All the sufferings in the world, are not in themselves so ill, as is the smallest fin. These a man may indure, and preserve his own uprightness, and be endeared to his Maker for them. But, sin does make us culpable. We break Gods bleffed Law, and so by guilt grow fowl, and become abhorr'd before him; fo that all the pretended pollutions of natural things, are not like the stain of a willing and a knowing fin. Therefore rarely spoke the excellent and admired Seneca, Licet scirem homines ignoraturos, & Deum ignosciturum, tamen peccare nollem, ob peccati turpitudinem, Though I were fure men should never know it, and that God would certainly pardon it; yet, I would not commit a fin for the foulness and dishonesty of the fin in it self. This therefore being the only thing that in all the world we should strive to avoid, Can there be a more furious madness, a blacker phrensie, a deeper simplicity, or a more leaden stupidity, than to rush our selves into this Pool of putrefaction? For it not only drenches us in the Lethean Lake, but it rowls us into the Sea of offences, and debilitates us in the progress of good. If we would be moving towards Heaven, like a chain about a Prisoners leg, our own sad guilt does twitch us back, and keeps us still in flavery. As creatures, that are odious to humanity; hide themselves in the blackness of the night, that neither the Sun nor other Creatures may look upon their deformity: So it is with the depraved finner, that is too foul for this light. Yet, fins being the works of darkness, we prefer the inconsolable darkness before the pleasure of the brightest Ray. As in Gen. 15. when Abraham fell asleep, an horror of great darkness fell upon him: so, when we are invigilant, and care-

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less of our selves, the blinding darkness of our sins surprize thus. Tell me; if in all the shop of Nature, a greater Fool can be found, than he that having a Friend and Father, that loves and will not leave him, till he hath fix'd him in Eternal Happiness: yet, will giddily, wilfully, ignorantly, and wantonly, run from him to crouch, and creep, and become a flave to him, that he knows will use him with all the Insultation of Tyranny and Torment that Vengeance can invent? Nor is this in the gross, but in each particular offence. Are not men out of their wits, that will play away Estates of Plenty, when after they must live to starve? That by their Lust and Lasciviousness, will make themselves Lazars and Cripples? That by their Ambition, beget themselves trouble and ruine? That by their Covetousness, purchase contempt and curses, and enjoy nothing themselves, but greater fear and guilt? That by their rash Anger, throw themselves into quarrels and destruction? That by Drunkenness make themselves Sots, and get Vizards instead of Faces? That by their Riot and Gluttony, send all their Riches down the Common-Sewer; and at last, as Lucullan, grown stupid, they must live under the Tutelage of another! Can a child be fimpler, when it is dandled into any thing we mind to put upon it? or for a Gaud or Rattle be made to part with all that can be of benefit to it? Does not the finner do worse and foolisher, when for a toy, a conceit, a licorish desire, an humor or fancy, he shall dismiss himself of Felicity, and all those saving Graces that can render him happy for ever? Are we not content to be entic'd and gull'd, (like Children stoln by Spirits) with pretended kindness and painted baubles, till we be put under Hatches, and carried as eternal Exiles from our Native Country, Heaven, to lead the life of flaves in shackles under Tyranny? When Lysimachus in Thracia, had delivered up himself and his Army to Domitian for want of water; and, after a draught, confidered what he had done: He then does to the Gods exclaim, That he should be so mad, for the pleasure of a dish of water to turn himself out of Kingship into a Slave. We traffique gold for durt, when we purchase ought by sinning. Let a man be never so great a Politician, yet, if he be a finner, he will appear to be fimple at last. And though he may think, By injury to gain upon others; yet, let him remember, That no man can do an injury to another, but withal, he does injure himself; and fo, though he thinks to flew himself of a deeper reach, and a higher standard of wit than his neighbour; yet, in the end, he will come forth a fool.

#### LXXII.

### That the Mind only makes Content.

WE see it is neither ease, nor labour, nor wealth, nor want, that seats a man in either Pleasure or Discontent. Some men with liberty, leisure, plenty, and rest, have less satisfaction than those than

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that toil in sweating pains and labour. And others even in pleasure do CENT. II that, which would wear out all the happiness of him that is not that way affected. Repose to an active mind is a tedious and an irksom thing. And therefore to him that hath not business, Play is taken up in flead on't; and even that, after a little time, does tire as much as business; and, in the sequel, usually galleth more. We see in those that have plenty to please themselves in all they can imagine; that by their wealth may make Summer and Winter at will, and that feem to others to command all the walks in Paradife, and the Birds to warble what they shall but bid them : yet, this high shine, but makes them nice and wanton, that for want of other divertisements, they quarrel with their own felicity, and strangle by their curiousness even all that Providence intended should be pleasing: As, full and queasie stomachs do often coy at that, which the hungry would accept of for delicious. When Apicius found but One hundred Thousand Sesterties was all at last was left him, with shame, in scorn, he quast his poyson'd draught, and dy'd.

> Quid enim majore cachinno Excipitur Populi, quam pauper Apicius?

-For, what can People jeer at more, Than one to hear, Apicius is grown poor?

Even Content turns to vexation, and we are weary with having nothing to weary us. All the winds in the Compass, cannot blow one gale that some men shall be pleas'd with. A froward mind makes all the Muses, furies; like bodies over-fat, they are burthen'd with their own lov'd load. Nor can men so attempered, injoy themselves in all the smiles of Fortune. The Lilly seems too pale, and the Roses smell is fullom. Some men are so cast together of Jealousie, Envy, Pride, and Choler, that, like favage Beasts, they are ready to tear, not only those that feek to ty them up; but fuch as loofe their chains, and bring them food to live with. Tell them what is diffaftful, or tell them what is pleasing, they shall carp at both alike. As kindling Charcole, they shall throw out sparks, and crackle, though you shall not blow them. Contradict them, they shall twit; say as they, they shall blurt and snarl. As Walps, disturb'd, or let alone, they buzze, and angry make a noise about you: Being of a nice and tender spirit; nor heat, nor cold, can be indured by them. As Arrows whose feathers are not even set; draw them never so home, and shoot them from what Bow you will, they shall never fly to the right mark. Their own dispositions make but a milder and more terrene Hell. What a pitiful little peek took Haman from all his content? On the other fide, where the Mind does incline, and is pleas'd to gratifie the smooth'd Affections; all things feem to have a serene aspect. As through a Strangue the Air is all delightful, and all the colours that do enrich the Rainbow make it beautiful. Do we not even with wonder often see, how there are

many that take pleasure in toil? They can out-rise the Sun, out-watch the Moon, and out-run the fields wild Beaft. Meerly out of fancy and delectation, they can find out mirth, in Vociferation; and Musick, in the barking of Dogs; and be content to be led about the Earth, over hedges and through floughs, by the windings and the shifts of a poor affrighted Vermine: yet, after all, come off, as Messalina from her wantonness, tyr'd, and not satisfied with all that the Brutes can do. But, were a man injoyn'd to this, that did not like it, how tedious, and how punishable to him would it prove? Since in it self it differs not from riding post; or, putting a wife man from following and humouring the motions of a child, or simple animal. Let no man therefore wonder at the leveral Contentments of men: For, unless the defires of men be bounded with Prudence and Moderation, the Appetite of the Mind is various, as the Palate of the Body, for which no man can give a reason. As he is like to be most at ease in his Journey, that likes the pace of the Beast he rides on: So is he that can bring his Mind to approve of that condition God hath fet him in. And fince the Mind alone is judge of pleasure, 'tis not what others apprehend, but what the party fancies to himself, that satisfies.

### LXXIII. Of Ceremonies.

Mong all the varieties that liberal Nature does bestow upon us; How few things are there, that we take and do make use of, as nakedly they were produc'd at first, but that with circumstance and trimming we frive to improve and beautifie? The rarest and most pretious materials, we think not splendid, till we have refin'd them. We cut and polish Diamonds. We burnish gold and silver. Our filks we scour, and give them gloss and dye. Our Wool we card and mingle; we wear not Cloth till dress'd and dy'd, and then with lace and fancy work it up for wearing. We eat not food, but cook'd with sauce and arted for the palate. Even the Cow eats not her Mother Earths brave fallad, all and only green. Providence hath enamel'd all with beauty in the orient colours sprinkled in her Mantle, that by the eyes being pleas'd, the appetite may be more enticed out, and the medly become confection, fixer for Natures sustenance. We do not rudely heap our wood and stone together for our dwellings, but we hew and fit them into decent order; we are solicitous to contrive them stately without, and beautiful and convenient within; fo that we make them by adorning them, and by the rules of Architecture, rather a Palace than a Prison. Every Calling hath his Badge and Ornament. The Souldier thines in Steel, the Lady in her Temels, the Courtier in his Silks. The Law and Phylick, have their proper habits, fitted to their known Professions. And in all Religions, Fewish, Heathen, Mahumetan, and Christian; I never found, but their Priests in their Garments were distinguisht from the Laick flock. Only we have

have found of latter years a race of ruder men, that under the pretence of Piety, have taken up a garb both sottish and disdainful; that are afraid to be known by their habits to be Priefts of the living God; they can wear a Cipress or a Ribbond for a friend; but, not a Searf or Girdle, for the Church or State. Surely, a Gown or Surplice may in themselves as well be worn, as either a Shirt, or Band, or Cloake: and they can hardly, to unbyaffed men, give a reason for declining them, unless it be because Authority commands them. As if because the Apostle commands, That things be done decently, and in order, therefore it were fufficient ground for men to be cross, and rude, and common, and flovenly. What would have become of these men, had they been enjoyned to have been attyred as Aaron, in light and flaming colours, with Bells tinkling, and Pomgranates dangling, round about their skirts? How would they have brook'd a linen Miter of fixteen cubits long, that will rather lofe a Living, and the opportunity of faving fouls, and the honour of being an agent for Heaven, than own a simple Surplice? As if white were not a colour as lawful as black; or, the thred of the flax as warrantable, as the wool we cut from off the dumb Sheeps back: or, that a Gown were not as legitimate to be worn in a Church, as for them to fit wrapt with, in their own warm house or study. I find to the Jens by God himfelf, there were twelve peculiar habits appointed to the Levites. And furely, (not being forbidden) why may not his Church without offence injoyn some? which are so far from being unlawful in themselves, as we see, they would be worn, if they were not injoyned. And are worn in eadem specie, though not in eadem forma. Tis granted by Chemnitius, and I think, by most of the reformed Divines, That In ritibus Adiaphoris habet Ecclefia Potestatem, In things indifferent the Church warus not authority. He that is Lieutenant of a Province, though in the main he be tyed to govern by the Laws, from which he may not deviate: yet, he is never so bound up, but that in Circumstances he hath a latitude left to discretion. And if (although) in it self indifferent) it be once by the Church injoyn'd, it becomes then so far a Divine Law, as 'tis Divine, in Lieitis, to obey the Supreme Governour, and Legislative Power. And then, Where will be the difference in relufing an Innocent Ceremony Authoritatively imposed, and assuming a practice of one disputable, and not imposed? As Urbim did in Fasting on the Lords Day; for which St. Augustine tells him, That Totas Ecclefias turburet & damnaret, He would disturb and condemn the Universal Church. It is not possible to perform a worship without some natural or instituted Ceremony; and while they are not contradictive to the Canon, I cannot think, God will be angry with me for obeying them; or, that being an Anathema, if I hear not the Church, I should come to be so, when I do obey her. While they are not declared Essentials of that worship, are not cross to the Sacred Text, are ordained only for distinction, order, decency, and helps to Piety and Devotion; I see not, why it may not be in the prudence of a Church, moderately to injoyn them; and become the Tiety and Humility of the Sf2

best, to submit to what shall be injoyed? I remember a passage of a grave Divine upon this Subject, which was this; A Ceremony (faith he) in the judgement of all, is in itself a thing indifferent: To preach the word, a thing precepted and of necessity. Now, I would have men lay the thing indifferent in one scale, and the thing necessary in the other; and then let them tell me, if it be not better to swallow a Ceremony, than to rend a Church. Obedience and Unity tend to Peace; and Peace is the worlds flourish; but, division and disobedience are as the trains leading to the Mine, that blows up all. If the Ceremony did admit a dispute; yet, being fervants to the Church, it would not wholly light upon them that obey'd; and it may well be believed, their submission would be more acceptable than either their cavil, or their criticism. The Ceremonies of State, though the wife man knows they be not of the finews of Government, yet, they are the air, and of the countenance thereof; fo, beget in common people a kind of awful reverence both of the Person and the Function. There is no doubt, but the practice of decent and feemly Ceremonies does help to preserve a Church not only in fixation, but in esteem. And is a rail to keep off the prophane Julians, who esse might do as he did, piss upon the Table. Nor do I find, but assoon as the Church arrived at any state of power, but she took upon her to be as well formally as materially a Church; and besides the rites of worship by her prescribed, Festivals, and Liturgies, her splendor was such, that with some emulation, if not envy, her Enemies began to cry out, En qualibus vafis Maria Filio administrant! See but with what costly Vessels they officiate to the Son of Mary! Theod. lib, 3: cap. 12. Though the bark of a Tree be no part of the Timber, fruits, or leaves; yet we see, if that be stript away, the Tree it self will die. So, a naked Church is no more lasting or comely, than the body of a Man without cloaths is seemly or secure.

#### LXXIV.

Of the contentment after the overcoming of a strong Temptation.

Very Temptation is a snare, and they that overcome are as Birds escaped; whom Nature suffers not to hold from rejoycing but, as soon as they are got loose they chirp and sing out a for to themselves. Surely if a man would choose out a happy condition to live in, he could not fancy to himself a better than when he is come off a Conquerour of a great and strong Temptation. Victory is so pleasant a thing, that it leaves a man nothing to fear, unless it be that which he feareth not; The soul put by from God returns in the end with comfort, and sweetly closeth with its Maker, whose goodness she knows it is to make her so Victorium. Divided friends when once they come to meet, like Iron and the Loadstone, they do not march but leap to one anothers bosom. They know the are ever under the shade of Gods divine

divine protection, but now they fly into the Almighties arms, and reft CENT. II. secure within his safe Embraces. When Spartan-youths had overcome an Enemy, they were brought home with Garlands crown'd, with ma fick and rejoycing. The greatest exultations that we read of, were the Triumphs that were conterr'd on Conquerours. And 'tis worthy our obfervation what high and splendid Priviledges the Scripture does assign to him that overcometh. He shall eat of the Tree of Life, and of the hidden Manna, Comforts and Inspirations sent from Heaven as the food of the foul, Hidden because only known to himself. And the white Stone with the new name inscribed alluding to the Acquittals and Donations of Supream Princes, bestowed on such as had the Innocence and bleffing to light upon them: which were fo high to the enjoyers of them, that they were not able to make any other ever understand them. He shall be made a Pillar in the Temple of God, and shall go out no more, and shall at last be permitted to sit in the Throne with Heavens great Maker, and the supreme God of gods. It furnishes him with experience of the crafts and wiles and policies of sharpest Enemies, and the Aids, Assistances, and unepected Providences of an Almighty Guardian and Defender; and by the exercise of their Faith and Patience, and their other stock of Virtues, animates and increases them : whereby by overcoming once we learn to overcome again, and master, and triumph over all those subtilities that are lifted up against us. 'Tis one of a General's strongest Arguments to incite his men to Conrage, To put them in mind, how oft they have been victors. It does enkindle industry and add a force to Fortitude, while being overcome declines the rifing head and debases all the spirits to a dull and low Terrenity. The air is after Victory more wholesom, than it was before. The concustion of Arms, and the stirring of the Element does rarific and purge it, and the Conquerour breaths freelier than he did before. He is not checkt by opposition. The present Region is his own to rest and fleep in, where, and when he pleafeth. The mind is lightned both of Fear and Care. And he looks upon his own Happiness as both ascending higher and lasting longer for his late hard Conquest. Which is not only intimated by the Antients in making the Palm-tree the Symbol of Victory, as disdaining to be incurvated by weight, but also being an evergreen with pleasant fruit and of continuance longer than most of other Trees. In which the Holy Ghost is not wholly unaspective to the custom that was used among men, fince we find the Triumphers in the Revelation (as badges of Victory) carried their Palms in their hands. And the Text, a little after, tells us that these were of those that had come out of great Tribulation. For their noble sufferance, their undaunted valour in not yielding, their over-towring Faith, and their coming off with Mastery, against all the Assaults of siercest Foes, and Tempters; these were now remunerated, with the Vision and Fruition of the Almighty; and for ever after, stood exempted from forrow, or any other of the disturbing passions of man. And certainly to overcome a Temptation that hath been battering hard upon us, dilates the pleased foul,

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and, lifting it up to God, does place it in a calm rejoycing. Though it were materially true, yet mystically it was not so: for the shadow of Alexander was longer after his Conquest, than it was before. It arose up higher in the estimation of men: and extended a protection surther to such as had their province to live under his spreading shade. Octavian and Augustus were not the same in one man. A youth at first despis'd and slighted by the experience and haughtiness of his Jealous Emulators; but after bowed and kneeled to, by all that drew breath under the wing of the Romane Eagle. And more than this, it shews the world our parts, which else would steal unseen, from off the stage. It is with virtuous men, as it is with Spices and some kind of fragrant Herbs. Their brusing, by contest, tells all about how rich their oder is.

Vidi ego jactatas motà face crescere flammas: Et vidi nullo concutiente mori.

How have I feen, the brandisht Torch blaze high; While that unstire'd, by standing still, does die?

As gold is the better for being in the fire, and so is more esteem'd by men when purified: So is man, got off from Temptation, not only better lik'd by those of this world, but he is more endeared to the Deity he serves, for appearing of a try'd Fidelity

# Of Civility.

Nless they be impassionate, the greatest spirits, and those of the best and noblest breeding, are ever the most respective and obsequious in their Garb, and the most observant and grateful in their Language to all. They know, rudeness is so course a gobber that it canno the digested by a healthful stomach:nor Terms uncivil heard without gall or quarrel. And therefore to prevent the latter, they are careful to avoid the first. This we may build upon: The most staid judgments are persons of the Highest Civility. They think, to displease is none of the proper interests of Man: Nature made him Communicable and Sociable. To be rude or foolish is the badg of a Weak mind, and of one deficient in the conversive quality of Man. The Noblest Creatures are the more universally good. The fire refuses not, as well to warm the Beggar as the Prince. The water bears as well the Carrick as the Cork. The earth to all allows her bearing bosome. The equal air as equally serveth all. And the bright Sun, without distinction thines. To occafion a quarrel is a thing of Reproach. And if a wife man hath unawares provok'd one, It lies in the mind, as mercury does in the Body, ceases not working till it quite be got out. It is not for one Gentleman to speak to another what shall beget either shame or anger, or call up either a blush or frown. And if there be a necessity to displease, yet we ought

to do it as nurses do with Children when they are to give them what is bitter, smear it in Hony or rowl it in Sugar, that even the palate (if possible) may be held in content. 'Tis a handsome story of the dying Aristotle when he was sought to by his Scholars to declare his Succesfor, among which there were two especially of more eminent merit than the relt, Theophrastus a Lesbian, and Menedemus a Rhodian. Aristotle calls for Wine of both those places, pretending to drink his last farwel with his Scholars before he dyed. He taftes the Wine of Rhodes and commends it both for found and pleasant. Then tasting that of Lesbos, he commendeth both for excellent good, but that of Lesbos to be the more delicious: by which they understood, he meant Theophrastus should hold the succession. So by commending both, he tacitely preser'd the one without the least disparagement to the other. And in Religion, this will hold as well as in morality and the common Conversation of the World. For that was never found to be a foc to good manners, but that it allowed of a civil respect both in behaviour and words; by paying observance in the one, and giving Titles in the other, according to the degree and quality of the person we have to deal with. Facob we know to have been a person elect and in Grace with God himfelf, and though Efan were a prophane person and had fold his Birthright to his younger Brother, whereby the priviledges of primogeniture were lost, and his right in the Sacred Covenant disputable, if not vacated; yet when Jacob intended to meet him, because he was a great man and in the Nature of a petty Prince and in some kind a General; for he had a Band of 400 men: He first sends him a noble present of many numerous Beasts. And commanded his servants, when E fan inquired whose they were, they should say, They were a present for my Lord Efan fent him from his servant Jacob. And when he himself came neer him, he bowed himself seven times to the ground upon his approach to his Brother. Nay all his retinue after him, the hand-maids and their Children, Leah and her Children, Joseph and Rachel, all of them bowed themselves; and after that, in discourse he complements him several times with, Let me find Grace in the fight of my Lord; and therefore have I feen thy face, as though I had feen the face of God. David, though he were anointed and designed King; yet when he met Prince Jonathan, he fell on his face three times, and bowed himself to the ground. The Shunamite sell at the Prophet Elia's feet, and bowed her self to the ground. The Widow of Tekoa told David, As an Angel of God, fo is my Lord the King. Though Darius were a Pagan Prince, and had (though unwillingly) yet unjustly, permitted Daniel to the Lions Den: Yet as foon as he was out, his Language was: O King, live for ever. In the New testament St. Paul begins his Complement with, King Agrippa. And when Festus charg'd him wrongfully with being mad; His return was not Reviling, nor Recrimination: but, I am not mad, most Noble Festus. Certainly, in those Eastern parts of the World, though they used not to uncover the head, yet the ordinary bowing of the body was equivalent to the putting off the Hat

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Hat with us: but bowing down to the ground, with all those Reiterations, was far beyond our practice of uncovering; and descended well neer to a Sacred Veneration. And the Rhetorical Collandations, with the Honourable Epithets given to their persons, were far beyond the appellations that are used in our days, yet are we commanded to use to every man the respects that are due to his place, and quality. God himself calls men to Honourable places: and doubtless where he is pleas'd to bestow it, we ought not to deny it. Render to all their dues, Honour to whom Honour belongs. When our bleffed Saviour that took upon him the form of a Servant, was living among the Jews, though they hated his Doctrine, and at last condemn'd his Person, yet their common salutation was, Rabbi, Rabboni, Master; And when in Honour to his Descent as allyed to the Crown, he was called the Son of David, he gave no checke to the Title, but John the 13 he tells them, You call me Master, and you say well. So that safely we may conclude, that Behaviour rude and clownift, and indeed unchristian, in keeping on the hat before Nobles, Magistrates, Kings, and Superiours (with that vituperious thou-ing men, and not owning their Titles) comes not from Scripture or any example of the people of God, but from some blacker fiend that under the pretence of Piety and the Spirit, walks contrary to all the practice of the Faithful. The Apostle commands us to submit our selves to every ordinance of man for the Lords-sake as yielding complyance not so much for our own ends but purely out of Conscience, as being a constitution ordained by God himself; whose wisdom establish the World not only in the larger frame where naturally every thing subsides to what is superiour, but even in every Province, and each particular, where Government and Ovedience perpetuates the Harmony of all.

#### LXXVI.

# That the present Times are not worse than the Former.

It is the Preachers precept that a man should not say; Why is it, that the sormer days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely of these things. Some have reduc'd this to those only that smart under present troubles; So passion rather than Reason begets the Complaint. Others limit it to the comparing the Law with the Gospel; and then, there is no doubt, if any be judg besides the Jew, He must be condemn'd of Folly, that would go about to preser the times of Moses under the load of Ceremonius shadows, before those since Christ, wherein the yoak is taken off, and the cloud irradiated with the shine of Evangelical truth. So that we may considertly acknowledge that memorable saying of Aneas Sylvius, that although the Christian Religion had never been consistent by miracles, yet it deserved and would have been taken up by men, for the very Honesty that it carries with it. But since this was writ in Solomons time, so long before

before the coming of our bleffed Saviour among us, we may believe CENT. II he meant it more univerfally both of the precedent and successive. courses of the World. And surely if we examine all things in a judicions scale, we shall find indeed, we do not wifely, when we vent the Complaint and censure. Humane Nature is more sensible of smart in suffering, than of pleasure in rejoycing, and the present indurances casily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain, when we do but finile for a great deal of Contentment. And from this we blame the present for a little pressure, when we pals over all those soft and smooth demulceations that infensibly do stroke us in our gliding life. Nor indeed are the pungencies of former times in the comprehension of our view, but at distance, and by some Records that have pickt out only what are extraordinary. So like Promonts at Sea they look high at a distance as if all the Country were an elevated mountain, which when we come to land we find but of the same Altitude with the other parts of the World we have feen. And the mind of man runs with more Celerity to Joy. It's true, sometimes there are intervals of Virtue and Vice, inclinations to Wars and Propensions to peace. The Sybarites had a vein of delicacy, The Spartans a strein of Arms: Athens had her Arts and Learning; and Scythia's fame was Barbarism. And in the same Country, One age runs upon one thing, and another does decline what by former times hath been courted by the Inhabitants of the felf-same climate. But these being but in parts, if the whole be summ'd up together, we shall find the proportion of all to be much about the same fathom of what the World was at before. If the present age exceed in some imbrac'd particulars, we shall read of former, that in other exceeded m. If we have inventions of newer date with us, They certainly had others that now to us are loft. And if we survey the Vices of precedent times, they will appear more Barbarous and more Epidemical than fuch as now flame in the World. We look upon it as the wonder of Vice to this day, That a stranger could not come to Sodom, but the more than brutish Citizens must burn in fordid Lust, which was fo foul that nothing but Fire and Brimstone could purge the stench of it from the world. It was a City of Padicators and Catamites, so wickedly bent that it cost a miracle to preserve the Angels from their Fury; a Vice so new and so inhumane, that neither before, nor fince, could the World find any other name for it, but what was deriv'd from that of the City it felf. After this, among the Agyptians was that of the framless Tax. The Gracians under wisest Law-givers approv'd of cunning Theevery. And drinking was fo wild a Vice among them, That even the Grammar lost it's sense by their debauchery; Pergracari founding to be mad with Drink. Have we any so vain as Xerxes, that would think to whip the Sea to calmness; or so prodigal as was Alexander, that, as Plutarch tells us, spent twelve millions of Talents upon Hephastions Funeral? A sum so incredible, that 'tis a question whether at that time the Revenew of the World could afford it? Among the Jews, that by their Religionpre tended to more preciseness, we find Incest, Fratricide,

tricide, Parricide, and Treason; Oppression, Peremptory and Imperious Cruelty to the cutting men with Saws, and killing one another, was play and sport for Princes. Absolon, a younger Son to a Prince of a petty Province, had yet his fifty Footmen dashing by his Chariot side. Lucius Florus tells us of the German Women, that, in their Battails, made their Children their weapons, and would fling their own naked sprawling Infants in the face of those they fought with; that the horror of the thing might daunt the Roman courage. Under Titus, that was, for the sweetness of his disposition, cry'd up by them of Rome, for the worlds delicious jewel, There was yet the number of 500 persons, every day while the Siege was strict, crucify'd before the walls of Ferusalem, till they wanted not only Crosses, but Room to set them in. There was Eleven hundred thousand slain, Nine hundred seventy thousand Captives, and many alive ript up with bloudy hands, in hope to find among the Ordure of the body, the gold they so much covered. Was there ever fince then, any thing like the Ten Persecutions? Was there any thing but Nero's Luxury, equal to Nero's Cruelty? and yet, Domitian in one particular out-went him; He loved to feed his eyes, and fee those Tortures Nero but commanded. Where have we now a Licinius Lucullus, that at once put 20000 of the Cancai to the Sword, contrary to the Articles of their Rendition? or, like the famous Augustus, who at one time in Perufa, sacrificed 300 of the principal Citizens at the Altar of his Uncle Fulius: In whose Triumvirate the Machine of the world was dane'd; and he that was but fent to, or proferib'd, he prefently kneeld and fent his head for a present. Syllatook 4 Legions 24000 men of the Conquer'd part to mercy: but not willing to trust them, while the Senate fate, and in their hearing, he cut them all in pieces. Tiberius would make men to be fill'd with Wine, then tie them up from Urine, that their torment might swell with their bodies. Suetonius records it. of Caligula, That it was ordinary with him to brand with marks of Infamy the most Honoured and deserving persons, then to condemn them to the Mines, thut them up in Cages, expose them to beafts, or faw them through the middle.

The Covetonsness of those times were as great as their Cruelties. It was crime enough to possess a wealth with virtue. Accusations were not for Ossences, though they were for Consiscations. Men, Towns, and Temples, escaped not in their gripe and risling them of all: yet this, ob pradam, non ob delistum; to enrich the Court with Coin, but not to empty the Common-wealth of Vice. Marcus Antonius in one year, from the lesser Asia only, raised 200000 Talents. For their Luxury their Drinking, and their Feasting, who reads their stories shall find they have outgon belief; continuing sometimes 36 hours at a meal, with the interventions only of Lust and Vomiting. Their Apparel sometimes only Tisseny, inverting Natures institution, who meaning it to hide shame, they us'd it now to shew it. Senera speaks it of their matrons, Ne Adulteris quidem plus six in Cubiculo, quam in publico ostendunt, They shew as much to the

people

people abroad as they do to their Adulterers in their retired Bed-chambers. They had nothing of weight about them but their Jewels. Every joynt of every finger was particularly defign'd his load. They had their Winter and Summer Rings, so that by the fight of their hand, you might pick out the scason, though you felt neither heat nor cold. Hortensius a great Orator, fued his fellow Commissioner for disordering a plain in his Robe. And they had their Dinner and their Supper Garments: So curious they were in composing their Hair; so costly in their Apparel, Dyet, Servants, Houshold-stuff, and all belonging to them; that if we compare the Excesses of those times with the (in respect of them) petty vanities of ours, there will appear the difference between a Court and Cottage, and the vast extention of their enlarged Empire, and the small circumference of our single-moated Island. Every Nation hath its Zenith and its Declination. As they rife in Empire, they enlarge both in Virtue and Vice; and when they decline, they fink in these, as they do decline in Dominion. And though as to themselves one time may be either better or worse than another: Yet take the World in gross, and jumbled together, and there is nothing now to be complain'd of in the main; but what hath been as high or higher heretofore. Every Nation hath endured Oppression, hath felt of Tyranny, hath admitted Treason, and hath trod the Mazes of Vice. Only as Islanders are usually the most Nefarious; we have in one thing out-acted all the Lands the Sun did ever shine upon: A Prince no less by virtue and glorious parts, than by right of Inheritance and decent of Ancestry; under the pretence of abused Justice with the formality of mis-interpreted Law, hath been sentenc'd (by his sworn Subjects turn'd into Rebels) to a Decapitation; and, as a Tyrant, put to death, indeed because he ever abhorred to be so. Creation never yet saw any thing, to equal it. For two pieces of Treason, we have digged lower towards Hell, than ever yet did any other people, The Powder, and the pretended-Parliamental Treason: As if to revenge the attempt of the one, we had strained to gratifie the authors of it, by out-doing them in the other. 'Tis apparent in other particulars, other times have had blacker crimes than ours; but doubtless, in the general, the world is rather better than worse than it hath been. Wars, Rapine, Murther, Treafon, Pride, and Luft, have ever been fince Man was Man. But, in regard of the influence of Christian Religion, which corrects the cogitation and intention of all, as well as the outward act; I believe it hath fo wrought upon the general Genius of the world, as it is not so audaciously and epedemically facinorous, as it was in times of Paganism, who were taught by their gods to be loofe and less than men. And surely, the confiderations of the like to these may so far prevail upon the opinions of men; as though they may be forry the world is not better; yet, compar'd with what hath formerly been, they need not wonder that tis now fo ill.

# RESOLVES.

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#### LXXVII.

# Of Three things we ought to know.

WO of them are in our felves, the other is without us; yet, of fo great necessity, that, without it, of the best of creatures made for this world, we become the worst and the most unhappy. We ought to understand our own Misery, Gods Love, and our own thankful Obedience: Our own Misery, how deep and fatally extreme; and, to us, the much more disconsolate, by being so just: So intolerable that we cannot but complain; yet, so just, that of none we can complain, but of our selves. If we came not into the World wrapt in Corruptions garments; yet, are we fure here to live with fuch as are so; and, lying near, like wood in fire, with them we flame and burn. We were lost, before the World e're found us. And yet, we have so much of Misery, as, for the most part, we have the misery to pursue it; or else, like people dying, we droop under so general a weakness, as we are not sensible of any that lies upon us. And in this, as in them, our danger is the greater. The harms foreseen or felt by prudence, we may strive against and shun: But, when they lurk in shades of silent night, before we know we fall into the pit. And, which is worst, our mischief is so desperate, that neither we, nor all the frame of creatures can relieve us. Nay, Time, that triumphs over all, lies down with wearied wings, but cannot give us remedy. Eternity is only like it felf, and being beyond every thing, can be compar'd to nothing.

Nor is Gods Love less infinite, or less incomprehensible. What had we that we deferv'd to be created at first? And what had we not, which might have condemn'd us when made. He hath lov'd us, not only of his own making, but of our own marring. When we would die and spurn off Doctor from us, He pour'd in Cordials 'gainst our own consent; and then, without our own help, made us live. God deals with us, as we with our brute beafts; if not ty'd up and forc'd, we have not wit to take the thing should help us: And though, as Cate, we did tear our felf-made-wounds, to widen deaths sad entrance: Yet, without our wishes, and against our wils, when we lay gasping in the Road to ruine, by the mercy of this great Samaritan, we were again bound up for life, and for the joys of Being. So Bats and Owls, that hate the Suns gay light, are yet by the influence of its gracious beams, from their dark holes drawn out to fly and live. We have Being upon Being given us; To Be, and to Be well, are both large acts of bounty; only the latter is a double creation, or at least a Dif-creation and Creation too. God, the friend, has courted us his Enemies, and hath himself, not only been our Redeemer, but hath given us instruction, and found us out ways whereby we may still be preserved. So that the consideration of Gods love, will be, as that of God himself was to the Grave Simonides, the more thought on, the less to be comprehended.

And

And this being infinitely above all our apprehenfions, we cannot in reason give less than all our gratitude: And yet, of that, how small a part is all? When all we can pay, is so simple a little of what we justly one; we should immeasurably be unjust, if we return'd not all in our ability. Though we have not to requite, we may have what will pleafe, when we give him up his own, and offer up his Offering for us; when we yet remember what we cannot return. The best repository of a benefit, is a mind that will perpetually acknowledge it. We ought to findy what will please, we ought to fly from what is offence. And when we have done all we can, we still are mort alive, of what the dead Earth does. That yields our feed with multiply'd increase; but, this quick earth, of ours, does dwindle what is cast in't. So though we meditate our own Misery, and God's free Grace and Bounty; yet, the great business of our life is Gratitude. For that in all it's dimensions and concomitants, will take up all we can possibly do, and yet, at last of all, will leave us still to wish and pray.

#### LXXVIII.

# Of the uncertainty of Fame.

Good Fame, is as the beams about the Sun, or the glory about a holy Picture that shews it to be a Saint. Though it be no effential Part, it arises from the body of that virtue, which cannot chuse but shine and give a light through all the clouds of Error and Distraction. And though sometimes the Mists and Vapours of the lower earth impede the light it gives; yet there will be apparent Rays, that shew there is Defert unscen, which yields those gleams of brightness to the whole Hozrion, that it moves and shines in. The Philosopher Bion was pleas'd to call good Fame, The Mother of years; for that it gives a kind of perpetuity, when all of us else is gone. And indeed, it may as well be the Dang hter of years; for that it is not gotten but by the continued succession of noble actions. However among all the externals of life, we may observe it, as one of the best, so one of the brittlest and most fading bleffings. 'Tis the hardest both to get and keep; like a Glass of curious Workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gain'd, but by a settled habit of eminent Virtues; by one short vitious action, may be lost for ever. The infuccess of an Affair, the mutability of Fortune, the elevation of a Faction, or depression of a Party, the mistake of a Matter, or the craft of a subtile Jugler, how it alters quite the found that Fames lowd Trumpet makes? Like a Beauty, drawn by some great Artists hand; one dash from a rude Pencil, turns it to a Gorgon. Nay, if it only would in this fort vanish, it would than by many be kept untainted. If it could not be lost, but upon certainties; If it were in our own keeping; or, if not in our own, in the hands of the wife and honest: How possible were it to preserve

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it pure? But the misery is, that it rests upon probabilities; which as they are heard to disprove, so they are case to perswade; That it is in the hands of others, not our felves; in the cuftody, not of the discreet and good only, but also of the simple, the cunning, and the vile: Who though they cannot make us worfe to our felves; yet, how foul and fullyed may they render us to others! With bad, we get a taint that spoils our whitest innocence: with canning men, we are not what we are, but by fuch lights are feen, as they will please to shew us; and with the simple, naked we are left, that men may see our shame. Some are gilded over, that the world are cheated in them. Some are gold within, and by the ignorant and unskilful, are tane for Brass or Copper. Quidam omni tempore venantur famam seculi, & omni tempore sunt Infames; They ever are upon the haunt of Fame, and yet we fee for ever they are Infamous. To vindicate us from the stain of these, there is no remedy but a constant careful discretion. We are in the world, as men in a Town befieged; if we be not always upon our guard, we have so many enemies, we soon may be surprised. A careless watch invites the vigilant Foe; and by our own remisness, we contribute to our own defamation. We must be wary as well of words as actions. Sometimes a short Laconick stabbing speech, destroys the Fabrick of a well-built Fame. It was the advice of the fober Epictetus, That they which did defire to hear well, should first learn well to speak: for tis our Speech as well as deeds, that charm the ears, and lead the bearts of others. Even all the Art Tiberius e're was master of, could never so disguise his inward rancor, but through his own expressions, oft it would break out. Nor must we be only good, but we must not feem to be ill. Appearance alone, which in good is too little, is in evil much too much. He habs his own fair Fame, that willingly appears in that ill att he did not. It is not enough to be well liv'd, but well to converse, and so be well reported. As well we ought to care we may be honest deem'd, as to our selves to be so. Our friends may know us by the things they see, but frangers judge us by the things they hear. As that is most likely to be truth, wherein all the differing parties do agree: so, that Fame is likeliest to last, and to be real, wherein Friends and Enemies, Strangers and familiars, shall joyn and concur; and wherein words and actions shall not cross and run counter: The one is as a healthful habit and a good complexion; the other, as a handsome carriage and a pleasing countenance. The first best way to a good Fame, is a good life; the next is, good difcourse and behaviour. Though when all is done, being a thing without us, we are at the mercy of others, whether we shall enjoy it or no. It will therefore be but a fond thing to be too greedy of that which, when we have gotten, must be kept and allowed us by others.

#### LXXIX.

### Of Alms.

T is not necessary they should always come out of a Sack. A man may be charitable, though he hath not an expanding Plenty. A little purse contain'd that mite, which once put in, was the greatest gift in the Treasury. Nay, sometimes a willing mind (when we want our felves) is acceptable. God being the creator of the will, is sometimes as well pleas'd, when that extendeth towards him, as with the dead collocations of some insensate Treasure. So there are sew that may plead Poverty as a total exemption; for, if they have but a rich mind, there return may be as great as his that with wealth did venture a great deal more. But furely, where there is plenty, Charity this way is a duty, not a curtefie. 'Tis a Tribute imposed by Heaven upon us. And he is no good Subject that does refuse to pay it. If God hath caused many Rivers to run into our Sea: we ought in a mutual return of Tide, to water all those low and thirsty places that our waves may reach at. Something Nature seems to speak this way. For questionless, the earth with the benefits it produces, was at the first intended for the use of mankind in the general; and no man ought so to grasp at all, but that another may have a share as well as he. If he be not so fortunate in acquiring it, yet, as a humane creature, he hath a right of Common, though he may not be admitted to break into anothers Inclosure. Sutable to this, we see God in his Moral Law, injoyns us, to love our Neighbour as our selves: and in the Political Laws of the Old Testament, men are commanded (though there were a Civil Right to themselves) to leave in the field, and after Vintage, gleanings and remains for the poor. And we cannot but take notice, that there are frequenter Precepts, higher Promises, and greater Efficacy, set upon the Grace of giving Alms, than there is almost upon any other humane Virtue. The Presepts for this are every where so obvious, as there needs no mention of particulars of them; we can no where read to miss them. The Promises usually are annex'd to the Precepts; and these contain all that we can expect either in this world, or hereafter. But the efficacy fet upon this Charity, would make one incline at first view to think it had a kind of inherent merit with it. In Daniel, Nebucadnezzar is advised, to break off his fins by righteousness, and his iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor. As if the practice of these could mash off offences; or, like a Calestial Fullers-earth, could take out the spot not flesh from the foul. We find it rank'd with Righteousness, and by the Sacred Text, 'tis made almost equivalent. Our most Learned and Laborious Annorator on the New Testament, informes us, and examples it upon the Fifth of Matth. that Alms and Righteonfness, are, in the holy Scripture, promiscuously used the one for the other. And this, perhaps, might put Tob into the greater amazement, That his afflictions should befal him, when

when he had always been so merciful to the poor, as in the 30 and 31 Chapter of his Book he expostulates. But, above all, is that place of St. Luke the 11. and 41. where our Saviour, after he had told the Pharises of their Cheats and Hypocrsie, says, Nevertheless, give Alms, and all things shall be clean unto you. As if an Alms could expiate a sin, and discharge a scarlet into innocent snow; unless it may be taken, in a sort, as some Ironical Tax upon them, for thinking, Though they cosen'd never so much, did never so little right, and acted never so much stupendious wrong; yet, if they gave but Alms, they thought it would free them from all. But, however they did, or did not, put condignity of merit upon them; yet, certainly, in regard of the command and encouragement going along, they carry such a Promissory merit with them, that one would wonder any thing Christian should neglect their

oft performance.

Nor are the Fathers behind hand in their Elogies and Harangues hereupon. St. Augustine tells us, Eleemosyna mundat peccata, & ipsa interpellat pro nobis. Alms-deeds cleanse us from our sins, and interpose in our behalf to God. St. Chrysostome speaking of Alms, hath left us these inviting patsages, Vincula peccatorum ipsa dissolvit, fugat Tenebras, extinguit Ignem; and a little after, Virgo est, habens alas aureas, circumscripta per omnia venustate, sed succincta, vultum habens candidum atque mansuctum; pennata est & levis, & semper ante Solium Regale consistit; It dissolves the sinners chains, puts darkness from our souls, and quenches Hell's smart fire. - A Virgin'tis, encompass'd all with Graces, ever ready to appear and plead for us, with clear and curteous looks; she's light and fit to mount, and always waits at the Calestial Throne. Surely, it is the part of a good Steward, to see that all the Family be provided for. And the poor of this world being part of Gods, we discharge not our parts, unless we take care for them. He that does, (if there were no reward) hath certainly a fairer account to give, than fuch as have expended only on Themselves, on Pride, on Lust, on Ryot and on Wantonness. He that does supply the poor, hath a Warrant from Heaven for what he so expends. But he that lays out by the By on vanities, at best, he spends but on his own account, and 'tis not likely, all will be allowed him, when his last Audit comes. 'Tis true, there be many poor, that indeed deserve not Charity, if we look at their vices, and the mispending of what they have given them. And therefore (though the Impotent, the indigent, and the Innocent deserve most, yet) the reward of Charity is not in the receiver so much, as in him that bestows. If I do my part well, I shall not lose the benefit, because another makes ill use on't. When one blam'd Aristotle for giving to a dissolute fellow, his answer was, He gave not to the Manners, but to the Man. That is properly the best Alms that is given of ones own, in obedience to the Laws of Charity. And the readiness adds vigour to the benefit. When the seed is long in ripening up to Alms, it shews the air of Charity is cold; and, if the season be once past, we sow our grains in wind, but cannot expect

that they should grow up to increase. If Heaven be our Country, and CENT. II we intend to dwell there, 'tis best to make over what we have, to be ready against our arrival. The poor are our Credentials that will help us to treasure in Heaven. What we leave behind, we lose, as never after being likely to make use on't. But this way bestomed, we both carry it with us, and leave it also here. The Generations of the Merciful shall be bleffed, and find it. Like Porcelane Earth, we may so bury our wealth in the ground of Poverty, that our Children and Posterity may gather it when we are gone. And, though we be turn'd to dust; yet, by the mer. cy of our Father above, our good deeds here below may bourgeon and be fruitful.

#### LXXX.

### Of Promises and keeping ones Word.

T was but a false Maxim of Domitian, when he said, He that would gain the People of Rome, must promise all things, and perform nothing. For, when a man is known to be false of his word, instead of a Column that he might be for others to rest upon by keeping it, he grows a Reed, that no man will vouchfafe to lean upon. As a floating Island, when we come next day to feek him, he is carryed from his place we left him in, and instead of Earth to build upon, we find nothing but inconstant and deceiving Waves. For a man to be just in his word, he makes himself Canonical, and so becomes Divine; having the honour, that not a tittle of what he fars shall fall to the ground. He is the Anchor of his Friends and Neighbours; the Altar that they fly to, and rely on. And certainly, in great Persons 'tis one of the supremest both excellencies and advantages that they can be endued withal, to be fuch as will keep their word. Henry the fourth of France was so just this way, that he was called The King of Faith. And to the Eternal Renown of the late Prince of Parma, in all the Transactions of War, it could never be charged upon him, that he left one Article of what he undertook, unperformed. A faithful promise, is a shield and Euckler: A guard in both the Rear and Van, by which we march in safety against the piqueerings and ambushe's of such as are our Adversaries. Under the cover of a gracious speech; we think our selves securer than in our own tuition: 'Tis the Bridge by which we pass over the River; 'tis the Ship that carries us safe upon the Ocean, and amidst the several winds of business and affairs. 'Tis indeed the Patron of the other Virtues, that make men cry'd up in the world. He that is just will scorn to deceive; 'tis below the loftiness that dwells in Noble Minds, and they sooner can do any thing, than wrong. Truth and Fidelity are the Pillars of the Temple of the World. If any blind Sampfon break but these, the Fabrick falls and crushes all to pieces. Nay, if we be not Infidels to Scripture, this Justice does unlock the gates of Heaven, and lets us into Paradife: For, when the question is,

Who [ball inhabit Gods holy Hill? the answer is, He that passes his Word to his Neighbour, and does not disappoint him, though it should redound to his loss. What may he not do, that hath the reputation of a just man? It spares him the trouble of Sureties, he is his own both Pawn and Security. What others have is his, as well as what he owns himself. He makes himself the Master of the World, and, if he can but Promise, others will not fear to Trust. The Prophet tells us, The Just shall live by Faith: that is, not only by the dependence on the Providence and Promifes that God hath pleased to communicate to Man; but, being just, he shall live by the credit, the esteem, and trust that others put upon him: And, though he hath not wherewithal of his own; yet, the Reputation of his justice shall give him the command of what others do posfess. For, no man will deny to afford him what ever he shall engage, and undertake for: Though Aristides by Themistocles was prevail'd against, and ten years space was banisht: yet, when Xerxes, like a raging Sea, came rowling against his Countrey, they were glad to call him home, and be protected by his wifdem and Justice. And though he were a Beggar (for, he had not wherewith to bury him): yet, he liv'd a Prince, and was his Countreys Angel, for he did both guard and govern it. There was but one in the world, that durst own the Burial, and was admitted to the honour of embalming our bleffed Saviour; and the Text describes him to be a good man and a just. Nor does a Prince lose by being just: When men are under the rule of one that is so, they will be fure to defend him against all his Enemies; because they are all concern'd in their own particular, as having a Governour that abhors to do them injury, and will protect them from their suffering wrong; so they fight for their own Interest, as well as for his safety. But, even Allegiance fits loose, when Injustice shakes the Tenant. A man that breaks his word, by his example teaches to be false; and doubtless, leaves men angry by their being deceiv'd: but, with himself the shame and hate will dwell. When Alcibiades met Socrates at a Feast, he confess'd, he could not but inwardly blush to see him; because he had not performed what he promis'd him. Instead of a blessing, which our Clyents expect, by performance of what we promise, we throw, by the breach of it, a curse and scorn upon them. And perhaps, when they deserve it not, the fate pronounc'd against the Hypocrite and Unjust, our falfity flings upon them. Their hopes by us are quite cut off and perished. Solomon assures us, that Hope but defer'd maketh the heart sick: But, when 'tis frustrate, oft we find it kills. And in this sense, sure it is, that Job compares the failing of Hope to the giving, up of the Ghost. Many times a mans whole flock of comfort is laid upon the Hope of a Promise, which when it breaks, his Anchor-hold is gone, and he is left a prey to the unsafe waves, or, the unconstant winds. It takes a man off from the Plausibilities and Benignities of life, and thrusts him down to the horrors of a fad defeat, which makes him desperate, and so dangerous. He doth not wisely consult his own safety that is prevail'd upon to be false of his word. That friend that will put me upon the violation of

my word, does rob met ogether of my Integrity and my Honour; and what a carkals then is Man, when these two are once gon? They are the Royal Ensigns of Humanity; there will be Reverence paid, while these keep up about us: but, when we once difrobe our felves of thefe, like naked or disguiz'd, we meet contempt from all. 'Tis on the Rock of Promises that brave men build their Hopes; when these do fail, Foundations thrink, and all the structure reels. When I pass my word, I proffer to my friend the food of Hope; but, when I fail, I feed him with a Lie, which gives him the Malignities both of Saturn and Mars conjoyn'd. So, it not only works a man up to disdain and spleen of the discontented and deceived, but, it puts us out of favour with Heaven. When Nehemiah ingaged the Jews; to thew them what the issue would be if they fail'd, he shakes his lap, that they might see, Who did not keep their words, should so be shaken out of their houses, and emptied from among the people. When Tiffaphernes had broke the Truce he had made with King Agefilans, Agefilans sends Embassadors to him, to give him thanks, that by breaking his Promise he had made the Gods his Enemies. Nor is it a wonder, that the failing of a Promise should fo ftartle us : for, all the stress of life lies on it. For almost 4000 years, What had the world to live on, but the Promises of the Messia? And fince then, What is't we have for Heaven, but the Promise upon Faith to be admitted in him: So that the weight of all depends upon a Promife. And, if that should fail, we have no other Refuge but must fall to misery. Certainly, the same equity is in all just Promises, though not of so great concern: So that we ought to be as careful to keep our word as we would be to preserve our happiness. And a great deal rather be flow in making, than backward in performing what we promise. It is no shame with reason to deny; but 'tis a shame once promis' d, not to make good. He chears his friends, destroys himself, and gratifies his Enemies, that loofely promises, and is negligent in performing. Promises may get friends, but'tis performance that mustinurse and keep them.

#### LXXXI.

# Of Love and Likeness.

I know not whether is more true, That Likeness is the cause of Love or Love the cause of Likeness. In agreeing-dispositions the first is certain. In those that are not, the latter often comes to pass. The first is the easier Love; the other, the more voluntary, and so the more noble and obliging. One obliges the Lover; the other, the beloved. He that for likeness is beloved, invites his friend to love him; so that, upon the matter, he loves but his dilated self. 'Tis the affection of Narcissas, when we are pleas'd with the restex of our selves. And this is the reason why flatterers are received into grace and savour when plain speaking thuts out himself from acceptation. We love those that smooth us, as

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we

we love our Looking-glass, because it shews us our own face. And, though in truth it oft diffembles and presents us better than we are, yet still we like it, because we think it true. The Nature of man is taken with similitudes. When we see one merry it begets in us a laughter. When we see another in tears, we with him are ready to weep. The Souldier loves the Martial men. The Scholar is for an Academy. The Tradfeman for the City. The Husband-mans Court is the Country. A Port-town fits the Marriner; and the Gallant, in the Court in thrones his own felicity. And in all these, we follow but the instinct of Providence, That by joyning like to like, we increase a mutual strength, and keep up one another. And, there is another love, that as well as this, reflects upon our felves: and that is, when we love for eminence of parts in either mind or body. We love beauty, because it pleaseth; and, we love good parts, because they are likewise acceptable; and we promise to our selves either pleasure or profit by enjoying them: So that still in these, the Fountain out of which Love springs, arises out of self-love, for that we think by them to gain to our selves some benefit. Thus man does love, because he loves himself; and is incited by what is without him, to love himself within. But with God, the motive is not from us, but purely from his goodness; we cannot yield him profit by all we can perform, nor hath he need, that we should love, or be beloved of him. Nor are we lov'd because we are like him; but, that by loving us for our own good, he may make us fo. That furely, is the nobler Love, that rifeth like Creation, out of nothing; or elfe like a Chaos finds us, and by Medding the beams of love upon us, frames us into the beauty of a World. What can we account we had, that God should be induc'd to look upon us? Or, what did we want, that might not have put him off. Surely, fince he loved us when we were not like him, we ought to labour that we may be like him. We ought to be like him being our Friend, that was pleas'd to love us, being his Eenemies. Though we did not love him first, because he was not like us : yet, we ought now to be like him, because he first did love us. Socrates could tell us, That fince God of all things is the most happy and blessed, he which can be likest him is neerest true felicity. And certainly, if we be not like him, we may conclude we love him not; for questionless, Love is like the Elements, they labour to convert every thing they meet with into themselves. Fire turns all to fire that it does seize upon. Earth doth to Earth reduce what the imbraces; The Air calls out all to it felf; and the Water into Water resolves. If the love of God be in us, it cannot but conform us to him: Whereas in dissimilaries, there is a kind of natural contest that hinders all Prosperity. A free and quiet spirit will be gall'd to a Consumption, by being forc'd to live with turbulent and contentious humorists. The Pious and Prophane will never peaceably be made cohabitants. Even in Vegetable Nature we often find Antipathies. The Colewort does not only hinder drunkenness, taken inwardly; but, planted nere the Vine, it checks its growth and flourishing. And 'tis no less a wonder, that the Learned and Industrious Salmuth on Pancirollus tells us, Let a Drum be headed at one end with a Wolfs skin; and at the other, covered

covered with a Sheeps skin: if you beat the Wolfs skin, the Sheeps. skin head will break. Nay, he sticks not to inform us, that further yet the antipathy extends; as if the fear and enmity between these creatures outlasted all the bounds of life, and could create a sense in matters quite inanimate. Cover two feveral Drums, one with a Wolfs skin, the other with a Sheeps; Let them both be beaten at once, and that with Sheeps skin cover'd shall not found. So Feathers of the Dove with Eagles mixt will eafily be confum'd.

Surely, between the Immaculate and most Holy God, and between corrupt and contaminated Man, there is a great aversion. And in our Reason, little reason can by us be found, why this Great God should love us, while we deverlifie our felves from him : we fight against his love, and are so much the further from our own Salvation. It is happy, that we are the Creatures of a Being and a Power so immense and good, that with his Goodness all our ill o'recomes; that with his Power masters all our struglings: That transcends us so in Excellency, that he overpowers all our faults, and loves us into liking and conformity. So great an Agent will have power over us, and ought to have the more, because his love is free. If he love us, it will be found our duty to love and to ferve him. Though we cannot ferve him as we should; we shall serve him much the better, if we love him. And both these are our Interest.

#### LXXXII.

# Of Law.

T is the bridle of the Humane Beast, wereby he is held from starting and from stumbling in the way. It is the Hedge on either fide the Road, which hinders from breaking into other mens propriety. A man had as good live in Agypt among all the ten Plagues, as in the world among the wicked without Law to defend him. 'Tis every mans Civil Armour, that guards him from the gripes of Rapine. And indeed, 'tis for this chiefly, that Laws are of tile among men: For the wife and good do not need them as a guide, but as a bield; They can live civilly and orderly, though there were no Law in the world. And though wife and good men invented Laws : yet, they were fools and wicked that put them upon the study. Being to rule such wild Cattel as ramp up and down on the earth, there needed both the judgement and the wit of the best and ablest, to find out ways to trammel them, and keep them in a bounded order. And because, they fore-saw that they were like enough to be flighted by the ignorant and scornful, To put the more regard and countenance upon their Laws, and the observance of them, they pretended to receive them from some more raised Deity, of whom men were in aw, and feared to offend, for preserving of themselves from punishment. So Minos among the Cretians, affirmed he had difcourfe

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course with Jupiter; and Lycurgus to have taken his, from Apollo; Numa from the Goddess Egeria; Mahomet from his Pigeon whispering him into an Extasse, as coming from some sacred Spirit. And Moses declares the two Tables received from God himself in Mount Sinai. And surely, it adds vigour to our complyance with Christianity, that we know our Blessed Saviour to be the Son of the most High; and to be God as well as Man. Yea, and thereby to put the higher Authority, and the more esteem upon their Kings that are to rule over them, our neighbours of France would have us believe that their Vial of Unction was received from the hands of an Angel. These things doubtless, are all of them so far true, as it is most certain, the original of Laws is divine. And though at first creation, God gave not Man a literal and prescripted Law: yet, he gave him a Law Parole; and inscribed it in his heart, that by those inward dictates, he might be guided and bounded in the course of his Life.

Among the antient Druides, It was absolutely forbidden to Register their Laws in writing. And Casar, in his Gallique Wars, gives us two reasons for it. One that their Mysteries might not come to be prophan'd and encommon'd by the Vulgar: an other, that not being written they might be more careful ever to carry them in their thoughts and memory. Though doubtless it was as well to preserve their own Anthority, to keep the people to a recourse to them, and to a reverence and escem of their judgements. Besides, it oft falls out that what is written, though it were a good Law when made; yet by the emergencie of assars, and the condition of men and times, it happens to be bad and alterable. And we find it to be evidently true, That, as where are many Physicians there are many diseases; So where there are many Laws, there are likewise many Enormities. That Nation that swarms with Law, and Lawyers; Certainly abounds with Vice and Corruption. Where you find much sowl resort; you may be sure there is no want of either Water, Mud, or Weeds.

In the beginnings of thriving States, when they are more Industrious and innocent, they have then the fewest Laws. Rome it self had at first but 12 Tables. But after, how infinitely did their number of Laws increase? Old States like old Bodies will be sure to contract diseases. And where the Law-makers are many, the Laws will never be few. That Nation is in best estate, that hath the fewest Laws, and those good. Variety does but multiply snares. If every Bush be limed, there is no Bird can escape with all his feathers free. And many times when the Law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the pleaders Oratory; either to express his eloquence, to advance his practice, or out of maistery to carry his Cause: like a garment pounc'd with dust, the businels is so smear'd and tangled that without a Galilans his glass, you can never come to discern the spots of this changeable moon. Sometime to gratific a powerful party, Justice is made blind through Corruption, as well as out of impartiality. That indeed, by reason of the non-integrity of men, To go to Law, is, for two to contrive the kindling! of a Fire at their own cost, to warm others, and findge themselves to Cynders. Because they cannot agree to what is Truth and Equity, they will both agree to plume themselves, that others may be stuck with their Feathers.

The Apostle throws the brand of Simple among them that would by striving this way consume both their Peace, their Treasure, and their time, as if it were of the Fool, to expose a Game to the packing and the shuffling of others, when we might soberly cut and deal the Cards our selves. Is there none wise enough to compound Businesses without calling in the Crasty, and the Cunning? Or is there none so wise as to mode-

rate a little, that he may fave a great deal more?

Laws is like a Building, we cast up the charge in gross and undervalue it: but being in, we are train'd along through several Items, till we can neither bear the account, nor give off, though we have a mind to't. The troubles, the attendance, the hazard, the checques, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantages against us, the defeats of hope, the falleness of pretending friends, the interest of parties, the negligence of Agents, and the designs of Ruine upon us, do put us upon a Combat against all that can plague poor man; or else we must lye down, be trodden on, be kickt and dye. And is it not much better to part with a little at first, and lose a lock of bair, or a superfluous nail; then to be leakt out till the Cistern be quite dry, or like slesh upon a spit have all our fat drop't from us, by being turn'd with-before a confurning fire? Doutbless, the advice of our Saviour was not only Religious but Political and Prudential too; If any man fue thee at Law, and will take away thy Coat, let him have thy Cloak also: A small loss is rather to be chosen, then by Contention greater inconvenience.

If men could coolely have dispatch, and Business be rightly judg'd; no doubt, in things of weight, the Decision would be profitable. And this does sometimes happen. For questionless, there are of this profession that are the light and wonder of the age. They have knowledg, and integrity, and by being vers'd in Books and Men, in the Noble arts of Justice, and of Prudence, they are fitter for judgment and the Regiment of the World, then any men else that live. And there Honesty truly weigh'd is the gallantest engine that they can use and thrive withal. A faithful advocate can never fit without Clients. Nor do I believe, That man could lose by't in the close, that would not undertake a cause, he knew not honest. A Gold smith may gain an Estate as well as he that trades in every coorfer metal. An Advocate is a limb of friendship; and further than the Altar, he is not bound to go. And 'tis observ'd, of as Famous a Lawyer as I think was then in the World, the Roman Cicero; That he was flain by one he had defended, when accus'd for the murther of his Father. Certainly he that defends an injury, is next to him that commits it. And this is recorded, not only as an example of ingratitude: but as a punishment, for patronising an ill cause. In all pleadings, Foul language, Mallice, Impertinence, and Recriminations, are ever to be avoided. The cause, more than the man,

is to be convinc'd. Over-powring Oratory is not ever to be practis'd; Torrents of Words, do often bear down even Trophies of Truth: which does so fret and anger the party over-born, that the Resort is no more

to paper, and pleadings: but to powder, and steel.

It is not good to be too severe, or to inforree too rigorously, the observation of every petty and penal Lam: In Charity, there is something to be allowed to Ignorance, and Custome. Bloud and Treasure ought to be but sparingly taken: Those Lawyers that are seedulous to press Penalties, they are but purse Beadles: and Lashes upon that and a mans same, enrage the Patient against those that are instrumental to assist them. Cicero might have escaped the Sword, had not his Philippicks blown up the spleen of Anthony, to a slame unquenchable but with Deash or Retraction. When Varus his three Legions were destroyed, the insultation of the Barbarous was more against the Lawyers, than against the Soldiers that did wound and kill them. They pluck't out the eyes of some, and cut off the hands of others. One had his Tongue cut out, and his lipps sticht up; and while the Enemy graspt the Tongue in his hand, he reviles it with ——How now Serpent; 'Tis well you't leave Hissing at last?

So far is Law to be place in the scale with War, as it is to be the last Refuge, never to be used but when all means else do fail. And then the Pleaders ought to hold themselves to that. Who vindicates the Law, does no man wrong: But he that digresset to impertinences, or the personal stains of men, is rather a fly that buzzes and sucks the sore, than a Champion for Truth, or a helmet to keep the head of justice

whole.

#### LXXXIII.

# Of Conscience.

It is the blushing part of the Soul, that will colour and kick at every little crum that goes awry against it's swallow. And we can neither sozen it, nor be ridd on't. 'Tis a kind of inward Deity. It will be with us wheresoever we are, and will see us whatever we do. It can give us Rest in unjust sufferings, and can whip us in the midst of unjust applauses. 'Tis the guard that God hath left us to preserve us from the darts of sin. And 'tis the Beadle that corrects us, if yet we will be sinning. And though it be cry'd up for impartial and unbribeable, yet I do not see but in many 'tis erroneous, mutable, and uncertain. We often find it pleaded by the same men for very contrary things. How many are there that for interest can dispense with it, and allow of that in themselves, which in others they severely condemn. That use it for an Artisce that they may deceive more handsomely; that can contract it, and dilate it, as best may serve their turn.

In

In the strictness of the word, It is the knowledg and the judging of our own ways and manners. While it relates to us, 'tis Conscience; when it reaches unto others and without us, 'tis but Science. Doubtless, if it be rightly informed and regulated according to the precepts of true Divinity, we ought to suffer any thing rather than in the least admit a violation of it. But that which most men pretend to be Conscience is at best but a Present persmassion, Opinion, Interest, captived and corrupted judgment. How many have we known that have held it a hainous offence to eat flesh in a Lent or upon prohibited days, that afterward have been brought without a cheeque of Conscience samiliarly to do it? Custom wears it quite out, Terror frights it, Knowledge alters it, Interest sways it. So that indeed the main force of it rests in a right understanding, and Integrity.

If it be of weight in any thing, I conceive it may be in relation to a Sacrament, and the propagating of a true Religion; yet we see St. Paul, that thought it one while good Conscience to persecute Christianity, did live to think it better to promote it. He took Timothy, and had him circumcised. He bred up Titus, and preserv'd him from it; And did not stick to dispense with many things to the Jews to win them, and some to those of the Christianity to engage them: and ingeniously confesses, it was because of false Brethren, who attended as Spies, rather than as sincere Christians to be rightly instructed, Acts 21. 26. Gal. 2. 3,4. So that it feems to appear, when a greater good to Gods Glory, or the propagation of true Religion, comes in the way, lesser things, that are not simply sin, and so declared, may be for these dispenced with. While things remain in a dispute, and by reason of their intricacy, cannot cleerly be determined, furely the safest Post to lean upon, is Antiquity, and the Authority under which our God hath placed us; If we should be enjoyned to that, which should afterward appear to be wrong, I question whether our Obedience, where we owe submission, would not better bear us out, then the Adhasson and Tenacity to our own conceited Truth; whereby we cause an eddy in the Tide of Government, which is fafer running smooth, than in either Curls of whirle-pools. But certainly, A plain fin, we no way ought to

I see every peevish and Ignorant Action of some simple people is intitled to the sacredness of Conscience. And lying under that guard they think to escape, and mate both the Royal and the Reverend power. Have we not some that will not admit the Holy Table to be communicated on but in the Body of the Church, as if it were an offence against Conscience, to do it in the Chancel, though they have the Churches Authority, and their own precedent practice to invite them to it? that will not Christen, but at their Reading-pue, though Antiquity plac's the Font next the door, as relating to the Sacrament of Entrance and Initiation? If it be out of Conscience, Why is it not pleaded? If it be not, Why is it done? A Simple Quaker cannot be civil to his Superiours, nor swear in judgment, either to ascertain Faith, or to satisfie Law, or

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to dermine a Controversie; But these shall all be Conscience, when indeed they are ignorance, and wilfulness: For, what justifiable either Text or Reason, can for these be given? Where is it made a fin to Put off our Hats to our betters? Or judicially to swear before a Lawful Magistrate? Let any thing be proved a sin, and I hold with them, that would sooner dye than defile their upright Souls : but till it so be manifested, or probably conceived so, I doubt not but 'tis better far to dispense with such Natural, or Political, or Civil Rites, and to give up our selves to the deliberate Sanctions of such as we ought to obey, than by the stiffe maintaining them, take all the hazard on our felves, and difurb and scandal others. I would know (in a Gesture not determined by Scripture) whether he does not better that kneels at the Sacrament, and hath the Authority of the Church to back him, than he that will take it only standing, and hath nothing but his own opinion to support him? And though Conscience in it self, be out of the reach of Compulsion; yet we are beholding to those, that inforce us to do, what in Conscience we ought. 'Tis therefore that power is given to the Magistrate that he may bend the Refractory, and reduce the wilful, and the unwife wanderer: I doubt not but they could have pleaded Conscience, that refus'd to come to the Supper in St. Luke; for they were rooted and grown in another Religion: yet the command is to the servant, that he should compel them to come in.

If we allow Conscience on our own fide, by the equal rules of Justice, we ought to allow it on the other. And then the Turk and Jew must be born with, as well as the grounded profesiors of Christianity. I remember David George, that justly suffered as an Heretique in the Low-Countries, after fiercest Tortures dyed persisting in his false Opinion, That he himself was Christ. Inter excandescentes forcipes conticuit, He Thrunk not for the burning pincers, as I meet with in Bucholcerus. Surely, all would have condemn'd it as an error in State, if they should have let him alone, and under the plea of Conscience have suffered him to have gone on to feduce the ignorant to his horrid black opinion. Though it be not in the power of man to force the Conscience, because it is internal and spiritual: Yet it is in the power of Government, to punish those that will maintain a false one, and seduced. The most that can be pleaded is, Who shall be Judg, whether, because some have been on my side, I shall take upon me to be supreme and unappellable? Or, whether I shall be content (to the more learned, and more powerful, and fuch as for their Authority God hath taken into his own rank, and called Gods with himself) to give up my Cause and Controversie? Doubless, should that be tolerable in private Families, which is pleaded and practized in the Oeconomy of Government, no man should be Mafter or have order in his own house. If we would not admit of an Independant there, there is the same Reason not to allow him in the Seate. It's a kind of Solecism in Government, for me to put my lelf under the Protection and Regulation of that Prince, whose Laws I think nothe to obey. Quid iniquius quam velle fibi obtemperari à minoribus, &

nolles obtemperare majoribus? What can be more unjust than for me to exact obedience from my inferiours; when I my self will not obey my superiours? The Laws of God and Man, in things not plainly forbidden by the Word of God, injoyns and expects my obedience: But, if I refuse to obey, I set up my self as supreme, and make my will my Princes Master. Cicero I conceive in the right, when he tells us, Inobedientia est ex duritie mentis obstinata; Disobedience is out of the hardness of an obstinate mind. He disloves the Bonds of Government, that spurns at Publique Edicts: 'tis refractoriness that ushers in consuston: Not to obey, is to resist; and to resist, does cry up open war. Though Abraham in humanity could not justifie the sacrificing of his son; yet, because he implicitely gave up himself to the obedience of his superior, God; he is highly commended, for being but ready to do it.

### LXXXIV.

### Of Peace.

F men knew rightly, how to value Peace; as is the Emperial Heaven, this lower world might be. Where all the motions of the comprehending Orbs, all the several Constellations, and the various Position of the Stars, and Planets, produce a beautuous Corus, and a Harmony truly ravishing. As health to the body, so peace is to the soul. What is wealth, or wit, or honour, when want of health shall ravish from us all of pleasure in them? And what are all the enrichings, the embellishings, and the Imbrockadoings of Fortune to us, when war shall tear these off and trample on our Glories? The richest wines, the choisest Viands, by sickness prove inspirid. The silk does lose his softness, the silver his bright hue, and the gold his pleasing yellow. As the sense of feeling is the ground of all the rest, and active life does cease when that is lost: So is health the soundation of felicities, and the want of it joss privation: yet is it Peace that gives them tast and relish, and affords the sweet enjoyment of all that can be procured.

Though the other Attributes of God, are no doubt, beyond our comprehension; yet, this more emphatically is said to pass all our understanding. Next his own Glory, 'twas the establishing this, invited God from Heaven. The first branch of that Celestial Proclamation, was, Glory be to God on high; the next was, On Earth Peace. This is the cement between the Soul and Deity, between Earth and Heaven. It leads us softly up the milkey may, and ushers us with Musick to the Presense of Divinity, where all her Ratities are heap'd and strew'd about us. The enjoyment of Friends, the improvement of Arts, the sweetness of Natures delicacies, the fragrancy of Fruits and Flowers, the flourishing Nations, and those pleasing contentations; that stream out themselves from all Heroick Virtues, are all brought in, and glorified by Peace.

The

# RESOLVES.

CENT. II.

The Drum and Trumpet that in War found terror and astonishment, in Peace they only eccho mirth and jollity. Peace helps the weak and indigent; And health and foundness too, to the fick endeavours. It takes hence only the unfound and languithing, and yet gives leave to them to place their wealth where they first plac'd their loves: That by it they gratifie their friends, and flip from all those smartings that vex them. But, war kills men in health, preys only on the foundest; and, like the favage Lyon, does seize the valiant soonest, as thinking the old and impotent too mean to be his quarry. And though in War sometimes we wear the Victors wreath, yet, that is often purchased at much too dear a rate; and many times the Conquerors Garland crowns the Captives head. In the fame Battail Hannibal confess'd, though he first was Conqueror, yet, he at last did come off over-come. He had broke Minutius his Forces; but, was by Fabius forc'd to give up all his Palms. Nor is it often better with those that are dependents on that General, that yet commands the field. Victory not seldome does inlet Severity. The Haughtiness of the Conqueror is often to his own, less tolerable than the Triumphs of the Enemy. Success does flame the bloud to pride and boldned insolence; and as often kindles new as it does conclude old wars. One world sufficed not Alexander. Nor could all the Roman Territories fet bounds to Casars limitless ambition. For, when we once put off from the shore of Peace, we lanch into the Sea that's bottomless. We swim on angry waves, and are carried then as the wind of Fortune drives us.

The entrance into war, is like to that of Hell, it gaping wide for any fool to enter at. But, it will require a Hercules with all his labours to redeem one once ingag'd in't. They know not what they part withal, that wanton hence a fewel so unvaluable. For indeed, it we consider it, What price can be too dear to purchase it? we buy off all the open force, and sy designs of malice, and we intitle our selves to all the good

that ever was for Man intended.

When God would declare, how he would reward and bless the good man, he finds out that which most may crown his happiness. He tells us, He will make his Enemies at peace with him. Securely he enjoys himself and friends, whose life is guarded with the miss of Enemies. The

Pallace of the world stands open to him that hath no foes.

If any may will see in little (for what is an Island or two, to the world?) Let him but well consider, the havock that a sew years made among us. The waste of wealth, the wreck of worth, the sad fate lighting on the great and good, the virtuous lest to scorn, the Loyal usid as once the Roman Parricides: as those in sacks, so these shut under Decks with Cocks and Serpents, desperate and malitious persons lest to rule and vex them; Wealth prostituted to the beggarly and the bace; Pallates plundered and pulled down; Temples prophan'd; Antiquities raz'd; Religion rivuled into petry Islues running thick corruption. Then let men consider, after a little Revolution, how little have the Authors gained. Who would take peace from others, themselves have miss'd it in their hollow graves; the Earth they tore, hath shed them from her bosom and her Bowels, with nought

nought i'th least considerable to the expence of bloud and treasure. Then also, let men see, how the Sacred wheel of Providence hath resurrection'd all our joys. How the Church recovers her late besimeared beauties; How the Tide of Trade returns; How brightned Swords have now a peaceful glitter; How Glory, Wealth, and Honour, with Loyalty, is return'd; How shouts of joy have drown'd the Cannons Roar; that till men come in Heaven, such joy on Earth can ne're again be expected to be seen. Three Nations looking for a satal stroke, at once repriev'd from slavery and ruine. So have I known some generous Courser stand, tremble and quake under both whip and spur; but, once turn'd loose into the open fields, he neighs, curvets, and prances forth his joy; and, gladded now with ease and liberty, he fills himself with pleasure, and all those high contents that bounteous Nature meant him.

Certainly, 'tis Peace that makes the world a Paradife; while War, like Sin, does turn it all to Wilderness; and with wild Beasts, Mans conversation makes. In War, the vexed Earth abortives all her fruitfulness: but, in an unstire'd Culture, ripens all her bounties: that now with Casanbon's Translation of Euripides, we cannot but approve his much commended

Rapture.

O Pax alma! datrix opum,
O Plucherrima Cælitum!
Quam te mens sitit? ô Moram!
Obrepat metuo mihi
Attas ne mala: te prius
Suavem ô quam tuear diem;
Plausus undique cum strepant,
Cantusque & Chori, Amicaque,
Commessatio Floribus!

Hail lovely Peace! thou Spring of wealth,
Heavens fairest issue, this worlds health.
O how my Soul does court thy sight?
More pretious, than the pleasing Light.
Let never blacker day appear,
But dwell, and shine, for ever, here.
Let shouts of Joy still, still, resound:
While Songs, and Dances walk the round,
At Feasts of Friends, with Garlands crown'd.

### LXXXV.

# Of Divine Providence.

EVery thing that Man can look upon, is both a Miracle for the Creation of it; and a wonder for the apt contrivance, in fitting it to its parts and province, wherein it is set to move. So that the

world is but Gods great Cabinet of Karities; which he hath opened to altonish Man, that shall but well consider them. If Man shall restect upon himself, he shall easily find how Infinitely wonderful he is made, beyond all the other world of Creatures. How none but he, by restective Acts of Understanding, is able to argue, to consider, and to judg of himself. Who is t but he, can hope or fear the suture? that can curb, incourage, accuse, or commend himself? or that can apprehend, or rever-

rence either Deity, or Eternity?

And to magnific the goodness of this great Creator, we shall find that every natural action that Man is capable of doing; affords him pleasure in the execution. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to fast, to wake, to sorbear; to speak, to be filent; to move, to rest; to be warm, and to be cool; to be in company, and to retire: They all in themselves are pleasing acts; whereas the things that vex, and trouble, either come from without, or happen by our own diforder. So that a man may live at ease if he will; and if he does not, 'tis by his own default, that it happens. In his Bodies frame, not to descried to all particulars, which are full of admiration, How exquifite, and how fitted are they for all occasions, that at any time may befal him! In his Ears and Nosthrils, the one relating to the Head, the other to the Lungs; those slender Hairs are not in vain plac'd there, but, as nets to catch the dust and moats, which with our breath we should else draw in, and tabid all our Lungs, the engines of life; or, mix'd with wax, should as pellets, stop our sense of hearing. In the world, what we complain of for inconvenient, if rightly we examine, we shall find it highly commendable. The unevenness of the Earth is clearly Providence. For fince it is not any fix'd sedation, but a floating mild variety, that pleafeth; The Hills and Valleys in it, have all their special use. One helps in wet, and soaking inundations, the other aids in droughts, in heats, and scorching seasons. And the feet and legs of men, having nerves and finews, to rife and to descend, to recede and proceed; they are better fitted by the unevenness of the Earth, whereby both are interchangeably exercised and refreshed, than if it were all a levell'd walk, and held a constant evenness. That weeds without a Tillage voluntarily spring, sure hath a double benefit. One, that Man may have something wherewith to exercise his industry, which else with ease would fettle into corruption. Another, that by thefe the Earth it felf, does breed its own manure; and Beafts, and Birds, by them have tables ready spread. Even venemous Creatures have their proper use; not only to gather what to Man might be noy som, but to qualifie other Creatures, that they may be physical and falutiferous to the several constitutions of men. Surely, that Beasts are dumb, and want understanding, is a benefit great unto Man: If they were intelligible, it could not be, that their strength could ever be kept subjected to the service of Man; whose cruel usage, nothing rational could ever long endure. Would the Horse be curb d, and brought to champ on seel? would he suffer his laste Rider to bestride his patient back, with his hands and whip to wate his flesh; and with his heels to dig into his hungry bowels? Would he be brought

brought in hempen chains, to be made draw beyond his breath, and CENT. II strength? would he be tyed up to the staved wood, or walk the round all day in rowling ponderous stones? or, wear his life away under the pressure of a heavy burthen?

If they could speak, how would Replying to the rage and insolence of cruel Man, enkindle wrath, and let in death to both? We fee it full as necessary, that there should as well be poor as rich; for neither could live without both. We see both fruits and wines will keep with gust, and beauty, until the new appear, God having in his Providence made them to last, till he does provide us more; and, yet, not longer that we might not be idle, or, trufting to our lasting fore, grow wanton, and forget the Author, and our felves. Those things of common use, we common have among us: what we need, and will not last, in our own Climate grows: Our Spice and Drugs that we must setch from far, are freed so from corruption, that they several years indure.

In common Corn, what wonders may we find ? how one small grain springs up to several hundreds; how it gives a sustentation by his several parts, both unto Man and Beast; and, because so useful, see but how carefully Nature does preserve it. It grows up in a Corselet, an inward coat, that does from dews defend it: and on the outside a Stand of Pikes in bearded ranges upright, do appear, to fence it from the Birds, and catch the falling rain, so by degrees to lead and hold it in to the grains within: but, when 'tis ripe, that moisture is not useful; it downward turns its loaded head, that as before it helped to swell and ripen it, so now, it gently draws it of, that it may not hurt, or rot it: and because, (being weak), if from one grain, one single stalk alone should shoot, and grow, each easie wind would break it to unfruitfulness, there springs up many from every several kernel, that getting strength by multitude, it may withstand the assaults of storm and rain. And whereas other fruits from Trees, and fuch large Plants, last but their year about, or not so long; this, as more useful, several Winters, keeps from all decay, that when there is a plenty (as once in Agypt), to help 'gainst dearth, it may be kept in store. Even the enemity of Creatures one against another, is for the advantage of Man; in fear of one another, they are kept from trespassing on him, and by the antipathy of one against the other, we make use of one, to take the other; fo serve our selves of both.

By these, and millions of others, and indeed by all, we can see or comprehend, we may conclude as does the Pfalmist, O Lord, how wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all! And if we should complain, as sometime profanely did Alphonsus, That God might have ordered many things better in the Creation of the world, than he hath done; We may well return that grave and lober answer of St. Augustine, In Creaturis siquid erratum cogitamus, inde est quod non in congruis sedibus, ea quarimus, If we complain of defect in the works of Creation, 'tis because we do'n't consider them in their proper spheres and uses.

# RESOLVES.

CENT. II.

Surely, the apprehension of the ordering of all things so infinitely wifely, by so Supreme a Providence, might Tutor us to be less in passion, at any thing that happens. It was an excellent fancy of the wife Philosopher, in discoursing of this matter, when he said, If all the misfortunes of all the men in the world, were crowded together in one Man; and then, every man out of this heap, were to take, but an equal share: He did believe, every man would rather resume his own, than after a proportionate Rate take what (hould then befal him. Why then should any grumble at their displeas'd condition? Who wisely made the world, as wisely does preserve and govern it. And he that shew'd his Power and Wisdom in every Worm, in every Fly, and smaller Atom that he did at first create; does in his Providence descend to order, and dispose of every little particle of this great Main, the World. Who makes a Watch, does look as well to every pin and nick in every wheel, as to the Spring it lelf, that guides and steers the whole. As 'tis Maxim'd of the Elements, that, Nullum in suo loco ponderosum, There's none are heavy in their proper places: So nothing is a burthen as God did first design it. And thus, as by contemplation of his glorious works, we never can want cause to admire his Providence, to magnifie his Wisdom, to adore his Goodness, and find a rest for all our warring thoughts: So by our weak complaining, we unhand our hold from Deity that stays us, we proclaim our own defects, and detract from what is due to his Great Glory.

SOME.



# SOMETHING UPON

Eccles. 2, 11.

All is Vanity and vexation of Spirit, and there is nothing of value under the Sun.



Yet we see the wisest that was only Man, dares both avow and justifie't. Nay, that is vain which is not commodious, though it hurt not. But all is not only vanity but Vexation; that, not of the Body only, but the Spirit: 'Tis unprofitable,

'tis mischievous. Yet surther, it might afflict in something, and solace in others, but there is nothing of value: 'Tis unprofitable, 'tis mischievous, 'tis good for nothing. Here is the reckoning of the world cast up, the particulars are all before, Honour, Pleasure, Profit; and Wisdome added to advance the sum: but what amount they to? Alas! the Verses end has totall'd them, Vanity, Vexation, Nothing. This is a scalding breath} satal as the Bird of night, a killing damp, or Mandrakes grones. See, all the beauty of the Globe is blasted: That which the wise Inquisitors of Nature, did for the decency call Beauties self, the Grecians and Latines, is this now become a thing so contemptible, so falling and so dying in its Fame?

But is the Accomptant one of credit? May he not fail in his Arithmetick, and by an injurious Total vilific so large a Treasure? Alas!'tis this that gives the wound, the authority of the Man marrs all. Had some immur'd Anchorite, some celled Hermite, some secluded Monk spoke this, it had been no disparagement: nay, had it been but some Maandring Sophister, or some Junior Philosopher, that had but gazed Nature in the face, and so guess'd her disposition, it might have met some Cavil: Nay, had it been some sowr Cynick, or some fleering Lucian, a blind Homer, or the more serious and knowing Aristotle, that not only courted Nature as a Mistress, but bedded her as a Bride, saw her uncloathed, and left her almost naked to the wide worlds view, we might have doubted Heresic in the Text: But when he that speaks it, shall be Man summ'd up in the excellency of all his parts,

Perfection center'd and epitomiz'd: when it shall be, as Hugo Victorinus lays, Sententia hominis hominem excedentis, The judgment of a Man exceeding all Mankind: when it shall be one that was so wise at Twelve, as of himself to chuse Wisdom before all that the world had; one that knew the world, and was able to judge it; one that had the world within him, and knew by his Pen to diffect his parts, and knowingly to read upon every Limb every particular, from the Hyllop at the Walls low foot, to the lofty Cedar that does shadow Lebanon: One that had King'd it from his youth, that knew the Mines and Trains of State, the Fawnings and the Wiles of Court, the Riddles and the Twilight-shows of Policy: One that was skilful too in Trade, and experienc'd in the belayings, the ingroffings, the circumventions of Merchandizing: One that was Prince of Kings, and King of Philosophers; whose Wit was elegantly Poetical, whose Wisdom was folidly Proverbia!, whose Judgment was Oraculous: We have nothing left to ground an expectation upon.

Nor did he speak this at random, as a flashing wit censures a judicious Author, ere he scarce had read a Page; nor as a prejudicated Judge, that sentences Delinquents, when yet he has not heard the cause: But after a strict examination of all, after he had cut up every sublunary, and lectur'd on the Anatomy: not by a Theorical and barely empty speculation, but by a practick experience, traverling not only the vaster Continent, but even every Creek and Angle of the World: and when he had try'd and Lymbeck'd all, the spirit and Extract comes forth, Vanity, Vexation, nothing of continuance.

But perhaps this may be but general, and he may mean as when 'tis said, The whole City went out; whereby we understand the greater part, and not precifely all. No, they are induced severally, and sentenc'd together, like Malefactors call'd diffinctly to the Bar, but by

one Law found guilty all alike.

But what is Vanity? Who knows but that it may be pleating? I'm fure we hunt it as we would a purchase, as the satisting of a longing bloud, as Children do their Gawdes and Rattles, with cryings and impatience: And when we have got it, we have but grasped the Air; or, like Ixion, press'd a Cloud for Juno, whereout some Monster, like the Centaur, springs: yet still like him we boast the enjoyment of Jove's Queen folong, that justly at last we stand condem-

ned to the restless wheel.

I find divers definitions of Vanity. There are that fay every mutability which argues a defect is vain; And thus Angels and our Souls may be so. Next, what ever is destroyable and dissoluble, and thus the Elements and visible Heavens. Saint Chrysoftom sayes that is vain, which has no profit in it: a name without a thing. Some ever take it for the evill part, and tend it to the naturalnesse of the creature, reducible to an Annihilation: to the Temporality of the good, the Personality of offenders, and the Criminality of works. that is vain which is to no end or purpole, as courfing the Wind and Combating

CENT. II

Combating shadows. And certainly in respect of that supreme, and eternal selicity, which the soul does seem to make unto, such is all that the Sun looks upon: They are produc'd and perish together: Or if a while they leave a saint glimmering in the mind, 'Tis but as waters seeth removed from the fire, which express a languishing play after all the heat is gone.

Wildome and knowledge are the primelt goods of man, For they are Judges of all belides. They are the Elevation of the scale of man, which while a dull Earthines flags the rest of the Creatures, mounts him like a Nobler fire to the Honour of the company and being friend unto God. Neither are they so casual (like Honour, Pleasure, and Profit, the other remporary goods of man) as to fall upon the indiligent and undeserving, nor yet so casily ravisht from him by the spleen of others, or the frown of fortunes menacings. But as they are harder in their acquisition, so are they more imperdible and steddy in their stay. All the other three are (compared with these) but like Cradles to rock Children afleep with. But these are sweet as the weakned musings of delightful thoughts, which not only dew the mind with Perfumes that ever refresh us, but raise us to the Mountain that gives us view of Canaan; and shews us rayes and glimples of the glory that shall after crown us. Yet is it the object only that makes these good unto man, when God is the Ocean that all his streams make way unto: otherwise, as Nets do birds, they catch us and intangle; and, like the Sect of the Academicks, conclude not any thing, but That nothing can be concluded on. Knowledge in many things but delivers us to doubts, and doubts involve us in distraction. The Gall of sin is broke, and has imbitter'd all the inwards of man.

It was the Appetition of Knowledge that cast man from Paradise: Ignorance, not total, may be better than uncertain Science. To know good was part of mans first boasted happiness; but when he needs would know more than was good for him to know, he lost that good he had. And Plato says, One Theutus (a certain Devil envious to man) first shewed him of the Sciences. What diversity of Opinions, of Thoughts? Not two in the world that have eyes of conceit in all things feeing alike. This school magnifies what another condemns, and that Sect takes any ching rather than what the other taught: And how often is the Garland given to Falthood, while Truth obscured mourns? The plain right down Plod oft findeth Heaven and happiness, while Wits deep subtleties failing, fink to Hell. The greatest Herefies from greatest Learning spring; and the Holy Ghost, like the bird of its representation, (the Dove) usually lights upon the humble ground, but seldom perches on the tall-grown Tree. Though I totally submit to Seneca, where he lays; Hoc scio neminem posse bene vivere, sed nec tolerabiliter qui est sine sapientia studio. This I am sure of, None can live well, no not in any tolerable fathion, without the ftudy of Wisdom : Yet we find neither his Philolophy, nor his Wealth, nor his Honours, nor that which he preferred before all these, and recommended to his friends at his death,

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(His Precepts, and the Pattern of his well-led Life) could guard him from the peoples envy, or Neroes malice, or preserve his Veins uncut. Nay, how often does our Knowledge increase our forrow? It elates our minds, it attracts envy, and gives us to fee further into forrow than the unskilled foul. What one thing of moment by all our knowledge can we truly conquer? The Seas alternate fluxes pass us, the Loadstones hidden qualities are beyond our reach, nor can we truly judge of what our very fenses meet with. All agree, the Dog in scent, the Ape in taste, acuter are then we; yet we see the one in Carrion tumbles as his best Persume, and the other leaving all our Delicates, checkles when he meets the Dainties of a Spider. Our wifdome is but in finding more of our folly, and when we think we have progress'd far in the un-ending Circles of laborious Science, we only at last with fruitless sweat attach our own learn'd Ignorance. But admit we may know more than can the flothful man; the greatest Talent obliges to the greatest toyl, and neglected, to the greatest punishment. Knowledge without practice but enlarges our score, and is a Treasury of suture stripes: And assuredly when Justice at the last shall clear her own Integrity, it will go far better with an honest unaffected Ignorance, than with the cunning speculations of neglective Knowledge.

But let us see whether there lie not something of more esteem in outwards. There are many Plants that carry medicine in their Barks when all their bulk is only food for fire. Alas! if the Prince be poor, where is the wealth of flaves? If we look at Honour, that of Kings is the highest pitch. And not to speak of the common frailty attending them as men, even their necessary incumbrances are as the saltness of the Sea harshing quite through the whole. I believe not him that faid, if Crowns were rightly viewed, there would be more Kingdoms than Kings: For Nature rifes to Sovereignty, and there is a blaze of honour guilding the Bryers and inticing the mind: yet is not this without its Thorns and salebrosity. If he be good, he is a general Servant: if bad, his own perpetual terror. If all men ought to care for him, 'tis his part to take care for all: and 'tis far less for many to care for one, than for one to provide for all. And this invited Antiochus when Scipio had Conquer'd away some of his borders; to fend thanks to the Romans, for eafing him of part of his cares, to which he is not allowed the liberty that inferiours have. When Antigonsu, saw his Son loose in his Carriage towards his Subjects, he checks him with, Son, Son, remember our Empire is a Noble Bondage. They must live severe to themselves, but affable and free to others: which made Alexander answer his Father Philip, who wisht him to shew his activeness and speed at the Olympian Race, That so he would, if he had Kings to run withal. As sport, so friendship sure is sweetest among equals; and even in this, a King is sure unhappy, that whole Kingdoms afford not him one Companion to make a friend of. Certainly, he may live most at ease that has least to do in the World

World. A kind of calm recluseness is like rest to the overlabour'd man, but a multitude is not pleasing: 'Tis but Bedlam in a larger building. Who would be content to lead all his life in a crowd? or to stand up as the common mark whereout every one strives to draw his own peculiar interest? Let the private man please but two or three of his own Parish or some Neighbouring-Village, and 'tis all the business that he has to do. And surely this is no hard matter while he acts not the decifive part, in things that fit closer to men, as Honour, Liberty, Life, Estate, and the like; in all contentions concerning which, one fide will think it felf too hardly born upon, and so fall off in discontent, if not rage. Nor Oracles, nor Equity, can contrive out a liking to all. Even he that Judges right, must needs have one fide have. Simul ista Mundi Rector Deus posuit Odium atq; Regnum; The God and guide of all the World, has establishe these together; Ill will and Empire. When Pylades a Roman Actor was to represent Agameninon, he appeared as one in a maze, solicitous, as pressed both with thoughts and cares: And such are Kings and Governors. To live at ease is to lose: and to preserve is pains? If he be good to the Republique the trouble is his own, but the fruit shall his successors reap. Nay, I see not but that it is undoubtedly true, that even the poorest vassal, not groaning under a sensible smart, has all his life long a greater Comforter, than the Monarch heaved on the top of state. For he that is low not having far to fall has little to fear, Qui jacet interram, &c. But on whatsoever he looks abroad, there is hope, and that like a Melior Natura heartens and chears him against all his dislik'd depressions : though he be in darkness, it shows him light; 'Tis the smile of life, and like the pillar of fire, leads us through the dark and defarts in our conceit to plenty. But with Kings it is quite the contrary; they have as little to hope for as the other has to fear; and whatfoever this looks on with hope, with fear do Kings behold it: Above them there is no place, and beneath them all is loss. Fortune leads on Kings with perpetual Alarums, but inferiours by proposing prises. And doubtless such Considerations as these did make the Tragadian settle in this Resolve:

Stet quicunqu; volet, potens,
Aula culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis saturet quies.
Obscuro positus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum sluat.
Sic cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.

Let who's will in Icy State,
Courts gay lustres emulate:
Private peace shall satiate me,
Where retired I may be
Stor'd with gentle ease, and free:
Where no greedy Courtier knows
How my peaceful passage slows:
So when (noiseless gliding by)
All my daies are past, then I
May a harmless old man dye.

CENT. II.

Illi mors gravis incubat, He that to all too much is shown, Qui, notus nimis omnibus, Dyes to himself the most unknown, Ignotus moritur sibi.

And death with greatest grief does own.

Is Pleasure then any other? Or can the jollities of life emerge us from this spreading Sea? Certainly, Antisthenes meant it not as Charity, when he prayed his Enemies children might be brought up in pleasure. And Plutarch tells us, when the Babylonians had revolted, and were again by Xerxes reduc'd to obedience, in stead of wearing arms he commanded them to carry pipes to sport and sing, to dance and revel, that softned and unman'd by pleasure they might not again attempt a defection. As winds do lighter substances, it bears us up a while in smoother air: but still as that begins to lie, with it we fall to Earth, to Mire, to Mud, and torpid dulness. It nibbles away the virtues of the foul, and becalms us into Ruine. The Noble Sun they say is fed from the Sea that is falt: but the Moon from the pleafant Springs attracting all her changes- Pleasure and Destruction are close and near akin, and if it be inordinate, the tye is then of Brotherhood; if Pleasure be the Elder, yet destruction reigns after his decease, and then as a Tyrant repeals his Laws. Even the extreme of joy is sadness. It clouds the understanding, and for the most part leaves us more Causes of Repentance than Remembrance. He that submits himself to pleasure, lies down at last to Labour, to Grief, Disgrace, and Want. And therefore Aristotle counsels us not to look upon Pleasures in their approach but at their farewel, so by a rebuking Judgment we may be faved from their sting and future Fascinations, otherwise they enervate the bravery of the mind, enflave the gallant Genius of Man, and but like Garlands Crown us for Victims to severer fate. Another Vanity of Pleasure is that it is never satisfied, this will St. Ambrose witness. Nihil prodige satis est Voluptati: Semperque famem patitur sui, qui Alimentis perpetuis nescit impleri; No-thing can satiate riotous Pleasure, he must needs be unsortunate by perpetual famine that with continued food cannot be fill'd. All Volupruousness is a kind of mental Dropsic, the dryer for often drinking. It haunts us with a dog-like Appetite, and renders us ravenous and greedy; but uncontented still: For shadow-like we falling on't, 'tis gone; fled fooner than enjoy'd. Like Solomons Wine, it may sparkle in the Cup, but in the end it like a Serpent bites. And to give it the truth of all, 'tis of so airy a nature, as all the sweet it has is only in expectation. And furable to this did the grave Boetins fing,

Habet ommis hos voluptas, Stimulis agit fruentes; Apiumq; par volansum, Ubi grata mella fadit, Fugit, & nimis tenaci Ferit icta corda morsu.

All Voluptuousness has this,
Twinging till our joyes we kiss;
But like Bees that range abroad,
Scattering once their long hug'd load;
Hence it vapours, then it'h heart
Sticks-its-déadly wounding Dart.

Nor

Nor is wealth of any better condition than these, 'tis not a food fine enough for transcendent and aspiring souls to feed upon. Yet to fliew that Mortality subsisteth by a mortal prop, 'tis now become the Essence and the laud of Nations. As water is to Fishes, so this to manis Element, Food, Favour, and almighty Life; Yet bred out of Sulphur and Quickfilver, as if allyed to the materials of a restless Hell. Hear but what Epithets the Learned Agrippa gives it, Omnis pecunia levis, fugax, labilis, anguillarum & serpentum instar lubrica, Vain, swift of flight, as slime of Eels or Serpents glidings, slippery. When riches wing away, they leave us then forrow; and while they stay, entice us to Intemperance. What wanted among the Romans, till wealth as a Deluge came flowing upon them? Justice, Temperance, Vertue, and Tryumphs crown'd them, while they were not swell'd with Riches: But plenty once let in, like Nilus his Inundation, it left them mudded with the slime and prodigies of Vice, and made them stranger monsters than ere that stream gave harbour to. If not this, they either increase our Care in keeping them, or else our thirst in getting them; and are so far from quieting the mind, that the more we have, the more we still do covet them; and extreme desires are never wishout their torment. Attain'd, or never got, they vex; lost, or ever kept, they vex. They may sometimes ward a blow from the malice of Fortunes hand, but they are of fo fad a weight to wear continually, that wife men do by them as the valiant oft by Arms, rather expose their lives to the hazard of a Battail, then be cumbred with the burthen of Armour. Death makes all, rich and poor alike: so he that is most rich, is but most in debt; for he borrowed all from Fortune, which when he goes he must repay to the last Mite, and perhaps with much more grief than he that had little to leave. Besides all this, they have one badge which surely sticks them with unnoblest things, They fail a man in deepest need: They can neither redeem from Death, nor deliver from wrath, but even in the summons to these, unworthily abandon those that most have courted them.

> Non domus aut fundus, non æris acervus & auri Ægreto domini deduxit corpore febres, Non animo curas.

> Nor House, nor Land, nor heaps of Treasure can Extract the Fever from distemper'd Man, Nor Cares from out the mind.

Nay, they are not only false but fatal: As the scent in beasts of Game, they betray us to the search of Tyranny, as pursue in a strucken Deer, they fall from us like bloud, and make us to be hunted to death. Where the ground is barren or yields nothing rare, it lies unstir'd and restful: but if a mine be in it, the World is mad

with instruments to dig and wound it. Yet after all this, they are so vain that if we use them, we lose them, if we only keep them, we have them not.

Learning, Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, they are all but Consonants without a Vowel, which seem to dictate in the Worlds great Volume, but when we seek for matter in the pages, all put together the sum is Nothing. Vanity, Vexation, Nothing.

Agrecable to this is that which Lipfius left and begg'd his friends

would fix upon his Grave.

Vis altiore voceme tecum loqui? Cuncta Humana, Fumus, Umbra, Vanitas, Scena & Imago: & verbo ut absolvam, Nihil.

Shall I speak truly, what I now see below?
The World is all a Carkass, Smoak, and Vanity,
The Shadow of a Shadow, a Play: and in one word just Wothing.

Yet were it but Vanity only, we might fail away life without storms, and complying Vanity with Vanity, make life a pleasing Holy-day, and be as innocently wanton as Birds in Spring-time, or Fielded Beasts in May. So we might like Atomes in the Suns bright beams, dance our short day away. But—Vexation dogs this Vanity, is the black shadow to that painted body, the ill-savour that attends the extingui-

thing of the poor melting tapers of all Worldly Felicity.

Several Interpretations are extant of this Word, our vulgar has it Vexation, some have rendred it by Pastio, an eating and devouring Ulcer that gnaws the foul to languithment, gangrening ever by gradual frettings the mirth and pertness of the oppressed mind. The Chaldee has it, the Confraction of the spirits grating them with a galling Jar, rubbing upon the spirits, as woollen on a place that is raw. All agree in this, to make an unfatisfied perturbation the unavoidable Inheritance of Man. And indeed if we look to the first founded State of Japsed Man, Solomons censure is but a free Confession of a former doom, the Decree was pass'd in Gen. the 3.17,18,19. In forrow shalt thou eat all the daies of thy life, Thorns and Thisles shall the Earth bring forth. No doubt, but the Almighty Providence as easily could have made it offer him Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, in a spontaneous flowing; Fruit, Spice and Medicinals, without inforc'd Plantations. But the other are things that prick, and are for offence. Answerable to these was that other next Omen of his first Apparel - The Figleaves, which having neither strength nor durance, have yet all th'infide rugged as true presagements of his self-woven Fate. And albeit all things before Man fell, came forth as the refined gold from the Mint with a Valde bona stampt upon them : yet sin, as a Contagious Fog infected the very air of all. The highest contentments that the World can yield, become to uslike the Country Quintanes, while

we run upon them with a hasty speed; if we post not faster off, than we at first came on, the bag of sand strikes us in the neck, and leaves us nothing but the blewness of our wounds to boast on. At best the Universe is but a Ring of Changes; a march of Antiques in a paper-lanthorn. A Dance of Creatures ever in their Motion, in their Sweat, and Hurrying, Shuffle, Pacing, Turning, Shifting to each others place. 'Tis the Trage-Comedy of Errors. The Scenes change, the Actors vary, the Plot alters, and at last the Stage shall slame while nothing

of the Play remains.

To wade in Knowledge, is to sound a Sea that is sathomless. To rest upon Honour, is to stay upon the rate that other men will set us at. When they deduct their Estimation, our Crest salls, and we are nearer to any thing than what we thought our selves. To wealth at songest we are but Tenants for life: And what we have is any Tyrants that by sorce or fraud can master us. He that intends his Pleasure too much, minds all things else too little; and even that it self increases, and sails together. The World with all his parts, cannot aspire so high as to become of worth to satisfie a soul. That is of a nobler nature, than to rest full pleased with things that are so perishing: So that now, it would be a wonder to see one dote on transfents and temporals; Though all the ridiculous gods of Rome were made so by Man that was not God, yet in Martial the Resolve was sensual:

Ad cænam si me diversa vocaret in astra, Hinc invitator Casaris, inde Jovis. Astra licet propius, Palatia longius essent, Responsa ad superos hac referenda darem. Querite qui malit sieri conviva Tonantis, Me, meus in terris Jupiter, ecce, tenet.

Should Jove send for me'mong the Stars to sup,
And Casar then invite me to his cup;
Though Heaven were neer, and Casars Courts far off,
I with this Answer would the Gods put off:
Seek such as long to taste the Thunderers Feast,
Me, my Jove here, Domitian makes his guest.

He had a Wit, worthy of a better resolution, nor is there any thing to excuse him but the un-commendable licentiousness of Poetry: For else 'tis not possible that upon true grounds, a wise man can be fond of the world. All is either empty or troublesome, and comparatively without doubt either evill or not good. So that now it must be cer-

tain, There is no profit under the Sun.

To procure an un-intermitting joy; To draw life into perpetuity; To keep back the Eclipfing sadnesses of the mind: To take away the nauseousness of the imprison'd soul, or to give the World a constancy in his own frail parts; This is beyond a Solomon. All things drop away as fruits from shaken trees, which a Spring renews and Autumn again destroys.

Z z And

And therefore I find this place read by some, Nihil permanere sub Sole, Nothing endureth under the Sun; and this not enduring, if there were no more, is enough to confirm that all is Vanity: when any thing comes to nought we say it vanishes, which in plainer English is, it groweth into Vanity; and shall not one day all the World do this? Though the Earth be said to remain for ever, that ever is but Comparatively, and the sense is, that it shall not decay so soon as the other Creatures that depend upon it. But this, depending on the Suns enlivening influence, may in course of Nature be capable of change, and when we need it, fail us. What then shall we do? Or whither turn to find a Repose for the Soul? All the Mass of Creatures put together is too narrow a Palace to contain the Soul of Man. It flies in a moment to the deeps and Oceans Springs, not only to the roots of Mountains, but in a moment pierces quite through the Earths condensed Globe, to the Stars, and highest Convex of the bounding Sky: So far as the Creature reaches it goes and finds no rest. God only is capacious, in him do all its vast extensions rest: unlimitted thoughts in him a limit find; and when we do lose the Creature, still we do find him. Beyond the bowed expansions of the Firmament, where we cannot guess what may be, there we are fure this God incorruptible dwels. He is farther offthan the Soul can reach: yet nearer than it can avoid. All things elfe are Sea, and Storm: nor is there any Haven but here. Hither must we mount, beyond the Suns rais'd eye. In the Courts of the Father of this Sun, dwells Truth, and Joy, and Constancy. While I live here, I must look for Tydes and Ebbs, Waves and Sands, and Rocks and more cross winds than knows the Saylors Compass. Nor may I hope for fafety but by Anchoring above the Sun; Even in his Mercies who is this Suns Sun, who is the Life, and Light, and Soul of all. If I can fix here, I will think I have made an escape from Earth: and by his noble attraction, having a mind rais'd gloriously high, may stand as a well-built structure, though outwardly soiled and clouded with the fume of Terrene things, yet by the gratious shine of the Almighty, bright within, and above the Conculcations of the World.



#### SOMETHING UPON

St. Luke 14. 20.

And another said, I have married a Wife, and therefore I cannot come.



ND another said; It seems there were more of the Pack: Natural averseness to spiritual things is not in one but all. They that several ways adhered to the world, do all agree together to neglect the God of that world, and them. The Jews were all Recusants, and they rather chuse to kill the Lamb

than come to his Supper. That God had fent, might have been enough to give a Cripple swiftness, and to have struck up Age again with Youths enlivening fires. And that it was to a Feaft of Salvation (which was the re-building of the ruins of man, and the re-implanting him in a better Paradife than at first he lost) might, one would have thought, begot a noble contempt of any thing that could have hindred: but dull fouls find out dull excules. They still appear of the same froward race, whereof their Predecessors were, that to the miracles of a Journey both night and day engarded by a Deity, dare befortedly prefer the Garlick and the Onyons of Egypt. So profaner Efan had rather sup his Broth, than fave his Birth-right. By earthly minds a grain of droffie Silver is prifed above all the precious Balms of Gilead. The other two, though they came not, did modeffly refule; and though none returned so much as thanks, yet they begg'd to be held excus'd: Less uncivil Clowns; though they had not grace to come, they had so much Rustick manners as to beg a pardon; and fortifully thought a Farm and Yokes of Oxen, might in judgment hold a Plea against all the spiritual solaces of Heavens. Let a Pesant have his wish, and either an easie Rent, Barns well fill'd, or a greater Herd of Cattle shall be so much coveted, as the rightly wife shall see, that the difference betwixt his beafts and him is only in his ruder speech. Thus the two former. But in Ingratitude they all agree; fuch a kind of Hog-carriage, that while they are greedily swilling in their own draff; all the Excellencies of the world besides are unminded; much more the Author that shall offer them. Like the deaf Adder, they Zz 2

rest unstirr'd by the most powerful charm of the world---Courtesse. If I shall gain by bargaining, equality of Trassique preserves me in my liberty. If I receive for desert, that which is done to me is paid, not given. But a noble Courtesse falling like rain in due season, enslaves a man more than a Market sale among Moors: for it conquers the uncompellable mind, and distinctes Man of himself. To be unthankful, is to be a Bastard to Nature: with how many fold does the grateful Earth return her scatter'd grain? If the Rivers pay their Tribute to the Ocean, in publick Tydes and private Springs, a retribution's made. If the Earth exhales but Vapours to the Heaven, in requiting Dews it doth again distill them: Only the disputed Element of Fire is barren, and therefore has not the honour to be mentioned in the Greation.

Here was nothing akin to gratitude: Love there was shewed so fervent, that even all Creation could not find a Simile for't. The benefit to man fo great, that the Bowels of both the Indies are not as a grain to it. Yet all this so disvalued by stupidity, that none of them esteemed it worthy the Tongues least motion to produce a thanks; which proves that Truth, which by the noble Seneca was long fince told us, Negamus quenquam scire gratiam referre, niss sapientem; None but a wife man knows how to be thankful. Yet any fool might have blunder'd out, Pray thank him -who could fend less to him that invites to a feast? Ingratitude does then fink deep, when it gets not up to the Tongue: When it is not active, it has a Palie; but when speechless, dead. King Philip did not mourn so much for the death of his friend Hipparchus, (for he left the world an old man) but because he died before he had requited him. And Suetonius tells us, That Augustus Casar descended from his Throne, and as a common Advocate pleaded the cause of a private Souldier, who had fought for him at Actium, because he would not be thought ungrateful. Yet here by these men, from him (who descended from his Throne of glory, to suffer all contempt and torment for them) it is not so much as taken kindly. Nor did it extenuate their Inhumanity, that they did not accept of the Invitation; For that excellent Orator, who had far less of Divine light than was offer'd them, has instructed us, - That Non folum gratus debet effe qui accepit beneficium, verumetiam is cui potestas accipiendi fuit; He ought as well to be thankful that may, as he that does receive a benefit.

But above them all, this Marryed man was the worst, here was neither Wit nor Manners. He not only answers churlishly in a blunt carelesses,—Icann't come, but injuriously on Wedlock lays the Necessity of his absence, I have Marryed a wife, and therefore I

cannot come.

What? were the pleasures of the bed so taking that he resolves for them to abandon Heaven? Or could he be so prejudicial, as to believe Heaven would not admit him if he brought a Woman along? Or was he so jealous of her Chastity, as he would not be absent from her, lest his Heir should not prove of his own getting?

Are

Are all the Daughters of Eve like their Mother, still tempting Man to desert his Maker? Cannot Man take a Companion for his life, but the must have something of the Jezabel in her? Must be either fruit-less (like the barren Eunuch; long and dye; or else like Job, be tempted to curse God, and so dye? Or is the either so sharp, or fond, that he either dares not vex, or will not leave her? Or is it of Necessity that he must leave Religion to provide for her? Surely he takes the Text in too large a sense, that because it says, a Man shall leave all and cleave to his wife, that therefore he shall leave God; its but the Father and Mother on Earth, and not the Father of Heaven that for her we may forsake. Miserably is he marryed to his Wife, that must for her be divore't from all beside; from Recreations, Kin-

dred, Friends, the noble Arts, Nature, and the Gods above. Surely there is something more then we are aware of in this same Creature, Woman. If there be any Charm to overcome Man and all his Virile Vertues, 'tis fhe that stands up in it. She is the Remora of the Soul, that sticking to the Keel of Man, arrests his progress to Heaven. What might it be which made against them, even the Fathers so full of fire, and poynant? St. Ambrose calls her, Janua Diaboli, via Iniquitatis, Scorpionis percussio; The Port of Hell, the Rode of Iniquity, and the Scorpions sting: and then a little after proceeds, Si cum viris famina habitant, viscarium non deerit Diaboli; If Women dwell with Men, the Devil hath his lime-twigs there. St. Augustine falls upon their singing, whereof he says, Tolerabilius est andire Bafilifeum fibillantem; Tis fater hearing the killing Bafilisk Hifs. Elfewhere he makes them in a manner past Religions cure, for Quanto Religiosiores, tanto citius alliciunt; The more Religious, the more inticing are they. St. Jerom allows not Rusticus to see his Mother, for fear of her Maids, and tells him, Ancillulas qua illi in obsequio sunt tibi scias esse in insidia; He must know those Maids which are to her for service, to him are Wiles and Treason. Sr. Chysostom exclaims, O Malum summum & acutissimum Diaboli telum Mulier; The Devils sharpest arrow, and mischiess primest height is Woman. A thing of such pollution, that the superstition of former times, would not allow her to be touch'd by her own husband of three days before he received the Communion, as may be found in the Council of Eliberis. And by Tibullus his Caution it should feem the like practife was in use even among the Heathen.

Cui tulit hesterna gaudia notte Venus.

——From th' Altars let him keep

That in his Mistress Arms last night did sleep.

Another scrupulous nicety I find in the Council of Auxerre, where in the 36. Canon it is enjoyn'd, that no Woman shall receive the Sacrament in her bare hand: for which purpose the 39. Canon of the same ordains—That is the hath not a clean linnen glove to take it in, she must for the time be put by. Nay, the severe Cato

Zz 3

Uticenfis

Uticensis says, — Si absque famina esset Mundus, Conversatio nostra non esset absque Diis, Were Women out o'the World, with us the Gods would Conversation hold.

Against them the Poets have declaimed in Folio, they write nothing but Rapiers and Ponyards, with all the weapons of wrath, that even the bitterest Iambicks can contain. But most of them were so loose in their lives, that they wanted the honour to be in good Womens company; and therefore I will only tell you what the Comical Plantus thought:

Qui potest mulieres vitare, vitet : ut quotidie (Pridie caveat) ne faciat quod pigeat postridie.

Let him that can, defend himself from Women: but he who would not do that to day, whereof he must repent to morrow, must avoid them the day before.

These Opinions are austere and sharp; yet certainly some of them the mature Censures of a reverend Age, strict Sanctity, and wealthy Knowledge. Only we may hope they meant not these of the general, but of the depraved of that Sex; who like hurt Deer (by their own Herd) would be pusht out to certain destruction.

Surely in themselves they are not thus unboundedly ill: But soft and easie Natures, as they sooner bend towards Vertue, so they sooner slide into Vice; but cannot usually be so resolute in either, as the more solid and compacted spirit of man. Therefore of this power with Man there is without doubt a two sold Cause; one in them-

selves, one in man.

That in themselves is the excellency of their Creation, wherein Nature has sweetned their Countenance beyond the sternness of a Male aspect. They have purer Mixtures of Elements in their Compositions, from whence arises such a virgin calmnels, as growing near to Innocence, makes man love them as akin to God. And doubtless hence it is, that Nature intrusts Woman rather than Man with the Conception, Nourishment, Production, and Education of all Posterity, partly before, and partly after the birth. And even through all does this finenels of temper hold: We find both in Birds and Beasts the flesh of the Female to our taste is pleasanter, more tender, and less insipid, than that of the Male: They are not naturally of so rank an Earth. Cornelius Agrippa tells us of a strange Experiment to prove this; Let a woman wash her hands once fair, and after wash never so often, yet shall not the water be soiled at all: But let a man wash never so clean, and never so often, yet every time shall the water receive a soil. Nay, if they be both alike in danger of drowning, the woman, as more rarified, shall fwim longer above; while the man, as more fæculent and droffie, shall sooner fink to the bottom. As strange is that which Plimy tells us, That a man being drowned floats with his face upwards, but

but of women he says, - Prona fluitant, quasi earum pudori parcente Natura, They float with their faces downwards, Nature being careful to preserve their modesty. And whereas it is said, I will make an Help meet for man, instead of Adjutorium the Chaldee has it Sustentaculum, as a prop and upholder of the state of man. And this (especially if we respect the Conception) is true and sutable: which may be some reason, why that first bleffing pronounc'd from God upon man by conjunction with her, was never yet impeached by the Fall: But the Marriage, which was made in Innocence, even after his expulsion never came to question; And that Increase and multiply shall endure as long as the world. 'Tis probable the Devils envy of Eve's handsomnels made him attempt to tempt her first. And in the offence we find not the breach of the Commandment cast upon her, but Adam; and in the Curse, for that she was beguiled and out of ignorance deceived, The is cursed but in her self and Sex: But for Adam, that did it more against the light of Knowledge, in a wilful transgression, we see the Universe does smart, and all the frame of Nature suffers in his punishment. But in the freeing of Mankind from this, he is in part beholding to the woman for it; the honour is given to her Sex; the Promise made is, That The seed of the woman shall bruse the Serpents head. And in performance we see, that all the flesh our Saviour had was Female, without any contribution at all from Man: a Grace certainly furmounting all the swelling boasts of Man, and a comfort that may be for ever a support to that Sex, That when Man stood convicted of the guilt and Infamy of the Fall, (according to Nature) God afforded the glory of his Redemption to the feed of the Woman alone; to whom Man (without any thing from himself) must ever owe a favour so received, as he can never pay. And why may we not believe that 'tis from hence, that Nature has instructed man to be civiller and more respective to that Sex, than we find he is to his own; A Woman well qualified, like the Ambassador of a Prince, is held a person Sacred: What he disdains from men to bear, from her he thinks it an honour to fuffer; and though it be to the hazard of himself in imminent danger, 'tis his glory, if he can, to serve her. And even in wars, that hand which strikes a woman, the noble heart does scorn as barbarous and savage. She is not so unsociable as not to be a friend, but yet the is so high as not to be an enemy. Since Circumcision was as well a Sacrament of the Purification, as of the Covenant and admission into the Church, and that the Males only were circumcised; we may well conceive the great Judge of all did not espy so much pollution in her as he did in man. Who, though preferr'd by Aristotle, and woman made but Animal occasionatum, a kind of Chancecreature, yet Picty and Mercy he confesses more appropriate unto them than man. And questionless to shew the excellency of that Sex, we shall find it in the person of the blessed Virgin Mary, exalted by God above all that ever was but only humane.

The other cause which is in Man, is sure his own inordinate love, and can he be blamed for loving, when both God and Nature did present her to him as the fittest and noblest object of Creation for him? A Man may love a Friend as a Brother, as an alter Idem; but he should love his Wise as his Idem Idem: Creation, Nature, Religion, Law and Policy, makes them undividedly one. And so long as we cross not upon Religion, I doubt not but our loves may flow. But alas we stay not here, love has neither Bit nor Reyns.

Nox & Amor, Vinumque, nihil Moderabile suadent, Illa Pudore vacat, Liber Amorque Metu.

Night, Love, and Wine, no Moderation bear, Night knows no Shame, and Wine and Love no Fear.

Often in our Love to her, our Love to God is swallowed and postpolited. For indeed, Man Loves Woman as he ought to Love God: with all his heart, with all his foul, and with all his strength. Whether it be from the secret sweetnesses that gratifie and indulciate all his spirits at once in his Conversation with her; whether it be from the sense of the fruition and possession of so excellent, and so rational a Creature without himself; or whether it be from the Honour he receives from her by her help of propagation, whereby even his body weak and corruptible by lengthned fuccessions, draws out toward Immortality; or whether it be from the parity of Natural Union, she being formed at first of the rib of Man, wherein the Schools observe, there was both bone, and flesh, and bloud, and nerves; so that if she be not Idem, the is at least aliquid ipfines, a something of that very same, though not the same it self. And then since all Love strictly examined arises out of Love to our felves, 'tis no wonder that we must Love her, that is thus Consubstantiate with us. Had this Man, in the Text, been but Morally good, or which is more, Religious, he ought to have lov'd his Wife, though not equally or above God, yet next him. But being predominantly Carnal, the present object of his Senses choak't up his souls apprehension of Eternity, rather than lose a long'd for dallyance, he would quit even all the Saints, Angels, and the Heavens above. Their argument inclines too much to lightness, that take him for a Spaniard, who would leave his Saviour for a Mayden-head. But for ought we know, his Bride might be both young and handsome; and then how many gallants have we that would have done as much? Beauty is the wit of Nature put into a Frontispiece: 'tis the spiritual foul in Figure, that ravishes each admiring beholder. The influences of the Stars are in it, which by an Adamantine Law hurl us against all our Resolves; 'tis Natures Prerogative, and is so purely the gift of God alone, as all the Arts and Sciences of the Earth cannot place it any where, but where the hand of Heaven has planted it. Diogenes to handsome Courtezans gave alwaies the Title of Queens, for few he

faid but obey'd their commands. And Ariftotle told one who asked, whence it was that all men were Covetous of Conversation with beautiful persons, that it was but a blind mans question. 'Tis an Empire without a Militia: for needing neither Guards nor Arms, it imposes whatever does please. Experience can tell us it has flatted all the strengths of the World. It is Mistress of all that is not God; and when it rifes to be of Holiness, it amounts to be inthron'd with him. In Woman plac'd alone it has done wonders, and taking the Worlds Conquerors by the Cask, has rifled them of all their hard-earn'd wreaths and Laurel. Adams original Innocence was not Armour fufficient to relift her Forces. Sampsons Gyant strength by her was cheated into bondage and fervility. Davids right-heartedness became inflex'd and crooked. And this, grave incomparable Solomon, though he could precept the erring World against all the seducing Crasts of Women, yet we see he could not save himself from being intangled by their demulceations. With this Man, the Devil went his old politick way, for his plot being to gain the Man, he sets upon him by his Mistress first: when an Officer is to be corrupted, there is a Shesupreme that has a leading hand. No doubt but he which bought the Farm had a Team, and the other had five yoke of Oxen; yet could not all these draw so much, as a Wife; she is a perpetual inchantment that hangs upon all the retirements of Man. She is the Privado of his senses, that with familiar blandishments can stroke him into more than all the intermitted Rhetorick of a Masculine friend. She is the high Chamberlain of the Court of Man, that with the key of Love wherewith he hath intrusted her, has free access to all his private lodgings: and though his foul be as a Labyrinth full of mystick windings, yet a beloved Wife holds the Clewin her hand that can guide her to his inmost room, and that very first warm bloud which in his heart is Closetted.

But where is the fault now? Shall Woman be condemn'd for Excellency? Let fore eyes sooner brand the Sun for brightness. Is it not proof enough of Mans weakness to be overcome, but when he is Captiv'd he must revile his Conqueres? What fool will say the Honey is naught, because the Bear is mad at the smell on't? No the slavery is within us. Did not our own bosome nurse the Traytor, outward objects would be a wife mans Nothing. 'Tis not the fire, but the neglect that's blameable, when ere the House is burn'd. Those Creatures that are not scalded with the like addictions, can undiffemper'd gaze their trimmest dress. Nor can all their artful lures make any beast but Man in love with them. Nay Man himself, when Age like frost has hoar'd his hairs, and all his fires are out, can unstirr'd play with her flames and rayes. Mans own Inclination is his Charm that fetters him. 'Tis not a Wife or Woman, that can bind us from going to Heaven, unless we first lye down and manacle our selves. Though Adam, at first, for his poor excuse, said, the Woman gave it him: yet all conclude, that answer rais'd his Crime. And albeit his

loss without Gods mercy was unballanceably irrecoverable: yet we after never find he twitted her as Authress of his fall. Will any man accuse the stream for wetting him, when he fell in by sleeping on the bank? From Charcoals blown I know sparks leap apace, but though straw houses may enkindle by them; yet upon solid coverings they without danger dye: or if at most they leave a Mote behind, it is but dead, and with the next fair wind unblemishing blows away.

Doubtless Marriage is honourable among all, and it is the Devils Doctrine only that forbids it. We see the Israelites after they had destroyed Benjamin, rather than keep those that were left, from Marriage, they were content to wink at Felony, and mince Perjury: Nay under-hand to contrive the Rape and Thest; and only before men to elude that Oath which (though rashly) yet they had made to God. Even our Saviour himself, though he would be born of a Virgin; yet he would not have that birth, till honested by marriage: though he would not have a man his Father, yet he would not have a Mother till

The was a Wife.

Tis true, in times of Trouble, Marriage incumbers man to the world; and as a Proverb it has run along, That marriage peoples the Earth, but Virginity Heaven; yet withall it is as true that St. Augustine speaks, Conjugium humile melius est Virginitate Superba; Even a very mean Wedlock is better than a sumptuous Chastity. He that is marryed has the advantage of others that are not: for he is hereby made a double man, he has two bodys which one united foul does guide : and to prove this the most perfect Union of the World; it is sufficient that the Marryr'd couple only envy not one another; when one is fad, then both are griev'd: and in the joy and the honour of one, the other does partake: without a Wife, man is a kind of desolate thing, he wants the most Cordial solace of life; and therefore he which refused to marry when he fitly might, by the wife Law-givers of the World, was looked upon as a wilful defertor, not only of the Common-wealth, but of Law, Religion, and of Humane Nature; by Lycurgus, in Summer driven from all sports, in Winter naked led about and scorn'd. Plato made him incapable both of Honour and publick Office, but taxable in a deeper sense. Augustus, and divers others have given Immunities to marryed perfons, so as no Time, no Nation, no Condition of men, but have honoured Marriage by their approbation. And the time and place of the institution; the bleffing accompanying it; the morality, and natural instinct of it in man; the succesfive perpetuity of it, even from Creations Infancy, where Eve at first was not fram'd for Virginity, but Marriage, became a Wife at first fight, was presented to Man by God himself, and at her very first peep into the World was born a Bride, may be enough to vindicate it from all the Circumstantial stains that can be cast upon it.

And therefore for this Uxorious Man, to plead he had marryed a Wife, and therefore he could not come, was all one, as if a Drunkard should plead, because he had found good Wine, he could not get

from

from the Tavern; yet surely none would blame the wine, but the man. Marriage is Creations persectness, barren Virginity is but uncompleted Man. Marriage is the way to benefit the world for ever, but Virginity in suture ruins it; and after the narrow limits of one Age, expires. He that is wise, and marries, and seaves a child well educated, does make Mankind his debtor, and departs a Benefactor to the world: For when he is atom'd into flying dust, he has prepar'd his Substitute to administer his part being gone. The married man is like the Bee, that fixes his Hive, augments the world, benefits the Republick, and by a daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all. But he which contemns Wedlock, (for the most part) like a waspe, wanders an offence in the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of his own, and by robbing the Hives of others, either meets misery as his due reward, or at best (leaving none to perpetuate his memory) at last he dyes, and dyes.

This was therefore an unjust Plea: But that our bleffed Saviour meant here to shew us, how upon any vain pretence, even all meerly worldly men prefer fond and fleeting Temporals, beyond the lasting joyes of Erernity. And in this man more especially than in the rest; for in a more peremptory way he is resolved rather to renounce his Salvation, than to leave (though but for a Supper while) that perpe-

tual triffe Woman.

In the three Refusers are set out to us the vain and false trinity of Worldlings, The lust of the flesh, the lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life; Luxury, Avarice and Ambition. St. Ambrose his mystick Interpretation of Gentiles, Jews, and Hereticks, I find entertain'd by few. By this married man, I take to be understood the Voluptuous; and questionles' tis true, that Pleasure more infatuates than either Honour or Wealth; for in this, man is foak'd and charm'd by all his fenses at once. Honour and Profit besiege but some principal Quarters of the City of Man, but Pleasure does at every part at once assault. This is that Mercuries Pipe that charmeth all our eys ascep: 'tis the swing' of the Soul, that giddies a man at last into a dull security, and raises up of every sense an Idol taking place of God: Like a Bath it supples and enfeebles all. Whofoever wholly dedicates himself to pleasure, he walks upon the waves as St. Peter did, where if the miracle of a 7efus fave him not, he finks into the Sea he treads upon. Ambition and Coverousness may be sometimes accompanied with eminent vertues. Julius Casar and Vespasian had either of them parts of excellent merit. But voluptuous men (besides the Infædations of Sensuality) are usually both proud and coverous also. Nero, we find, defiled most in the foulest mires of Luxury, and where do we find any so clatedly proud, or so unjustly rapacious as was he? for indeed Covetousness is the daughter of Luxury. So for ought we know this man might be hindred by both the other vices; who can tell but he might take Pet that his wife was not invited as well as he? and thus perhaps his Pride might hinder him. Or it may be he durst not leave his Family, lest he might

in his absence be cozened at home by his Servants: and so his Covetousness might be the cause of his stay. Or if she were but fair and inclining to be wanton, suspicion of her Chastity might stop his going abroad: Jealousies and Fears (among Peasants) are as ancient as this Parable: and indeed that which is coveted by many, is never kept without hazard. Besides, he that violently dotes upon one thing seems to tell the world that he may do so by another : yea, that in some meafure he must. He that is slaved by his affection to a Mistres, must be proud to fight for her, must be prodigal to spend for her, must be covetous to scrape for her. He is an object of much pity that over-affects any Temporal things whatfoever. For (beyond what is spoken already) it agonies his mind perpetually, and throws him on a double mischief. It does fix his trust on that which cannot but deceive him; and it adversaries him with Justice, which must punish, and would (if trusted) never fail to save him. Nay, it slings a kind of scorn on God, and as much as in man lies, difgraces him below his Creature. He is happy that can wean himself from the breast of the world, that he surfeit not with her luscious, but unwholesome milk. But if he must endure among the Pleasures, the Profits and the Honours thereof; let him live therein, as the Bee does in her honey, who though her Hive be never so full, yet with it she never entangles her wings.

FINIS.

## LUSORIA:

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## Occasional Pieces.

WITH

ATASTE

OF

Some LETTERS.



LONDON:

Printed for A. Seile, Anno Dom. 1670.

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Some LE T



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Princel for a N. Seile, galante Dom. 1870.



## LUSORIA.

I.

True Happiness.



Ong have I fought the wish of all To find: and what it is men call True Happiness; but cannot see The world has it, which it can be. Or with it Hold a sympathy.

He that enjoyes, what here below Frail Elements have to bestow, Shall find most sweet, bare hopes at first; Fruition, by fruition's burst: Sea-water so allayes your thirst.

Whos'ever would be happy then,
Must be so to himself: For when
Judges are taken from without,
To judge what we (fenc'd close about)
Are: they judge nor, but guesse and doubt.

He must have reason store, to spy Natures hid wayes, to satisfie. His judgment. So he may be safe From the vain fret: For sools will chase At that, which makes a wise man laugh.

If 'bove the mean his mind be pitcht,
Or with unruly Passions twicht,
A storm is there: But he sails most
Secure, whose Bark in any Coast
Can neither be becalm'd nor rost.

A chearful, but an upright heart
Is musick wheresoe're thou art:
And where God pleaseth to confer it,
Man can no greater good inherit,
Than is a clear and temperare spirit.

Wealth to keep want away, and Fear
Of it: Not more: fome Friends, still near,
And chosen well: nor must be miss
A Calling: yet, some such as is
Imployment; not a Business.

His foul must hug no private sin, For that's a thorne hid by the skin. But Innocence, where she is nurs'd, Plants valiant Peace. So Caso durst Be God-like good, when Rome was worst.

God built he must be in his mind;
That is, part God: whose faith no wind
Can shake. When boldly he relies
On one so noble; he out flies
Low chance, and fate of Destinies.

Life as a middle way, immur'd
With Joy and Grief, to be indur'd,
Not spurn'd, nor wanton'd hence, he knows.
In crooked banks, a spring so flows
O're stone, mud, weeds: yet still cleer goes.

And as springs rest not, till they lead Meandring high, as their first head: So souls rest not, till man has trod Deaths height. Then by that period, They rest too, rais'd as high as God.

Summe all! he happiest is, that can In this worlds Jarr be Honest Man. For since Perfection is so high, Beyond lifes reach, he that would try True happiness indeed, must dye. H

included and brilliarie

To the Lady D. S.

MADAM,

Would but praise, not flatter: yet
What flatters others, does your praise but sit.
I would have shun'd all Verse too: but I knew
He must write measure, that would write of You.
So Geometrical has Nature fram'd
That, which can now no otherwise be nam'd,
But as a rule for all: each several part
Is all whole Axiome, to direct an Art.
That now, men skilful, doubt, to which is due,
More to those noble Sciences, or You.

And thus I was created! for who can Lie earth'd i'th' dull thoughts of a common man, When you shall shine; and with your symetry Show like the fprings new Genius, while your eye Kindles each noble bloud with fuch chafte fire, As causes Flame, and yet forbids Defire? And when your skye of vein shall gently flow, Branching through both your Hemispheres of snow, When crimfon Tulips, and the Rofe o'th' bush, Shall draw their tineture from your lip, and bluth; When that mild breath, which even the calmest West Fannes from the Pink and Violet, from your breft Shall have its derivation; then you may Confess your self, our Morning and our Day. And these might make you glorious: yet I dare (Madam) tell you, that these but fading are, Must bed i'th' shade, and cease: and that I tell This, shews there's something that doth more excell, Remaining in you: elfe the name Decay I know would fright a Lady into clay. And but to hear, the must be old and dye, Would make her weep till she had ne're an eye. But that which makes me daring thus, I find Is that pure shine of Deity, your Mind, So fill'd with fweetness, that who oe're shall fee't, Streight thinks of Virgin Nature, at whose feet Stand all the Sects of old Philosophy, Paying their admiration by their eye. So you amaze all knowledge, that even they Which can but name and know you, do adde day

Unto

Unto their own Life here. To prove this, I Shall find this honour crown my memory, By writing but of You, the world shall see, I am the first drew truth to Poetry.

#### III.

The Sun and Wind.

When thy disdain shall several wayes,
Such piercing blasts impart?

Seeft not those beams that guild the day, Though they be hot and fierce, Yet have not heat nor power to stay, When winds their strength disperse.

So though thy Sun heats my desire, Yet know thy coy disdain Falls like a storm on that young fire, So blowes me cool again.

#### IV.

On the Duke of Buckingham flain by Felton, the 23. Aug. 1628.

Somer I may some fixed Statue be,
Than prove forgetful of thy death or thee!
Canst thou be gone so quickly? Can a knife
Let out so many Titles and a life?

Now I'le mourn thee! Oh that so huge a pile Of State should pash thus in so small a while! Let the rude Genius of the giddy Train, Brag in a sury that they have stabb'd Spain, Austria, and the skipping French: yea, all Those home-bred Papists that would sell our fall: Th' Eclipse of two wise Princes judgments: more, The wast, whereby our Land was still kept poor. I'le pity yet, at least thy fatal end, Shot like a Lightning from a violent hand, Taking thee hence unsumm'd. Thou art to me The great Example of Mortality.

And when the times to come shall want a Name To startle Greatness, here is BUCKINGHAM

Faln

Faln like a Meteor: and 'tis hard to fay
Whether it was that went the stranger way,
Thou or the hand that slew thee: thy Estate
Was high, and he was resolute above that.
Yet since I hold of none ingag'd to thee,
Death and that liberty shall make me free.
Thy mists I knew not: if thou hast a fault,
My charity shall leave it in the Vault,
There for thine own accounting: 'Tis undue
To speak ill of the Dead though it be true.
And this even those that envy'd thee conses,
Thou hass a Mind, a slowing Nobleness,
A Fortune, Friends, and such proportion,
As call for forrow, to be thus undone.

Yet should I speak the Vulgar, I should boast Thy bold Assassinate, and wish almost He were no Christian, that I up might stand, To praise th'intent of his mis-guided hand. And sure when all the Patriots in the shade Shall rank, and their sull musters there be made, He shall fit next to Brusse, and receive Such Bayes as Heath'nish ignorance can give. But then the Christian (poising that) shall say, Though he did good, he did it the wrong way. They oft decline into the worst of ill, That act the Peoples wish without Laws will.

#### V

## The Appeal.

Yrant Cupid! I'le appeale
From thee, to all the publick weale
Of gods in Parliament.
They all shall know thy mock,
How thou madest me love a rock,
That know not to relent.

Didft thou not by thy art,

Make megive her an heart,

That hadnone of her own?

So she to please thy pride,

By me must be supply'd,

And I must live with none.

Nav.

Nay, when I ferious was,
To beg but one poor grace,
I could not that obtain:
While he that less did love,
When he no suit did move,
Did two unasked gain.

Judge all you gods if these
Be not deep injuries:
Then if you quit this Elf,
Set me again but free,
And all the world shall see,
I'le whip the boy my self.

#### VI. Elegie on Henry Earl of Oxford.

Hen thou didst live and shine, thy Name was then Like a Prometheus giving fire to men. Now thy brave Soul advanced is and free, But to write Oxford is an Elegie Sad as the grave thou ly'st in, whence if we Could raise thy worth, we better might spare thee. But That and Thou are lost, and we have none To keep us now, for our Palladiam's gone; Gone as a Pearl drope in the Main; to get Which we may sink, but not recover it.

Why wert thou gone so soon? dull Holland why Must thou find war, and we fend men to dye? But oh! thou gain'st by't, having none but ill, And such as scarce are good enough to kill That are thy own. Th'hast offered him to Fate, Whose every Limb was worth more than thy State. I know the gods are pleas'd with't, but'its we That feel the loss, not they, nor you, nor he. Heaven joyes in his access, and he in that: And you thought so much good might expiate Your blackest sins: not thinking we should be Like low Orbes wanting Primum Mobile.

But 'twas thy gain: as when Perfumes are spil'd, The Air is mixt, and with their odor fill'd: So where his breath expir'd, the Earth and Air Are Antidotes 'gainst Cowardice and fear.

Thus 'twas when Sydney dy'd: and 'tis from hence Thy Clime has had such noble spirits since.

Great

Great Vertues have this Grant, they never dye,
But like Time live to kifle Eternity.
And now men doubt which Name can cite a tear,
Or make a Souldier first, Sidney or Vere.

Yet in this last that dy'd, I'le tell thee how Thou hast deceiv'd thy self: Know in him thou Hast slain a Tutelar god; and to prove this, Think but the time when Breds swallowed is. I Oh fince he dy'd with thee, why were't not fworn To fave his bloud in some memorial Urne, To which men should have come for Valour, just As fick men to the Spa for health, in trust There to have been supply'd: But now that he' And that is loft, for thee and thine hear me; Let not the place be known, left when men fee His worth, and come to know he dy'd for thee, They curse thee lower than thy staple, Fish; Thy own Beer-drinkers, or the Spaniards wish. But if by curious fearch it must be known, Write by it thus, Here Belgia was undone,

#### V 11.

#### On a fewel given at parting

Hen cruel time enforced me Subscribe to a dividing, A Heart all Faith and Loyalty I left you freshly bleeding.

You in requiral gave a stone,
Not easie to be broken;
An Embleme sure that of your own
Hearts hardness was a token.

O Fate, what Justice is in this,
That I a heart must tender:
And you so cold in courtesies,
As but a stone to render:

Either your stone turn to a heart,
That love may find requiting:
Or else my heart to stone convert,
That may not seel your slighting.

Upon

And fource milisking voice

#### lima live to III Victor

Upon my Fathers Tomb at Babram in Cambridge-fhire.

M. P. Q. S. Memoria Posterisque Sacrum.

Suffolciæ ortuu Comitatu
THOMAS FELLTHAM,
Pir probus, Generosus, sciens,
Ubique colendus.

Bonis,
Malis,
Adjutor, Obstes;
Amicisque sidelis.
Bene vivens, moriens pie,
Filios tres, totidemque Natus,
Superstites relinquens,

Per natu Filium minorem,

Hic,

In vitam beatiorem

Ad Resurgendum,

Positum.

11. Mariii, Saluiis Anno 1631. Sed militia sua 62.

#### IX. The Cause.

Hink not, Clariffa, I love thee

For thy meer outside, though it be
A Heaven more clear than that men cloudless fee.

Thine Eyes fo pure and Chrystalline, Once dead are worth no more than mine, Nor can do greater wonders with their shine.

No 'tis thy foul, we may mix there, Like two Perfumes in the fost air, And as chast Incense play above the sphere.

So shall we on in progress move To clearer heights, and by this love Grow still Ascentive till we centre five.

There shall men gaze our blest aboad, And scarce mistaking voice't abroad, That two souls purely mingled make a God.

For

For when two fouls shall towre so high, Without their flesh their rayes shall flye, Like Emanations from a Deity.

### The Vow-breach.

Nought but the Ebon'd night incurtain me.
Curse not a womans lightness: Onely say,
Here it lies veiled from eternal day.
This will be charity: but if thou then
Call back remembrance with her light agen,
Know thou art cruel: For those rayes to me
(Like flashes wherewithal the Damned see
Their plagues) become another Hell. And thou
Shalt smart for this hereaster, as I now.
For my whole Sex, when they shall find their shame
Told in my Vow-breach by thy fatal name;
Their spleen shall all in one eye pointed be,
And then like Lightning darted all on thee.

## XI. The Sympathy.

Oul of my foul! it cannot be,
That you should weep, and I from tears be free.
All the vast room between both Poles,
Can never dull the sense of souls,
Knit in so fast a knot.
Oh! can you grieve, and think that I
Can feel no smart, because not nigh,
Or that I know it not?

Th'are heretick thoughts. Two Lutes are strung,
And on a Table tun'd alike for song;
Strike one, and that which none did touch,
Shall sympathizing sound as much,
As that which toucht you see.
Think then this world (which Heaven inroules)
Is but a Table round, and souls
More apprehensive be.

Know they that in their groffest parts, Mix by their hallowed loves intwised hearts,

This

This privilege boast, that no remove
Can e're infringe their sense of love.
Judge hence then our estate,
Since when we lov'd there was not put
Two earthen hearts in one brest, but
Two souls Co-animate.

#### XII.

#### The Reconcilement.

Ome now my fair one, let me love thee new, Since thou art new created. For 'tis true When forth diffain'd by loofe and wandring fears, Once purge themselves by penitential tears, They gain a fecond birth, and fcorn to flye At any mark but Noblest purity. Then who can tell that e're there was offence, Contrition does as much as Innocence. Black lines in Tablets once expung'd, they are Clear to each eye, and like their first age, fair. When Colours are discharg'd, and after dy'd Fresh by the Artist, can it then be spy'd Where the foil was? So Convert Magdalen Excell'd more after her Conversion, then Before the had offended: flips that be 'Twixt friends from frailty, are but as you fee Sad absence to strong lovers; when they meet, It makes their warm imbraces far more sweet.

Come then, and let us like two streams swell'd high, Meet, and with soft and gentle struglings try, How like their curling waves we mingle may, Till both be made one floud; then who can say Which this way flow'd, which that: For there will be Still water; close united Extasse.

That when we next shall but of motion dream, We both shall slide one way, both make one stream.

## XIII. A Farewell.

Wen by sad fate from hence I summon'd am, Call it not Absence, that's too mild a name. Believe it, dearest Soul, I cannot part, For who can live two Regions from his heart?

Unless

Unless as stars direct our humane sense, I live by your more powerful influence. No; say I am dissolv'd: for as a Cloud By the Suns vigour melted is, and strow'd On the Earths face, to be exhal'd again To the same beams that turn'd it into rain. So absent think me but as scatter'd dew, Till re-exhal'd again to Vertue; You.

#### XIV.

On the Lady Venetia Digby, found dead in her bed, leaning her bead on her hand.

R Ash Censure stay: nor he, nor the that's gone Must be condemn'd: unless to Fove alone Fate's folded up: So Lightnings fubt'lest flame Melts the cas'd steel, to which, which way it came No piercing eye can fee: As well we may Trace yonder fish which way she swam at Sea, Find th'Arrows flight, or by diffection tell Fancies that in that living brain did dwell. Yet she is gone; gone as the Dove which last Toss'd Noah sent from his op'd Ark to taste Freedom at large; but never to return, Till next aflood of fire the world shall burn. So prisoned Peter, whom fierce Hered kept, Th'Angel inlarges, while the dull Guard slept. So while the body in a funeral flame Crumbles to dust, from whence at first it came, In a dark odour fadning brightest day, Th'imagin'd foul, the Eagle, steals away.

Yet there are those, striving to salve their own Deep want of skill, have in a fury thrown Scandal on her, and say she wanted brain. Borchers of Nature! your eternal stain This judgment is. Can you believe that she Whose great persection was, that she was she, That she who was all Charm, whose frail parts Could captivate by troups even noblest hearts, And from wise men, with slowing grace conquer More than they had, untill they met with her? Can you believe a Brain, the common tye Of each flat Sex, could ever towre so high, As to sway her, from whose aspect did pass Life, death and happiness to men? This was

S

#### LUSORIA.

So far beyond your bare no more than lense, That you ne'r thought of that Intelligence Which did move her. Yet you may come to rail At the Celestial Orbes when theirs shall fail, Cause they should so stand still. And this was it Which made death mannerly, and strive to fit Himself with reverence to her; that now He came not like a Tyrant, on whose brow A pompous terrour hung, but in a strain Lovely and calm, as in the June Terain. That now, who most abhor him can but say, Gently he did imbrace her into clay: . And her, as Monument for time to come, Left her own statue, perfect for her tomb. As a rough Satyr, tam'd with love, espies Where his dear Nymph (weetly reposed lies, Softly doth steal a kisle, then shrinks away, Lest he awake his fouls foul: so we may Think death did here: So the pale amorous Moon On Latmos kiss'd sleeping Endymion In Mulick, wine and flumbers, so he try'd, Courted and won her: That henceforth the Bride, Fresh Youth, and Queens, shall in their bravest trim, The Bridegroom-Sports and Scepters, leave for him. This more shall follow, no Stagyrian brain Shall ever call him terrible again; Nor yet name Death, but when he shall come to't, He shall but only wink, and that shall do't.

#### XV.

#### An Epitaph on Robert Lord Spencer.

- I. The much lamented lies four wonders: One Old Hospitality, in this Age gone.

  A Spencer! Free, lov'd for his bounteous mind,
- 2. He spent his means, yet kept it; Lest behind A state increas'd with honour. And the third
- 3. Was, in him dy'd a good man and a Lord.
- 4. The last, These lost, yet not the world undone; Since all still hope them living in his Son.

#### See the San that guid, IVX

#### The Spring in the Rock.

Arth Maid! suppose not this clear Spring Can boyl thus cold by Natures course. No, 'tis a miracle, a thing That may thy hard hearts melting force. Know this cold Spring thou now dost see Was like me once: The Rock like thee.

This Spring was once a Lover true,
Turn'd all to Ice by coy difdain;
Till pitying gods his woes that knew,
Melted him thus to life again.
But love which alwayes racks the will,
Restless thus makes him bubble still.

Nor did she scape the gods just doom,
She Rock was made and could not shir:
So he that living could no room
Obtain, by death now dwells in her.
Oh rake heed then, repent and know
They that chang'd her can alter you.

#### Here ther ros life Examply X . Sex.

#### The Amazement.

Transpierc'd thy brest when thou dost her behold?

When yet before thou seest her face,
Thou dost believe with feeling grace,
Thou canst the story of thy Love unfold.

Alas, bold with that great appear,
And can inchant each Vulgar ear,
Blush when their tale to Princes must be told.

See the Roses being blown,
Shed their leaves and fall alone,
As shamed by a purer red of hers.
See the Clouds that cast their snow,
Which melts as soon as 'tis below,
When but a whiter white of her appears.
See the Silk-worm how she weaves
Her self to death among her leaves,
As broke with envy of her finer hairs.

See

See the Sun that guides the day,
Yet every Evening steals away,
And comes next morning blushing at his rise:
Nor is it for the sad mishap,
That he must leave his Their lap,
But that he is out-shin'd by her fair eyes.
If then the Creatures in their pride
Withdraw themselves, let wonder slide
Each high Aspect the Senses stupisses.

#### XVIII.

An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Farmor.

Hastely to live, one husband wed, he gone, Gravely to spend a Widowhood alone. Full seventeen redious years in memory. Of that dear worth which dy'd when he did dye: To make life one long act of goodness, gain. More love than the worlds malice e're could stain, Then calmly pass with sighs of every friend, Were those brave wayes which her so much commend, That 'tis no strong Line, but a Truth, to six, Here lies the best Example of her Sex.

#### AIX.

On a bopeful Youth.

As broke with saw of his mor bate

STay Passenger, and lend a tear,
Youth and Vertue both lie here.
Reading this know thou hast seen
Vertue tomb'd at but Fisteen.
And if after thou shalt see
Any young and good as he,
Think his vertues are reviving
For Examples of thy living.
Practise those and then thou may'st
Fearless dye where now thou stay'st.

#### XX.

An Answer to the Ode of, Come leave the loathed Stage, &c.

Ome leave this faucy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the fight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit,
That a fale Poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus his own.
I wonder by what Dowre
Or Patent you had power
From all to rap't a judgment. Let't suffice,
Had you been modest, y'had been granted wise.

'Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell
As a Translator: But when things require
A genius and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by others pains;
As oft y'have wanted brains
And art to strike the White,
As you have levell'd right:
Yet if men vouch not things Apocryphal,
You bellow, rave and spatter round your gall.

Fug, Pierce, Peck, Fly, and all
Your Jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able Brain,
As they do throw a stain
Through all th'unlikely plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles,
Where yet there is not laid
Before a Chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd, as might have serv'd of

Discourse so weigh'd, as might have serv'd of old For Schools, when they of Love and Valour told.

Why Rage then? when the show
Should Judgment be and Knowledge, that there are in Plush who scorn to drudge,
For Stages yet can judge
Not only Poets looser lives but wits,
And all their Perquisits.
A gift as rich as high
Is noble Poesse:

Yet though in sport it be for Kings a play,
'Tis next Mechanick when it works for pay.

Alcen

Alcans Lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreen

E're taught so bold assuming of the Bayes,
When they deserv'd no praise,
To rail men into approbation
Is new is yours alone,
And prospers not: For know
Fame is as coy as you

Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain,
Where self-conceit and choler of the blood
Eclipse what else is good:
Then if you please those raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your Crown
Till the world puts it on:
No dobt from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver Theme no Phabus ever saw.

## X X I. To Phryne.

Fum'd out, and hate thy glass for telling true,
When thy face shall be seen
Like to an Easter Apple gathered green:
When thy whole body shall
Be one foul wrinkle, lame and shrivell'd all,
So deep that men therein
May find a grave to bury shame and sin:
When no class youth shall be
Pouring thy bones into his lap and thee:
When thy own wanton fires
Shall leave to bubble up thy loose desires:
Then wilt thou sighing lye,
Repent and smart, and so by two deaths dye.

#### XXII.

To Mr. Dover on his Cotfwold Games.

Cummon'd by Fame (brave Dover) I can now Tell what it was old Poets meant to show In the feign'd stories of their Pegafus, Mufes and Mount, which they have left to us. Nor need we wonder fuch a flow of years Should roul away, when yet no light appears. Since Propheties and Fates predictions Come to be known, and are fulfill'd at once. So Delphos spake, and in a mystick fold Hid that, at once which acted was and told. What then was typ'd by Pegafus, but that Proud Troup of hery Couriers, muster'd at Thy Cosswold? where like rapid spheres they burld Strain for a falt, the seasoning of the world. Then the fagacious Hound, at losses mute Alone, shews Natures Logick in pursuit. But at thy other meeting, he is blind That cannot Muses and their musick find: Shewing that pleafure would be cold and dye, Without converse and noble harmony. The Ladies Muses are, there may you chuse A Patronels, each Mistress is a Muse. Nor does Apollo's Harp e're found more high, Than when 'tis vigour'd from a Ladies eye. Now to complete the story, I do see How future times will learn to title thee That Touth'd Apollo: So Mount Helicon Will Cosswold prove, which shall be fam'd alone, And facred all unto thy happy Name, That long shall dwell in the fair voice of Fame. For great theu must be: and as first, have prize, Or elfe, as th' Exit of the old Prophelies.

#### XXIII.

On Sir Rowland Cotton, famous for Letters and other parts.

Is Cotton dead? Then we may live to fee Wonder and Truth kifs in an Elegie: Nor shall the chaffy Vulgar dare to laugh, Finding no flattery in an Epitaph.

AI

All that here Art could speak would credit have, (Unless it be that he has found a Grave) Not as Lay-Catholicks, which do conclude Sins vertuous, 'cause Superiours do obtrude Penal belief upon them: But as things To which Mankind fad atteftation brings, For in what devious corner draws he breath, That hearing shrinks not at brave Cottons death? For whose dear sake great Nature seems to grone And throb, as if an Element were gone. At least he was her Index, wherein we Her Quadripartite Treasury might see, Veiwing in brief her Jems: For fure he knew More Tongues than were at Babels building new: And in fo many Languages could write, That he's learn'd now, that can but name them right. That Rubrick Sea of Learning which do's drown Niles rash Impostors with their puft-up Crown, Fled before him checking her waves, and there To his tharp judgment left her bottom bare. These shew'd his greatness, that he did converse Not with some Nations, but the Universe. So in his life from all extracting Art, They all in his fad loss must bear a part. And though those hands, which had so active been To out-do Nations, drew their vigour in, 'Twas not through want of any noble fire, But as great Princes indispos'd retire. Thus the not using feet of so rich price, Shew'd how he grew a bird of Paradife, Scorning the flag of man, till he became Volant above in a Celeftial flame; Whose loss we all now mourn. Yet that we might Find fair concordance twist his race and flight, Having presented rich and stately Scenes, He fcorn'd an Exit by the common means, As Moses pray'd he dy'd, Aaron and Hur Lifting those hands that wearyed could not stir. Or elfe, when he had warr'd and conquer'd all, That fubtle Schools abstrute and craggy call, Triumph'd o're Arts, Vertues, the world and wit, Scrength, Natures weakness, and the clogs in it, His own two Chaplains (to his height now grown) Seem'd to conduct him to receive his Crown.

to flatters in an isymaph.

## XXIV.

On a Gentlewoman, whose Nose was pitted with the Small Pox.

Hy (foul Disease) in cheek or eye Durst not thy small Impressions lye? Or why aspir'd'st thou to that place, The graceful Promont of her face? Alas! we see the Rose and Snow In one thou couldst not overthrow: And where the other did but please To look and thine, they kill'd disease. Then as some sulphurous spirit sent By the torne Airs distemperment, To a rich Palace; finds within Some Sainted Maid or Sheba Queen; And, not of power for her offence, Rifles the Chimney going hence. So thou too feeble to controul The Guest within, her purer soul. Hast out of spleen to things of grace, Left thy funk footsteps in the place. Yet fear not Maid, fince so much fair Is left, that thefe can those impair. Face-scars do not disgrace, but shew Valour well freed from a bold foe. Like Facobs tameness, this shall be Honour and Palme to Time and Thee.

## XXV.

Elegie on Mr. Fra. Leigh, who dyed of the Plague, May-day, 1637.

Hat means this solemn damp quite through the Strand
To Westminster? Oh! see how sad they stand!
Sorrow invadeth all: as when a Prince
Lov'd, is in pound of funeral waited hence.
The Town is sadned, and the Temples mourn,
As having lost what never can return.
The greedy Liewyer, and his proud pert Clark,
Lets fall his pleading and his pen, to mark
What 'tis amazes the litigious Hall.
When lo! the fatal murmur reaches all;
And through the shuffling throng the news is spred
In a faint whisper, Hopefal Leigh is dead!

Dead

Dead of the Plague! dead in his early Youth! Leaving quite widowed Handsomness and Truth. His shape was womans envy, and her stain; His mind all sweet, his Conversation gain To all, to whom he did the honour grant T'enjoy those parts, which Nobles boast, yet want. If he had errors, they were fuch as ne'r Could grow to faults, but the next riper year Would clean have chac'd away. For as from fire At the first kindling some smoak will aspire; So youth must be allow'd his vapours, which Maturity and time will turn to rich And brightning flames, whereby the world may prove, Though Man derive from Earth, he mounts to Fove. Scorning his foul should any other food Purfue, but that which is supremely good. Thus he affur'd, yet these in him with grief We find cut off by fate without relief. Nor was this all: the Plague which humbly fed, And only th'unfann'd Vulgar harraffed; Perhaps in pity, for to them a Grave Is far more bleft than that poor life they have, Now is exalted grown, and shews more grim, Boding a stroke at Gentry thorough him: And though already thousands be extinct, Yet they shall be recorded but as linkt In one dull mass together: In whose fall There shall no Plague be nam'd: but they that shall Mention this time, their Annal thus shall run, This year the first of May the Plague begun. And for his fake all our Successors shall This day the second evil May-day call.

# SONG.

O, cruel Maid, restore again
Thy snow and rubied lip,
Thy orbed Suns, thy skye of Vein,
Thy blush and jewell'd Tip.
I dare be sworn no Power Divine
E're meant them for that heart of thine,

I know, when th'Influence of the Pole
Fram'd thy cold heart of Ice,
Thou stol'st these from some kinder soul,
To blind the peoples eyes:

It could not be else thou shouldst thus Slight one whose love's Idolatrous.

The Chrystal Heaven that spheres about,
Though it be fair to see;
Unless it sends his moist Pearls out,
The world would ruin'd be:
So beauty mixt with coy distain,
Is but Heaven mark'd with murthers stain.

What though thou maist with thine eyes-wink
Check the presuming Sun;
They are but Tyrants that can think
Thave all that may be done.
Gods, Kings and Mistresses, should they
Do all they might, this All would all decay.

# XXVII.

Ommend a Womans mercy? 'Tis to fay Tygers are kind, to mif-call night for day. To fay there's vertue in a Witches will, Is truer far: their mercy's but to kill: Nay, if they did that foon enough, I'de fweat They creatures all compact of pity were. But they delight in lingring cruelty, To fee men fry in flames, and piece-meal dye.

Oh they are things, that Nature (vext with men)
Ordain'd for vengeance! and to plague them, then
When the her felf blutht at those cruel things
She meant in them to practise. Like those Kings
That smiling to carouse in bloud, appoint
Interior Executioners, to disjoynt
Men doom'd for murther; while themselves relent
To be but seers of the punishment.
So Nature turning Tyrant, woman made
Mens spirits scourge; instructing her to trade
In racking of their souls, to same their hearts,
And to dissect them in a thousand parts.

Their looks indeed speak pity, but they are Like Fowlers shraps, pleasing but to insnare; That men being thrall'd once in their custody, They may delight to see how sad they dye.

Cast thy self prostrate at their mercy gare, There sue for pity: Ah, 'tis to throw thy sate

And

And liberty to Pirats: 'tis to give Life unto those that will not let thee live, 'Tis to commit the blessings to the wave Of rugged Seas, in hope that That will save. Oh! have but so much Faith as to believe, They are the most obdurate things that live!

Tell them what plagues, what tortures and what wo, What hell exceeding pains you undergo For them; it is all one as if you told A tale to Flint, Images, or Marble cold. Their fongs, their smiles, their glancings, seemings glad, Are all but deaths in several Liveries clad. If e're they seem to pity, 'tis to know Your souls close secrets, then to laugh at you. Or else like Butchers, let their favours fall To fat you for their slaughter and the Stall. Or like the Flemming, that the Turk dispatches, Fills him with Cates, to sling him over hatches.

Live among women! ah, thou more fafely may'st Sleep in a bed with Snakes, with Scorpions jest: They sting the body, and it dyes; but these Infest the soul with such a sad disease, Whose plague lives everlastingly, and gives Nor rest, nor intermission, while thou liv'st. Their eyes false glasses are; that while the soul Wingsher fair course up to the starry Pole, They (like a Lark with daring) pull it down, And then for ever thrall it to their frown. Their tongues are Syrens notes, which still do train Th'hearers to death, which before they find, they gain. Their faces are th'extracted beauties of The world in one, which Nature made in scoff Of all elfe Excellencies: but therein She hid more treason than the world had fin. For well the knew those ills that would betide them, Would shew too foul, without a Veil to hide them. So that man might be lur'd, and not descry In Angels shape, she clad black mifery.

Envious Nature! fince thou needs wouldst make Torture for man, thou might'st have given a shape That should have shew'd it like an enemy: so Before he felt, he might have seen his wo: And not have trod pits strew'd with forged green, Whereby as men take beasts, so they take him. Before she was created, this world was Still as the Caspian Sea, quiet, a glass

ha A

Of firm contentment; wherein man might be Frolick some years, and not curse Destiny. But being made, the first act she did try Seduc'd Mankind, inletted policy. Taught him a way (which then he did not know) To carry murther in a smiling brow. Hence Fishers learn'd to angle, Huntsmen here To pitch their Toyls, hence Fowlers to insnare With cozening lures, hence Lawyers to egg on, And undo Clients with perswassion. Flatterers to kill: hence, Tradesmen to deceive, Physicians hence to gild the Pils they give. That now the world seems but one shop to be Of Stratagems, of Fraud and Roguery.

She's mischiefs powder-plot! that at one blow Gave Man and all the world an Overthrow. So primitively ill, that she ne'r cou'd Yet tell the ferile of honesty or good. And therefore at the first was forc'd to creep Into the world while man was dead afleep: Then in her young Creation wrought fuch fmart, As tore the Rib out that lay next his heart: For had he wak'd, and had but half his fenfe, He sooner would have cop'd with Pestilence, Then joyn'd with her: who so of joy bereft him, That ere night came, the for the Devil left him. And if it had not been to damn him too, Sh'had ne'r return'd, she lik'd his company so. The Serpent fure that tempted her could be But a meer Type of one more subtile, she Or else her own ill disposition The Serpent was, by which sh'was set upon. Hast thou a friend thou wishest free from scorn, From Hell within him? wish when he was born A sea-deep grave his mother did interre, And that the world of women dy'd with her. So if he never knew what woman was, He may in mirth and quiet his time pass. But he that after a worlds joy doth come But to spell Woman, is undone! undone! Her name is Exercisme, and the most fair Inchantresses the worst of witches are. Else how could they infatuate the souls Of wifest men, and soonest such? when fools, Not having noble room enough to hold Unbounded Love, are free by being cold.

Oh

Oh you Celeftial Powers! why did you lend Accursed man a soul, to be impenn'd In womens breafts; who use it with despite, When damning of their own can but requite? Yet that they may appear in some good strain, In pities name they'l wrap up their dildain, So murther you with tears and kindness; when They only weep that you are not the Man. And will you call this pity, when it is Spirit of torture, foul of miseries? Who's plagu'd thus, boldly may dare Nature to Find fuch another plague, man fo t'undo. For they that love, and do not meet with it, Are gnawn with burning Furies which do fit Whipping their anguisht souls in them, while they Are mad to dye, and cannot find the way.

Passion and Fury pulls that from my pen I never thought of: For they are to men (When they are loving) things fo precious, That man out of their fight is ruinous. Whatever large Philosophy could find Of Vertue, had Idea from their mind. Whatever Jems, Stars, Flowers or Metals show Of Beauty, does advanc't in Women flow. A Temple for the Deity fo fit, As Gods great Son left Heaven to dwell in it. From whence (when man was forfeit to the Law) He chose life and immortal flesh to draw. Nor can the world, with all that is below, A fecond shape so brave as Woman show. And I have heard, when Heaven and Nature did Study what bleffings to pour on mans head, It was agreed (his ruines to repair) He should enjoy a Woman good, kind, fair. So if they tax thee for thy pens amis, Tell'em thou mean'st they should read only this, Though all but she, that this converted hath, Are ten degrees below a Poets wrath.

# XXVIII.

To the Painter taking the Picture of the Lady Penclope Countess of Peterburgh.

Corbear! This face, if taken true,
Ruines thine Art: For when men view
So new a model of a Face,
So chaste, so sweet, 'twill quite disgrace

All thy old Rules: burifithy will Prefume to limb new laws for skill, Upon thy Pallat (fram'd by Art O'th' splinter of some conquer'd heart) Temper the Elements, be fure They be all four most calm and pure: From these perhaps thou may'st descry Her ev'n complexions harmony. For either Cheek, when you begin, Draw me a smiling Cherubin, For lips thou may'ft the Gemini track Of some high Holy-day Zodiack: For Brow and eyes thou shalt display The Ev'n and Morn, Creations day: It must be such a dawn and shade gin vic to As that day cast, wherein was made The Sun before mans damning Fall Threw a fogg'd guilt upon this All. Over this Figure raise me high Figures for stars i'th' convex'd skye; But give no colour, they will rife Bright from her efficacious eyes, Last, draw thy self and Pencil thrown Beneath her feet: For 'twill be known She's mistress of far braver Arts, Thou Faces tak'ft, but the takes Hearts, of W

### Can make the dum X I X X k.

Upon a breach of Promise.

Harb been and pathon weak,

SONG.

Am confirm'd in my belief,
No Woman hath a foul?
They but delude, that is the chief
To which their Fancies roul.

Elle how could bright search fail, beyow I When the her faith had given; and no O. Since Vows that others cars affail; was you A Recorded are in heaven; you want sail

Swell up his hopes of prife shandard off.

Till the crackt Spirit quite expression and the And with his Fortune dieserate.

So

So though they feem to cheer, and speak
Those things we most implore,
They do but flame us up to break,
Then never mind us more.

#### XXX.

To this written by a Gentlewoman, the Answer underneath was given.

D Elieve not him whom Love hath left so wise,

As to have power his own tale to tell;

For Childrens griefs do yield the loudest cryes,

And cold desires may be expressed well.

In well told Love most often falshood lyes.

But pity him that only sighs and Dyes.

# His Answer.

Yet trust him that a sad tale tells,
With sighs and tears in's eyes:
For Love with torture often dwells,
And can make Ideots wise:
Racks make the strongest roar, Love sticks no dart
But tips the tongue as well as wounds the heart.

Who loves, and dyes, and makes no show,
Hath heart and passion weak;
Since passions that are deep, we know,
Can make the dumb to speak.
Then never pity him whom death can cure,
But pity him that lives and must endure.

# Sho. N G. natio W old

Upid and Venus! who are these?

A Boy and common Tit,

Two lyes that Poets made in ease,

Or in some drunken fit,

Away, away, for I can prove

The Bastards shafts he headeth;

Mars and Loves Mother caught in chains,
He as his Prisoner leadeth,

And

And now I know the light that flyes, Is his bright Flame calm'd by Clarifa's eyes.

His locks and bolts can keep us out,
And to our bliffe convey us;
He can fecure us round about,
And then he can betray us.
He keeps me from my happiness, and he
Does prove great Capid when he lends his key.

#### XXXII.

This ensuing Copy the late Printer hath been pleased to bonour, by mistaking it among those of the most ingenious and too early lost, Sir John Suckling.

Me thinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted:
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of Deities, has still present with us, though unlighted.

Thus while I fit and figh the day,
With all his foreading lights away,
Till nights black wings do overtake me:
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As fudden lights do fleeping men,
So they by their bright rayes awake me.

Thus absence dyes, and dying proves
No absence can consist with Loves.
That do parrake of fair perfection:
Since in the darkest night they may
By their quick motion find a way
To see each other by resection.

The waving Sex can with such flood,
Bath some high Palace that hath stood
Far from the Main up in the River:
Oh think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an Ocean too,
That flows not every day, but ever.

V Mon I but hoar her ling, I fare.

tome bright flat in the fapremelt Rounds

SONG

domandT

Through which, besides the light that's seen, There may be heard, from Heaven within, The Rests of Anthems, that the Angels sound.

## XXXV.

Considerations of one design'd for a Nunnery.

'Tis to be thought upon,

7 Hether i'th'bud and prime of blooming Youth (When each small fybre of the Soul shoots forth, Warm'd by that Vernal Sun, which then invites it) I shall my felf, and future life give up, Immur'd, a facrifice to Avarice And Opinion: For if it be not such, What can my being thus a cold Recluse Be to th'advantage of my Parents fouls? My Charity shall be my own, not theirs; Nor can my Vigils or abstemious frost, Or cool or expiate, the smallest fume, Of their intemperate heat; but it will on, ! Not minding me, or my pale Orifons. Nay, had they mued up thus themselves, I had No being had at all, to argue this. Why then being come into the world by Providence, May not I take that turn the gods have given me, Without (as foon as entred, like a thing Imperfect made ) to be turn'd our again, As quite unworthy those great bounteous favors, Heaven and free Nature had delign'd me to?

Oh but the benefits,

To avoid the thraldom of imperious Love,
The hazards of contempt, and calumny,
The heats and Hecticks both of Fear, and Love,
The qualms, and throws of Marryed life, the frets
And cumbers, humming 'bout the Heards of families:
To ride fecure out of the reach of Fortune,
O're looking all those rouling tides of Fate,
Which worldlings still are hurryed with; and then
To be wrapt up in Innocence, a Privado
Dear, and familiar to the Deity;
Is surely a condition to be catche at,
With all th'expansions both of mind, and body!
But then again to weigh the Cancelling
Of what I'm born to, tugging all my life

Against

Against the Tyde; still streining up the hill: The Plains and pleasant Vallies ever hidden. What is it less then the bold undertaking Of a perpetual war with Nature? which how well I can come off with, is to me unknown. Though, being in, I must go on, whatever Stops I meet: Vows lock us up for ever, Without their leaving of a key to loofe us. Must I not then, in spight of all Reluctance, Wade on, however the deep Current drives me? But does not Nature in her general course, Design all Creatures to their fixed end? Did the wife God of Nature give me Sex Only to cast it off? were all our flames Rais'd, to be kept but in perpetual smother? Must we have fire still glowing under us, Only that we with constant Lading may Keep our felves cool, and check our boyling fervor? Our Paffions, our Affections and Defires, We are injoyn'd to regulate, not deposite quite. Why were their Objects lent us, fet before Our open eyes, and we forbid to view them? Our joyes, our hopes, the feathers of the foul, Were never meant us to become our torment. I cannot think so meanly of the Deity, That it should fill our fails with pregnant gales, And yet forbid us touch those pleasing Coasts, That thereby we are driven to. Vile disguise Is Impotency's child, and noble Nature scorns, (Looking streight on) but once to glance aside In all the Elements. What one creature is there That is not acted by the flames of Love? The Mole, that wears no window for the Sun, Finds yet a light that leads to genial Love. Those birds, that yearly sleep a Winters death, Each spring to mighty Love resuscitate. The fish that freezeth under floors of Ice, In his fet feafon thaws and Kippers love. Who taught cold worms from their dark holes to meet, And in an amorous close to glue themselves Till Natures work be done? If Love be fire, As 'tis the blaze of life, it then must have Fuel to feed on. All spiritual is Too fine for flesh to live by; and too grosse Is food corporeal all: As man is mixt, So his affections object must. Love temper'd right

Is chatte as cold Virginity. And fince
He merits more, that means unbound to pay,
Than he that is ty'd up to strict Conditions:
I'le rather chuse to keep my self in that
Estate my wise Creator did appoint me,
Then to mistrust his Grace, and out of sear
Lock up in forced chains my free-born Soul.

#### XXXVI.

In Gulielmi Laud, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, Decollationem, Jan. 10. 1643.

Stupesce Viator! & Miranda Fatilege,
Explebeia stirpe, quem ad summum provexit Casar
Conservare nequit.
Subditorum usurpata Potestas,
Justa Regum, major nunc irrepta est.
Insons autem, ergo & Intrepidus cecidit.
Ac postquam Scotorum Illecebra, diu factus,
Sine Lege,

Legis Libamen exciderit;
Ordinatione inopinata & temporaria,
Vita (nunquam redimenda)
In perpetuum dempta est.
Magna Ausus improsperè,
Parabat Odium.

Qued noxium, dum incapitalem pronunciat, Pracanum tamen Capite truncatum voluit: Et per quadriennium, cum causa agrè investigata, Rabies Civium, Livor Populi, Comitiorum arbitraria libido (suffulta gladio) Tandem propalarunt.

Tanta mundanorum omnium Spharisteria, Ut dum Antistes patitur, Antistes & Supplicit extat. Quocum Majestas Principum, Procerum Tutela,

Ecclesia Parrimonium,
Libertas Subjecti,
Es Britannici orbis immunitas,
Simul pro tempore Tumulantur.
Abi Viator, Luge; ut mortem conculcares,

ney for fire Conference first: and then

I's not in gode to give content to men.

eave not power to chule,

On

# XXXVII.

On Thomas Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, who dyed Decemb. 1640.

E need not search for penitent sinners tears, For Blacks - the widow or wrong'd Orphan wears, For fighs from Kings deposed, or for grief From shipwreckt Merchants, banisht all relief. Nor need we here Laments t'embalm this Herfe, That flattering Poets strain from bleeding Verse. Here petry streams not only Currents pay, But all the Ocean flouds each dryest way. 'Tis not an Angle, Province, that or this That weeps: The general Kingdom Mourner is. Nor is't a Plank or prop that's lost by Fate, But 'tis a Capital Column of the State. Which here so summons grief, that all men good Approach, and bring fad Tribute to the floud: That now this Isle not only seems to be Inviron'd round with waves, but waves to be. Our London is turn'd Venice, and our gay Pallaces peer, as plac'd in a falt Bay. Where Tydes of forrow make us think we meet Not men on Land, but Rowers in the street. And when we hence a stage or two shall pass, We shall see clearer what our last Scene was.

Who is't hereafter that shall dare to draw A Line to part Prerogative and Law? And thew from each - Man may, by fair Acquist, Be both a Patriot and a Royalift. Who can dispatch so much so well, so free From Fear, from Favour, stain or Bribery? Who shall discover now those flourisht sleights, The Lawyers offer for pretended rights? When all their Pleadings, Oratory, Law, Is but the Judge to judge amifs, to draw. Who shall at first relation hear, and spy The knot? and that not cut but well untye? Who shall like Virgo in the Zodiack (fit) Between bold Lee and just Libra sit, Stern Justice to pronounce? which they that lose Must praise, because they have not power to chuse, Unless they forfeit Conscience first: and then 'Tis not in gods to give content to men.

OR

Who

Who shall spring up his heir of Brain? so keen, So solid and so strong, as had he been The living Volume of the Law, he cou'd Not have done more, or more diffusive good.

Th'unfriended's Patron, the oppressed's shield;
The Fort of Truth, untaught by charms to yield:
That knew his right of Place, and durst 'gainst all
Maintain't; whilst none durst it in question call.
The Subjects Anchor; yet in's just intent
His Royal Princes noblest instrument.
Strong proof 'gainst all corruption; and 'gainst all
Malice could vent from her invenom'd Gall
He was triumphant still: not the least stain
But did glide off, as from oyl'd Satten rain.

Advanc'd on Judgments Throne, he did not rife T'ore look himself, or others to despise. For well he knew, ev'n Kings are not exempt, But if they fow Disdain, they reap Contempt. His were not Courts alone, but Readings; there The Bar was throng'd rather to learn than hear. Nor were men check'd or jested from their right, Council he did but rectifie, not bite. Not empty, swell'd with State; as if his word Could less with reason awe, than with My Lord. No payments with Court-frowns; or fuch fowre looks As could blot debts from some poor Tradesmens books, No itch, nor yet contempt of Fame; which flyes Yet most to those who merit more, than prize. Not cholerick out of greatness: Such i'th' skye Of Honour, drawn up by the Suns heat high, Hang fir'd and sparkle, threat some dire event To fright the world with; but their slime once spent, They then, not in vast Seas or Royal Thames, But in some puddle quench their Bearded Flames. In midst of Tempests calm! He had command

In passions strain'd Career to make a stand, So Armies bravely disciplin'd, exalt In winged Marches, and then make an Alt. Not hurryed into rage by weakness; Wit And Judgment never with wild Fury sit. The Sun in's temperate Zone does gently turn The Spring: In Torrid, does not warm but burn. True wisdoms God is never found in noise; But that God was found in the cool soft voice.

A Life in all so blemishless, that we Enoch's return may sooner hope, than he

Should

Should be outshin'd by any. More's learned wit,
Nor Bacon's miracl'd Fancy e're can sit
Lostier in Fames high Tower, than what we see
Flows from his lasting Names integrity.
Nor is this Fancy, catcht report, or guess,
For all have seen what all these lines profess.
So though the Poet be lest out, yet I
From Truth and Himmay reach Exernity.

These shadows were; he that would do him right, Must History, and not a Poem write. He must draw Cato, Solon, Cicero, in Even all the Sages, and our own Laws too. For in that History he must devise To paint out all Philosophy calls wife. He must describe the gods olympus, where Honours best Exercises acted were. Whose Base was firm and fruitful, but we find His calm top dwelt above or Clouds or Wind. He must limb spirits never tir'd; such parts As had of equal rule all the best Arts. He must two wonders tell; in him (both eas'd) The Prince and People fifteen years well pleas'd. The other, All his wayes fo ballanc'd were, As no bale wit in Libel durst appear. Then he must dye, to make the world confess A wife man only is then one God less, Last, let there be a generous Odor fann'd By fost perfumed winds through all the Land: Then like rich effence in the locks of Fame If't stick and last for ever, that's his Name.

# XXXVIII

Upon Abolishing the Feast of the Nativity of our blessed Saviour, Anno 1643.

Shall we go on in rage, and ftill
Rejoyce when Brothers Brothers kill?
Shall we each year the growing State
Of our great Senate celebrate?
Shall annual Rights and heightned mirth
Frolick each petry Princes Birth?
And shall the Lord of Life's blest day
Be thrown away?

Dear

Since God at first his stamp did fer,
And man till now continued it.

I'le shew my joy and thanks: Suppose the state of th

ing all t

No day fince the Creation yet

Was grac'd like it:

Crouded with miracles it came
Into the world: the Heavens proclaim
By new created light, the Thing;

While th'Hosts of God descend and sing,
The joy to Shepherds th'Angel brings,
And a bright star does summon Kings.

To all mankind glad tydings styes,

To th'weak and wise.

The Subject's ty'd

The Subject's ty'd

Tobey him in his Vice Roy: So

Where God my Father fayes not No,

There my bleft Mother, his chafte Spoufe,

The Church, as Miftrels, rules the House.

No Steward of a private Farme

Shall there my just Obedience charme.

Fews may reject the day, but I

Will Christian dye.

# sipir'd from Hell XIXXX hand or pen.

: On Mr. Mynshull.

M Istake not this, 'tis not his Monument;
That worth is poor can in a Tomb be pent.
Imagine Man unfaln! constant to Truth:
Thereby you may collect what was his Youth.
Propose the Schools in practice, marry the Arts
To sweetness, till they prove a charm for hearts:
Erect a Centre, where the fervent Love
Of Lord and Labourer together move

And

And meet: till there be made by it agen
Atonement 'twist the worlds frail gods and men.
Think that brave Name which fcorns to have an end,
Th'unfound Idea of a perfect friend.
Let him live lov'd as Women, th'Spring or Health
By Fever'd men, or as by th'Usurer wealth.
And when he dyes, let all that Interest have
In goodness, pay sad Tribute to his grave.
When thou hast scann'd all this, thou then may'st see
What 'tis these poor Materials would tell thee.
For 'tis the Trophy of those Breasts that grieve,
That Mynshall being all this, does not still live.

#### XL.

#### AN EPITAPH

To the Eternal Memory of CHARLES the First, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. Inhumanely murthered by a perfidious Party of His prevalent Subjects, Jan. 30. 1648.

THen He had shewn the world, that He was King Of all those Vertues that can Honour bring ; And by His Princely Graces made it known, That Rule was so inherently His Own, That His great Parts might justly Him prefer Not to two liles, but the worlds Emperor. When His large Soul in sufferings had out-shin'd All Fobs vast Patience: and in His clear Mind Had rivall'd Solomons Wildom, but out gone His Temperance, in his most tempting Throne. When by a Noble Christian Fortitude, He had ferenely tryumph'd o're all rude And barbarous Indignities that men (Inspir'd from Hell) could act by hand or pen. When He to fave the Church had shed His blood, And dy'd for being (only) Wife and Good: When His three Kingdoms in a well-weigh'd fenle He'd rather lofe, than a good Conscience: As knowing, 'twas a far more glorious thing To dye a MARTIR, than to live a KING. When He had copy'd out in every Line, Our Saviours Passion (bating the Divine) Nay, even His Prayers and Gospel, if we look Impartially upon His peerless Book;

A Book fo rarely good, we read in one The Pfalms and Proverbs, David-Solomon; With all that high-born Charity, which shines Quite through the great Apostles sacred lines: That, spight of rage, next future Ages shall Hold it (with Reverence stamp'd) Canonical, When Herod, Judas, Pilate, and the Fews, Scots, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and the shag-haird Mens Had quite out-acted, and by their damn'd Cry Of injur'd Justice, lessened Crucifie: When He had prov'd, that fince the world began; So many Tears were never shed for Man: Since so belov'd he fell, that with pure grief His Subjects dy'd, 'cause he was reft of Life: When to convince the Heretick worlds base thought, His Royal Bloud true miracles had wrought: When it appear'd, He to this world was fent, The Glory of KINGS, but Shame of PARLIAMENT: The stain of th' English that can never dye; The Protestants perpetual Infamy: When He had rose thus, Truths great Sacrifice, Here CHARLES the First, and CHRIST the second lyes.

# XLI.

# On the Lady E. M.

Ter Prudence, Wit and Memory being told,
Death seiz'd her streight; mistook her to be old.
A sheet of Bacon's catch'd at more, we know,
Than all sad Fox, long Holinshead or Stow.
She was but Eight; yet judgment had such store,
Upon a just Compute she dy'd Threescore.
Ladies, take heed how to be wise you try,
For 'tis resolv'd, who will be wise must dye.

FINIS.

LIFE OF STREET P. 

More allowed was a second of the second of t the poly of word of word by the sollen. who will bivid mult live. 198 1 2 7 1 1

ABRIEF

# CHARACTER

OF THE

# Low-Countries

UNDER THE

# STATES.

VVritten long fince.

Being three Weeks Observation of the Vices

and Virtues of the

IN HABITANTS.

- Non Seria semper.



LONDON:

Printed for A. Seile, Anno Dom. 1670.

ABRIES CHARACITER SETHE Low-Countries HNDER THE Virginian long fince. Being three Weeks Observation of the Vice and Viewes of the IN HARITAN TS Non Sens Jopper. 07,74 200 X 01

for eff. Seiles, Anno Plom,

# PRINTER

TO THE

# READER.

S I live, Gentlemen, I am amazd how any Piece could be made fuch minc'd-meat as this bath been by a twice-printed Copy, which I find flying abroad to a-

buse the Author, who long since travelling for companies-sake with a Friend into the Low-Countries, would needs for his own recreation write this Essay of them as he then found them: I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it publick, as he was from any private spleen to the Nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to print it, but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his puerilia, and (as he said) a Piece too light for a prudential man to publish: The truth is, it was meerly occasional in his Youth, and the time so little that he had for observation ( his stay there not being above three Weeks.) that it could not well be expected be should fay more: and though the former part be joculary



# Three VVeeks Observations

OF THE

# LOW-COUNTRIES:

ESPECIALLY

HOLLAND.



Hey are a general Sea land: the great Bog of Europe. There is not such another Marsh in the world, that's flat. They are an universal Quagmire; Epitomiz'd, A green Cheese in pickle. There is in them an Aquilibrum of mud and water. A strong Earth quake would shake them to a Chaos, from which the successive force of

to a Chaos, from which the successive force of the Sun, rather than Creation, hath a little amended them. They are the Ingredients of a Black-pudding, and want only stirring together: Marry, 'tis best making on't in a dry Summer, else you will have more blood than grist, and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to spread under it Zona Torrida, and so dry it for Turs.

Sayes one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other Regions; If they dye in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their Neighbors. And for this cause perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their centre. Besides, their Riches shew them to be of Pluto's Region, and you all know what part that was which the Poets did of old assign him. Here is Styx, Acheron, Coyum, and the rest of those muddy Streams, that have made matter for the Fablers. Almost every one is a Charon here, and if you have but a Naulum to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To consirme all, let but some of our Separatists be asked, and they shall swear that the Elizian Fields are there.

It is an excellent Country for a despairing Lover, for every corner affords him Willow to make a Garland of; but if Justice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may in spight of the Sentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his spirits than suf-

focate them, so rather chuse to feed Lobsters than Crows; 'tis but leaping from his window and he lights in a River or Sea; for most of their dwellings stand like Privies in Moted houses, hanging still over the water. If none of these cure him, keep him but a Winter

in a house without a Stove, and that shall cool him.

The Soyl is all far, though wanting the colour to shew it so; for indeed it is the Buttock of the world, full of veins and blood, but no bones in't. Had Saint Steven been condemn'd to suffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unless it be in their paved Cities, Gold is a great deal more plentiful than stones; except it be living ones, and then for their heaviness you may take in almost all the Nation.

'Tis a fingular place to fat Monkies in; there are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moist, abound with these. No Creatures; for sure they were bred, not made: Were they but as venemous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the Hesperides were here, and these the Dragons that did guard them.

You may travail the Countrey though you have not a Guide; for you cannot baulk your Rode without the hazard of drowning: there is not there any use of an Harbinger: wheresoever men go, the way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their walls, Rome would be esteemed a bauble: Twenty miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be hurryed on one of them, where if your Fore-man be sober, you may travail in safety, otherwise you must have stronger Faith than Peter had, else you sink immediately. A starting horse endangers you to two deaths at once, breaking of your neck, and drowning.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your Waggon shall shake as it were Ague-strucken. Duke D' Alva's taxing of the tenth penny frighted it into a Palsey, which all the Mountebanks they have bred since could never tell how to

cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of swimming earth, ar a flag somewhat thicker than ordinary; if the strings crack your course is shortned, you can neither hope for Heaven nor fear Hell, you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Marry, if your Faith flow Purgatory-height, you may pray if you will for that to clense you from the Mud shall soyl you.

'Tis a Green fod in water, where if the German Eagle dares to bathe himself, he's glad again to pearch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that feem wonders: 'Tis ordinary to fee them fish for fire in water, which they catch in Nets and transport to Land in their Boats, where they spread it more smoothly than a Mercy doth his Velvet, when he would hook in an heir upon his coming to age. Thus lying in a field you would think you saw a Cantle of green Cheese spread over with black Butter.

T

the process of the formal control of the for

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la

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If Einabe Hells mouth or Fore-gate, fure here is found the Poflern. 'Tis the Port-Esquiline of the world, where the full earth doth went her crude black gore, which the Inhabitants scrape away for fuel, as men with Spoons do excrements from Civit-cats.

Their ordinary Pack-horses are all of wood, carry their Bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A strong Tyde and a stiff Gale are the spurs that make them speedy: when they travail they touch no ground, and when they stand still they ride, and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way.

There is a Province among them, where every woman carries a Cony in a Lamb-skin. 'Tis a custom, and not one that travels ever leaves it behind her. Now guess if you can, what beast that is, which

is clad in a Fur both of hair and wool.

They dress their meat in aqua Cælesti, for it springs not as ours from the Earth, but comes to them as Manna to the Israelises, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it stinks, and then they pump it out again for use: So when you wash your face with one hand, you had need hold your nose with the other; for though it be not cordial, 'tis certainly a strong water.

The Elements are here at variance, the subtile overswaying the grosser; the Fire consumes the Earth, and the Air the Water: they burn Turfs, and drein their grounds with Wind-mills; as if the Cholick were a remedy for the Stone; and they would prove against Philosophy the worlds Conslagration to be natural, even shewing there-

by that the very Element of Earth is combustible.

The Land that they have, they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard; they have a method in Mowing: 'tis so intervein'd with water and rivers, that it is impossible to make a Common among them. Even the Brownists are here at a stand, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will finde. Our Justices would be much at ease, although our English Poor were still among them; for whatsoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure had the wise men of Gotham lived here, they would have studied some other death for their Cuckoe.

Their Ditches they frame as they lift, and diftinguish them into mooks, as my Lord Mayors Cook doth his Custards. Cleanse them they do often; but 'tis as Physicians give their Potions, more to catch

the fish than cast the mud out.

Though their Countrey be part of a main Land, yet every house almost stands in an Island: and that, though a Boor dwell in it, looks as smug as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her Colours, and laid by her Irons. A gallant Masquing Suit sits not more complete than a Coat of Thatch, though of many years wearing.

If it fland dry, 'tis imbraced by Vines, as if it were against the nature of a Dutch-man not to have Baschus his Neighbour. If you find it lower seated, 'tis only a close Arbor in a plump of Willows and

Alders 3

Alders; pleasant enough while the Dog-dayes last; but those past once, you must practise wading, or be prisoner till the next Spring. Only a hard frost with the help of a Sledge may release you.

The Bridge to this is an outlandish Plank, with a box of stones to poise it withal, which with the least help turns round, like the Executioner when he whips off a head. That when the Master is over,

stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'Tis fure his fear that renders him suspicious: That he may there fore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his Window made over his door. But it may be that is to shew you his Pedigree, for though his Ancestors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in spight of Heraldry) shall bear their Atchievement with a Helmet for a Baron at least. Marry, the Field perhaps shall be charged with there Basquets, to shew what Trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald, and he that has but wit enough to invent a Coat,

may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the house, the first thing you encounterisa Looking-glass: No question but a true Embleme of politick hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own figure, 'tis yet no longer than while you are there before it: when you are gone once, it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you e're were there.

The next are the Vessels of the house, marshalled about the room like Watchmen: All as neat as if you were in a Citizens wives Cabinet; for unless it be themselves, they let none of Gods creatures

lofe any thing of their native beauty.

Their houses, especially in their Cities are the best eye beauties of their Countrey: for cost and sight they far exceed our English, but they want their magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their out-side, not in Hangings but Pictures, which even the poorest are there furnisht with: Not a Cobler but has his toyes for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another Bartholomew Fair in Europe.

Their Artists for these are as rare as thought, for they can paint you a fat Hen in her seathers; and if you want the Language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their Signs, for what they are they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honesty than

they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets: and those that live soofely need not fear one purishment which often vexes such with us; they may be sure, though they be discovered, they shall not be carted.

All their Merchandise they draw through the streets on Sledges;

or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their rooms are but feveral fand-boxes: if fo, you must either go

out to fpit, or blush when you fee the Map brought.

Their beds are no other than land-cabines, high enough to need a ladder

ladder or stairs. Up once, you are walled in with Wainscor, and that is good discretion to avoid the trouble of making your Will every night, for once falling out else would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you shall leave your friends, that you dy'd inclean linnen.

Whatsoever their estates be, their houses must be fair. Therefore from Amsterdam they have banish Sea-cole, lest it soil their buildings, of which the statelier fort are sometimes sententious, and in the front carry some conceit of the Owner. As to give you a taste in these

ChilitVs ADIVior MeVs; Hoc abdicato Perenne Quaro; HIC MeDIo 1VilVs IIVr.

Every door feems studded with Diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there were not a quality incident to Iron. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls. Go to one, you shall find the Andirons stut up in net-work. At a second, the Warming-pan muffled in Italian Cut-work. At a third, the Sconce clad in Cambrick, and like a Crown advanced in the middle of the house, for the woman there is the head of the husband, so takes the horn to her own charge, which she sometimes multiplies, and bestows the increase on her Man.

'Tis true, they are not fo ready at this play as the English, for neither are they so generally bred to't, nor are their men such linnen-listers. Idleness and Courtship has not banish't honesty. They speak more, and do less; yet doth their bloud boyl high and their veins are full, which argues strongly that when they will they may take up the custome of entertaining strangers: And having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard they trade more for love than money, but 'tis of the sport, not the man, and therefore when they like the passime they will reward the Gamester; otherwise their gross feed and clownish breeding hath spoiled them for being nobly minded. And if you once in publick discover her private favours, or pretend to more than is civil, she falls off like Fairy wealth disclosed, and turns like Beer with lightning to a sowreness, which neither Art nor labour can ever make sweet again.

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But this I must give you on report only; experience herein hath neither made me fool nor wife.

The people are generally Boorish, yet none but may be bred to a States man, they having all this gift, not to be so nice-conscienced, but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Countrey is the god they worship, war is their Heaven, peace is their Hell, and the Spaniard is the Devil they hate. Custom is their Law, and their will, reason.

You may sooner convert a Jew, than make an ordinary Dutch-man

yield to Arguments that cross him: An old Faud is easilier turned Puritan, than a Waggoner perswaded not to bait thrice in nine miles: And when he doth, his horses must not stir, but have their Manger brought them into the way, where in a top-sweat they eat their grass, and drink their water, and presently after hurry away; for they ever drive as if they were all the sons of Nimshi, and were suriously either pursuing an enemy, or slying him.

His spirits are generated from the English Beer, and that makes him head-strong: His body is built of Pickled-Herring, and they render him testy: These with a little Butter, Onyons and Holland-Cheese, are the Ingredients of an ordinary Dutch-man; which a Voyage to the East-Indies, with the heat of the Equinotital, con-

folidates.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground, and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his Masque and Gloves, or with him to hide his face, that he may appear more lovely. For that, and his hands are \*\*Egypt\*, however his body be \*\*Europe\*\*. He hath exposed them so much to the Sun and Water, as he is now his own disguise, and without a Vizor may serve in any \*\*Anti-Masque\*\* you put him in.

For their condition they are Churlith as their breeder Neptune; and without doubt very ancient, for they were bred before Manners were in fashion. Yet all they have not, they account superfluity,

which they fay mendeth fome, and marreth many.

They should make good Justices, for they respect neither perfons nor apparel: A Boor in his liquor'd Slop, shall have as much good usage as a Courtier in his bravery, nay more, for he that is but Courtly or gentile, is among them like a Merlin after Michaelmas in the field with Crows. They wonder at and envy, but worship no such Images, Marry, with a Silver hook you shall catch these Gudgeons presently: the love of gain being to them as natural as water to a Goose, or Carrion to any Kite that slyes.

They are feldome deceived, for they trust no body; so by consequence are better to hold a Fort than win it; yet they can do both. Trust them you must if you travel; for to ask a Bill of particulars, is to purre in a Wasps nest: you must pay what they ask, as sure as if

it were the affestement of a Subsidy.

Complement is an idleness they were never train'd up in, and tis their happiness that Court-vanities have not stole away their

minds from business.

Their being Sailors and Souldiers have marred two parts already, if they bathe once in Court oyle they are painted Trap-doors. And shall then let the *Fews* build a City where *Harlem Mere* is, and after cozen 'em on't.

They shall abuse a stranger for nothing, and after a few base terms scotch one another to a Carbonado; or as they do their Roches when

they fry them.

Nothing

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty, yet when they have them, they abuse both; but if you tell them so, you awake their sury, and you may sooner calm the Sea than conjure that into compass again. Their anger hath no eyes, and their judgment doth not flow so much from reason as passion and partiality.

They are in a manner all Aquatiles, and therefore the Spaniard calls them Water-dogs. To this though you need not condescend, yet withall you may think they can catch you a Duck as soon. Seagulls do not swim more readily, nor More-hens from their nest run sooner to the water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if Elizeus his Axe were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but those that do for them, and when they leave off they neglect them. They have no friends but their Kindred, which at every Wedding, feast among themselves like Tribes.

All that help them not they hold Popish, and take it for an argument of much honesty, to rail bitterly against the King of spain. And certainly this is the badge of an ill nature, when they have once cast off the yoke, to be most virulent against those to whom of right they owe respect and service. Grateful dispositions, though by their Lords they be exempt from service, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am consident, that had they not been once the Subjects of Spain, they would have loved the Nation better: But now out of dying duties ashes all the blazes of hostility and slame. And its sufficient to continue their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the Subjects of that most Catholick Crown.

Their (hipping is the Babel which they boast on for the glory of their Nation: 'tis indeed a wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope they will never be so mighty by Land, lest they shew us how doggedly they can insult where they get the mastery.

Tis their own Chronicle business, which can tell you, that at the Siege of Leyden, a Fort being held by the Spanish, by the Dusch was after taken by Assault; the Defendants were put to the Sword, where one of the Dusch in the sury of the slaughter ript up the Captains body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet living heart, panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it still warm with blood into gobbets, which he spitted over the Battlements in desiance to the rest of the Army.

Oh Tigers breed! the Scythian Bear could ne're have been more savage: To be necessitated into cruelty, is a missfortune to the strongly tempted to it; but to let spleen rave and mad it in resist-less blood, shews nature steep'd i'th livid gall of passion, and beyond all brutishness displayes the un-noble tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the whip of Spain, or the Arme wherewith they pull away his Indies. Nature hath not bred them so active for the

land as some others; but at Sea they are water-devils, to attempt things incredible.

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all than save some, while others perish: but single they will slag and fear like birds

in a bush, when the Sparrow-Hawks bells are heard.

A Turkijh Man-of-war is as dreadful to them as a Falcon to a Mallard; from whom their best remedy is to steal away: But if they fall to blows, they want the valiant stoutness of the English, who will rather expire bravely in a bold resistance, than yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an Enemy. And this shews they have not yet learned even Pagan Philosophy, which ever preferred an honourable death before a life thralled to perpetual slavery.

Their Ships lye like high Woods in Winter; and if you view them on the North fide you frieze without hope, for they ride so thick, that you can through them see no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as Beggars with us: they can drink, rail, (wear, niggle, steal, and be lowfie alike; but examining their use, a mess of their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boisterous rudeness can work, and live, and toyl, whereas ours will rather laze themselves to poverty; and like Cabages left out in

Winter, rot away in the loathformels of a naufeous floth.

Almost all among them are Seamen born, and like Frogs can live both on land and water. Not a Countrey Vriester but can handle an Oar, steer a Boat, raise a Mast, and bear you out in the roughest straits you come in. The Ship she avouches much better for sleep than a bed. Being full of humours that is her Cradle which lulls and rocks her to a dull phlegmatickness, most of them looking like a full grown Oyster boil'd. Slime, humid air, water and wet dyer, have so bagg'd their cheeks, that some would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countreys government is a Democracy, and there had need be many to rule such a Rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earnest: the very name carries servitude in it, and they hate it more than a Jew doth Images, a wo-

man old age, or a Non-conformist a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Countrey to Families. They are chosen all as our Kings chuse Sheriffs for the Counties; not for their sin of wit, but for the wealth they have to bear it out withall; which they so over-affect, that Myn Here shall walk the streets as Usurers go to Baudy-houses all alone and melancholy: And if they may be had cheap, he will daub his faced Cloke with two penny worth of Pickled herrings, which himself shall carry home in a string. A common voice hath given him preeminence, and he loses it by living as he did when he was a Boor. But if you pardon what is past, they are about thinking it time to learn more civility.

Their

Their Justice is thrick if it cross not policy: but rather than hinder Traffique, tolerates any thing.

There is not under heaven such a Den of several Serpents as Amsterdam is, you may be what Devil you will, so you push not the

State with your horns.

Tis an University of all Religions, which grow here confusedly (like stocks in a Nursery) without either order or pruning. If you be unsetled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like belt. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow of two

that would be a Church by themselves.

Tis the Fair of all the Sccts, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toyes, their Ribbands, and Phanatick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which Romists stick upon them; for (fay they) as the Chameleon changes into all colours but white, so they admit of all Religions but the true : For the Papist only may not exercise his in publick; yet his restraint they plead is not in hatred but justice, because the Spaniard abridges the Protestant: and they had rather thew a little spleen, than not cry quit with their enemy. His act is their warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason, rather than the Dunkirks they take shall not dye, Amsterdam having none of their own, shall borrow a Hangman from Harlem.

Now albeit the Papifts do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless Toleration, which shews they place their Republick in a higher efteem than Heaven it felf; and had rather cross upon Godthan it. For whosoever disturbs the Civil Government is lyable to punishment; but the Decrees of Heaven and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break uncheck'd, by professing what false Religion he please. So Conjulary Rome of old brought all the stragling gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded Superstition

paid an Adoration to them.

In their Families they all are equals, and you have no way to know the Master and Mistress, but by taking them in bed together: It may be those are they; otherwise Malky can prate as much, laugh as loud,

be as bold, and fit as well as her Miffrels.

Had Logicians lived here first, Father and Son had never passed so long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonstrance of Duty or Authority can distinguish them, as if they were created together, and not born successively. And as for your Mother, bidding her goodnight, and kissing her, is punctual blessing. boy

Your man shall be faucy, and you must not strike sif you do, he shall complain to the Schout, and herhaps have recompence. Tis a dainty place to plefae boyes in : for your Father (hallbargain with your School-master not to whip you: if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife; and have Law for ity & mo nieral blow and in

Their apparel is civil enough, and good enough, bur very uncomely; and hath usually more stuff than shape. Only their Huykes

are commodious in winter: but 'tis to be lamented, that they have

not wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their Ear-wyres have so nipt in their Cheaks, that you would think some Fayry to do them a mischief, had pincht them behind with Tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead than face.

They love the English Gentry well; and when Souldiers come over to be billetted among them, they are Emulous in chusing of their guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his Hostess.

Men and Women are there starched so blem, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw Winter walking up to the neck in a Barrel of Indigo: And therefore they rail at England for spending no more Blewing.

Your man among them is else clad tolerably, unless he inclines to the Sea-fashion: and then are his breeches yawning at the knees,

as if they were about to swallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going naked, for of a whole woman you can see but half a face. As for her hand, that shews her a fore Labourer; which you shall ever find as it were in recompense loaden with Rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower, She's a Monkey chain'd about the middle, and had rather want it in dyet, than not have silver-links to hang her keyes in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great Bellies, but they make them thew so unhandsome that men do not care for getting them. Marry this you shall find to their commendation, their smocks are ever whi-

ter than their skin.

Where the Woman lyes in, the Ringle of the door does penance, and is lapped about with linnen; either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the child; or else that for a moneth the Ring is not to be run at. But if the childe be dead, there is thrust our a Nosegay tyed to a sticks end; Perhaps for an emblem of the life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that though these sade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing, but I assure you with them, is a great deal more following the fashion, which they will plead for as the ignorant Lasty of their Faith; they will keep it because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old fault, though they discover errors in it, than in an easie change to meet a certain

remedy.

a Fleet to the Indies, it shall live three moneths on the Offals, which we hear fear would surfeit our Swine; yet they feed on't, and are still the same Duschmen.

In their houses, Roots and Stock-fish are staple commodities: If

they make a feast, and add slesh, they have art to keep it hor more days than a Pigs head in Pye-corner. Salt meats and sowre Crem they hold him a fool that loves not, only the last they correct with Sugar, and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it sowre that they may sweeten it again; as if a woman were not half so pleasing being easily won, as after a scolding sit she comes by man to be calmed again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them Cooks as good as e're Lucullus his later Kitchin had, which is some recompence for their wilfulness, for you can neither

pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a feast they come readily, but being set once you must have patience: they are longer eating meat than we preparing it. If it be to supper, you conclude timely, when you get away by day-break. They drink down the Evening-star, and drink up the Morning-star. At those times it goes hard with a stranger, all in courtesse will be drinking to him, and all that do so he must pledge; till he doth, the sill'd Cups circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied: for though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate of the summe. They sit not there as we in England, men together, and women first; but ever intermingled with a man between: and instead of March-panes and such Juncates, 'tis good manners (if any be there) to carry away a piece of Applepie in your pocket.

The time they there spend, is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating most: For the truth is, the completest drinker in Enrope is your English Gallant: There is no such consumer of liquor as the quasting off of his Healths. Time was, the Dutch had the better of it, but of late he hath lost it by prating too long over his pot: He sips, and laughs, and tells his tale, and in a Tavern is more prodigal of his Time than his Wine: He drinks as if he were shortwinded, and as it were eats his drink by morsels, rather besieging his brains than assaulting them. But the Englishman charges home on the sudden swallows it whole, and like a hasty Tyde, fills and flows himself, till the mad brain swims and tosses on the hasty sume. As if his Liver were burning out his stomach, and he striving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk sooner, and the other longer; as if striving to recover the wager, the Dutchman would still be the persectest Soaker.

In this Progress you have seen some of their Vices, now view a fairer Object.

Solomon

Solomon tells of four things that are small and full of wisdom, the Pismire, the Grasshopper, the Coney, and the Spider.

Providence they are the Pismires of the world, and having nothing but what grass affords them, are yet, for almost all provisions, the Store house of whole Christendome. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? they making by their industry all the fruits of the vast Earth their own. What Land can boast a priviledge that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ship, yet how many Nations do they furnish? The remoter angels of the world do by their pains deliver them their sweets; and being of themselves in want, their diligence hath made them both Indies nearer home.

They are frugal to the faving of Egge-shells, and maintain it for a

Maxim, that a thing lasts longer mended than new.

Their Cities are their Mole-hills; their Schutes and Fly boats creep and return with their store for Winter. Every one is busic, and carries his grain; as if every City were a several Hive, and the Bees not permitting a Drone to inhabit; for idle persons must find some other mansion. And lest necessity bereave men of means to set them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without use) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a feafon when the Pismires flye; and fo each Summer

they likewife swarm abroad with their Armies.

The Ant, sayes one, is a wise creature, but a shrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard. And truly so are they; for they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much: And wheresoever they light in a pleasant or rich soyl, like suckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that Tree which gives them shade and protection; so their wisdom is not indeed Heroick or Numinal, as courting an universal good, but rather narrow and restrictive, as being a wisdom but for themselves. Which, to speak plainly, is descending into Crast; and is but the sinister part of that which is really Noble and Coelestial.

Nay in all they hold fo true a proportion with the Emmet, as you

shall not find they want so much as the sting.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the Spanish tumbler plaies about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible Berries. Where have you under Heaven, such impregnable Fortifications? Where Art beautisties Nature, and Nature makes Art invincible; Herein indeed they differ; The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of Moses, They raise them in the bosom of the waves: where within

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these twenty years, ships surrowed in the pathless Ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the sertile earth, which at night is earryed home to the fairest Mansions in Holland.

Every Town hath his Garrison; and the keyes of the Gates in the night time are not trusted but in the State-house. From these holds they bolt abroad for provisions, and then return to their fast-

neffes replenished.

For war they are Graffe-hoppers, and without a King, go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended them-felves at their own home, but have braved the Spaniard at his. In Anno 1599, under the command of Fander Does, was the Grand Canary taken. The chief City fackt; the King of Spain's Enligns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency fet up in their room. In the year 1600 the battel of Newport was a gallant piece, when with the loss of a thousand or little more, they slew 7000 of their enemies, took above 100 Ensigns, the Admiral of Arragon a prisoner. The very furniture of the Arch-Duke's own Chamber, and Cabinet, yea the signet that belonged to his hand.

In 1607, they affailed the Armado of Spain in the Bay of Gibraltar, under covert of the Castle and Towns Ordnance, and with the losse of 150, slew above 2000, and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever scarce been done. The Indian Mastiff never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his bloud

than they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of Martial Discipline. Tis the Christian worlds Academy for Arms; whither all the neighbour-Nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unresistable a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practife of Arms; And they learn to be fouldiers sooner than men. Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the Train'd-Bands marching

through their Cities.

For industry, they are Spiders, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the Roman Emperor; And by the Romans themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greatest of the Universe. What Nation is it where they have not infinuated? Nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinsick veins on't?

Even among us, they shame us with their industry, which makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the worlds Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover, and chase back Neptune to his own old

Banks.

All

All that they do is by such labour as it feems extracted our of their own bowels. And in their wary thrist, they hang by such a slender sustentiation of life, that one would think their own weight should be enough to crack it.

Want of idleness keeps them from want. And 'tis their Diligence

makes them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaseth the Harvest. A plentiful Sun augmenteth the Store; and seasonable showres drop fatness on the Crop we

reap: But no Rain fructifies more than the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them you were in old Ifrael, for you find not a beggar among them. Nor are they mindful of their own alone; but strangers also partake of their Care and Bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their Convoy. If they stay, they have work provided. If unable, they find an Hospital. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of slies. And lest you loose an asternoon by fruitless mourning, by two of the clock all Burials must end. Wherein to prevent the wast of ground, they pile Cossin upon Cossin till the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a truth and constancy: for they are as fruits from Trees, the same every year that they are at first, Not Apples one year and Crabs the next; and so for ever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word, they will gain rather than exact, and have not that way whereby our Ctitizens abuse the wise, and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities, proclaim to the world that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The Deprivation of Manners they punish with Contempt, but the defects of nature they favour with Charity. Even their Bedlam is a place fo curjous, that a Lord might live in it; Their Hospital might lodge a Lady: So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even Poverty and Madness do both inhabit handsomely. And though Vice makes every thing turn fordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would shew that though obedience fail, yet Government must be still it self, and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their Bridewel will think it may receive a Gentleman though a Gallant. And so their prison a wealthy Citizen. But for a poor man it is his best policy to be laid there, for he that cast him in must maintain him.

Their language, though it differ from the higher Germany, yet hath it the same ground, and is as old as Babel. And albeit harsh; vet so lofty and full a Tongue, as made Goropius Becanus maintain it for the speech of Adam in his Paradise. And surely if there were not other reasons against it, the significancy of the Antient Tensonick might carry it from the primest Dialect. Steven of Brnges reckons up 2170. Monasillables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue that for the general profession is extended further than anythat I know. Through both the Germanies, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and sometimes France, England,

Spain

Spain. And still among us all our old words are Dutch, with yet so little change, that certainly it is in a manner the same that it was 2000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbour-Nations.

The Germans are a people that more than all the world I think may boast sincerity, as being for some thousand of years a pure and unmixed people. And surely I see not but their conduction by Taisco from the building of Babel, may pass as unconsuted Story, they yet

retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations. In Italy were the Longobards; In Spain the Gothes and Vandals; In France the Franks or Franconians; In England the Saxons: having in all these left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as Tachtum hath lest still extant of them, and written above 1500 years ago, Deliberant dum singere nesciunt: Constituums dum errare non possunt. They deliberate when they cannot dissemble: and resolve when they cannot erre.

Two hundred and ten years he reckons the Romans were in conquering them. In which space on either side were the losses sad and fatal. So as neither the Samnites, the Carthaginians, the Spaniards, the Gaules, no nor the Parthians ever troubled them like the Germans. They slew and took prisoners several Commanders of the highest rank, as Carbo, Cassim, S. Caurus Aurelius, Cervilius Cepio, and M. Manlius. They defeated five Consulary Armies, and Varus with three Legions, yet after all this he concludes, Triumphasti magic quam visti sunt. They were rather Triumphed over than conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own Language is an argument unanswerable. The change whereof ever follows upon the sully vanquished, as we may see it did in Italy, France, Spain, England.

And this he speaks of the Nation in general: nor was the opinion of the Romans less worthy in particular concerning these lower Provinces, which made them for their valour and warlike minds, style them by the name of Gallia Belgica, and especially of the Batavians, which were the Hollanders and part of the Guelders. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where speaking of the several people of Germany he sayes, Omnium harum gentium virtute pracipui Batavi: Nam nec tributic contemnuntur, nec publicanus asserit: exempti oneribus & collationibus, & tantum in usum praliorum sepositi, velut tela atq; arma bellis reservantur. Of all these Nations the principal in valiant vertue are the Batavians: for neither are they become despicable by paying of Tribute, nor oppressed too much by the Farmer of publick Revenues, but free from Taxes and Contributions of servility, they are specially set apart for the fight, as Armor and Weapons only reserved for war.

All this, even at this day they feem to make good: For of all the world they are the people that thrive and grow rich by war, like the

h 3

Percpi (ce

## A brief Character

Porcpifce, that playes in the fform, but at other times keeps fober under the water.

War, which is the worlds ruine, and ravins upon the beauty of all is to them prosperity and Ditation. And surely the reason of this is their strength in shipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns, and the Countrey, by reason of its lowness and Irriguation, becoming unpassable for an Army when the Winter but approaches Otherwise it is hardly possible, that so small a parcel of Mankind should brave the most potent Monarch in Christendom, who in his own hands holds the Mines of the wars sinews, Money; and hath now got a command so wide, that out of his Dominions the Sun can neither rise nor set.

The whole seventeen Provinces are not above a thousand English miles in circuit, and in the States hands there is not seven of those; yet have they in the field sometimes 60000. Souldiers, besides those which they alwayes keep in Garrison, which cannot be but a considerable number, near 30000 more. There being in the whole Countries above two hundred wall'd Towns and Cities; so that if they have people for the war, one would wonder where they should get money to pay them, they being when they have an Army in the field, at a thousand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Excise is an unwasted Mine, which with the infiniteness of their Traffique, and their untired industry, is by every part of the world insomething or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them but two forts of Fish only, Herrings and Cod, fixty thousand pounds per annum, for which they goe out sometimes seven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ships, they are able to set out double the number.

Their Merchandise amounted in Gnicciardines time to sourteen Millions per Annum. Whereas England, which is in compass almost as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not above six Millions yearly: so sedulous are these Bees to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, so the women are busie on Land in weaving of Nets, and helping to add to the heap. And though a husbands long absence might tempt them to lascivious wayes: yet they hate adultery, and are resolute in Marrimonial chastity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that nation, that hath been tax'd with loosness. And questionless, 'tis their ever being busie makes them not have leisure for lust.

Tis idleness that is Cupids Nurse; but business breaks his Bow, and makes his Arrows useless.

They are both Merchants and Farmers. And there Act parts, which men can but discharge with us. As if they would shew that the Soul in all is masculine, and not varied into weaker sex as are the bodies that they wear about them.

Whether

Whether this be from the nature of their Country, in which if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of the people by a Superiour Providence ad-apted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custom in their way of breeding; from any Transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own vertues do more compact and fortisse I will not determine. But certainly in general they are the most painful and diligent people on earth: And of all other the most truly of Vespasians opinion, to think, that Ex re qualibes bonus odor lacri; Be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some fort Gods, for they set bounds to the Sea, and when they list let it pass them. Even their dwelling is a miracle; They live lower than the sishes in the very lap of the floods, and incircled in their watry Arms. They are the Israelites passing through the Red-Sea. The waters wall them in, and if they set ope their

fluces shall drown up their enemies.

They have strugled long with Spains Pharaoh, and they have at length insorced him to let them go. They are a Gideons Army upon the march again. They are the Indian Rat, gnawing the bowels of the Spanish Crocadile, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them. They are a Serpent wreathed about the legs of that Elephant. They are the little sword-sish pricking the belly of the Whale. They are the wane of that Empire, which increas'd in Isabella, and in Charls the fifth was at full.

They are a glass wherein Kings may see, that though they be Soveraigns over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon Gods part, and will be Kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punisht with loss of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion too fiercely urg'd, is to fretch a string till it not only jars but cracks,

and in the breaking whips (perhaps) the streiners eye out.

That an extreme Taxation is to take away the honey while the Bees keeps the Hive; whereas he that would take that, should first either burn them or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government, are the greatest Traitors to their own Estates. That a destre of being too absolute, is to walk upon Pinacles and the tops of Pyramides, where not only the sooting is full of hazard, but even the sharp-ness of that they tread on may run into their soot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but tickle Subjects, is to press a Thorn till it prick your singer. That nothing makes a more desperate Rebel than a Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, nor to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than

they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate Princes fit faster in their Regalities, than such as being but men, would yet have their power over their Subjects, as

the gods, unlimited. That Oppression is an Iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar some States of Ancient Priviledges, is for a Falcon to undertake to beat a flock of wild Geese out of the Fens. That to go about to compel a sullen reason to submit to a wilful peremptorines, is so long to beat a chain'd Mastiff into his Kennel, till at last he turns and slyes at your throat. That unjust policy is to shoot as they did at osend, into the mouth of a charged Cannon, to have two Bullets returned for one. That he doth but endanger himself, that riding with too weak a bit provokes a headstrong horse with a spur. That 'tis safer to meet a valiant man weaponless, than almost a Coward in Armor. That even a weak cause with a strong Castle, will boyl salt bloud to a rebellious Itch. That 'tis better keeping a crasse body in an equal temper, than to anger humours by too sharp a Physick.

That admonitions from a dying man are too serious to be negleched. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a Cobler of Vlashing was one of the greatest enemies that the King of

Spain ever had.

To conclude, the Countrey it self is a moted Castle, keeping a Garnish of the richest Jewels of the world in't, the Queen of Bohe-

mia and her Princely Children.

The people in it are Jews of the New Testament, that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Gospel: and this they rather profess than practise. Together, a man of war riding at Anchor in

the Downs of Germany.

For forreign Princes to help them, is wise self-policy: when they have made them able to defend themselves against Spain, they are at the Pale; if they enable them to offend others, they go beyond it. For questionless were this thorn out of the Spaniards side; he might be seared too soon to grasp his long intended Monarchy. And were the Spaniard but possessed Lord of the Low-Countries, or had the States but the wealth and power of Spain, the rest of Enrope might be like people at Sea in a ship on sire; that could only chuse whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their Neighbours: So Rome when busied in her civil broils, the Parthians lived at rest; but those concluded once by Casar, next are they design'd for conquest.

If any man wonder at these Contraries, let him look in his own Body for so many several humours, in his own Brain for as many different fancies, in his own Heart for as various passions; and from

all these he may learn, That

There is not in all the World such another Beast as MAN.

FINIS.



# LETTERS.

I.

A Letter to his Friend, perswading him to a wife.

OUR Letter with much joy, your News without forrow I received. For, as I think, he wants good nature that is not glad to hear from his friends; fo I hold him over tender, that for a stranger, or one that was no friend, can be passionate. Some men have

more brains than they can be quiet with; and the death of such, if not a triumph, yet is a repose to themselves, and who were their acquaintance: And therefore though I know not how to rejoyce at the death of any, yet I would not be guilty of raising the little man from a peaceable grave, to the troublesome life he led here in the world. And now if I were sure it might not offend, I would tell you what a fair opportunity you are presented with, of doing a work (in my opinion) meritorious: However I am consident it would be grateful to your own heart, for that I am sure every vertuous and brave action leaves such an odour in the mind, as ever after, like a rich persume, breaths sweetness and contentment to the thoughts of the Author.

And this is, if you make my Excellent Cousin your Wise; how good a one she will prove I need not tell; your own experience of her sweetness of Conversation cannot but tell you: if I should praise her extremely, her merit would make all that I should speak a Truth: Since those that desire to be good in the height, though they may be praised, cannot be flattered; for whatever good you speak of them, they have, albeit not in action, yet in intention doubtless. A Disposition there is, whose affability may sweeten life, and banish vexation. Ingenuity, that even to a man well parted, may make her capable of being a wise a friend; without which for my part, I should hold marriage a yoke and pressure; and if at all a Sacrament, even a Sacrament of dislike and sadness. I like not a wise for the night alone; they are dark pieces that cannot please by day-light: She is provision but for the worser part of our life, if she

canno

cannot but offend awake out of bed. Of a wife should a man make his choice as he would do of his Armour; if too thick and heavy, it loads and wearies ere his march be done, begets complaint, and help his Foes to conquer: if too light and thin, it may be a little pleasant, but not safe; 'twill trouble and berray him. So when a man takes a wife, if the be dull and fortish, the may indeed keep the house, but the is to her husband coming home but like a Passion picture, presenting ever sadness and melancholy. If the be light and perulant, the is then the dishonour of him that chose her, apt with every puff to be blown off; and perhaps may (like a Pleasure-Boat) ferve in shallows for a Summer voyage, but in Winter, or when storms arise in Deeps, she is then of no other use, but only to indanger him to the hazard of wreck.

If God had not made Woman with a mind to fute with Adam's, any of the Beafts he made would as well have ferved for Quench as the. It is more pleasure, that a man may with a sure affiance, pour out his retired thoughts in a faithful and wife wives bosom, than by only a skin-deep beauty have the vanishing Itches of a Frailty find allay. Nor will I ever believe, but 'tis more happiness to lye with a beautiful foul than a beautiful body.

But here if you go on, you have both; for he that will 'not allow her person handsom, must either want eyes, or else hath liv'd among

the Moors, where for beauty, deformity is mistaken.

Her years are such as cannot be found fault withall, from which you may expect rather comfort than distaste: and when you shall approach to Davids Seventy, like another Shunamite the may adde

new warmth to the then decayes of Nature.

All you can except against is matter of Estate, which to you that have so fair a one, is none at all. He that (having sufficient) weddeth for wealth, is rather covetous than wife; neither (where there is no want) can money be a cause considerable for breach. Fitness and a competency is beyond abundance alone. When Adam had the world, God did not give him another with Eve, it was sufficient that He had for both. If it be but in managing of your house, and like a faithful Steward looking to your Family and affairs, it will more than recompence the charge that the can bring you. Then wherefoever your occasions lead you, you may be sure of fidelity at home; and by taking delight to be at home, find a profit, which perhaps by ablence now you loofe. Let me give you a story of a Father, that on his death-bed told his Sons, That though he had no wealth to leave them for the present, yet there lay buried in his Vineyard a great Treasure, where if they digg'd they should be sure to find it. When he was dead they fell to work, but found none; yet by their digging, the Vines that year became so fruitful, as the increase to them did prove a mass of riches. The Application is, that though you find no present Fortune, yet fair intentions and your diligences joyn'd, may become a wealth above your expectation, Besides, whereas

whereas now you want an Heir to your wealth, it may please God by this match to give you children, that may rejoyce in the good you shall leave, and to your honour perpetuate your name to all posterity. But he that wilfully makes himself fruitless, falls like a dry Tree, which for want of fruit, the Gospel does adjudge to fire: whereas in Dent. 20. 19. even in war, the Trees that did bear fruit were forbidden to be destroyed.

Tell me, if it be not a Content of the highest nature, when you shall have been abroad, either wearied with business, or delighted with News, you may to a vertuous wife tell your discontents, and have them lessened; but your joyes, and have them more increased? For Grief disclos'd divides, but Joy imparted multiplies. When as he that has a house, and not a wife to govern it, comes to his Home but as a Traveller to his Inne, being brought thither by necessity, and carried off for want of company that may be suitable. For neighbours do not dwell there; and Servants, though they be as safe rooms to lock up grosser wares in, yet they are not as a wife, a Cabinet for privacies: Besides, not being ty'd to their Masters. Fortunes, they sometimes study themselves to his loss; but a Wife has her aim for her husbands good, as knowing she is brightned by

his Honour, but must be darkned if he suffer Eclipse.

Nor can I believe, but that even in your Reputation you shall do your felf a right, and by this Match confirm to all, Your Converfation has been more out of true respect to Vertue, than any other finister ends. Otherwise, what can men judge of his intents, who profesting a respect while she was anothers, falls off when lawfully he may make her his own: And beyond all thefe, you know how the has fuffered for you; fo as you shall not only do an Act of Justice, and bravely recompence all her Indurances, but also do a Courtesie to your felf, in Cancelling those Obligations that are on you. For though I know you have not been in this way short, yet he is likest God, that scorning to be a Debtor to any, by a Noble and Benevolent hand unties his own mgagements, and by showring down favours puts chains and bonds upon others. It was but a cavill against Women, of him that said, though a Man marries, and his Wife be fair, yet shall he have but a little beauty, and a great deal of ill. Nor did Socrates any other then play the Cyntek, when he answered to one that asked him, whether it were best for him to Marry or live single ? That which soever he did, he should be fure to repent. Marriage, as it ought to be, is the Completion of Love; and Love, as it ought, is the Completion of the Law. However it is a tye of the noblest affection in Man, and which even the Scripture prefers before all the Obligations of the World besides: For Parents, and the nearest bloud must all for this be laid by and seposited. He that hath a Wife which loves him hath two felfes, and possesses all his faculties double: So even in absence his defence is left. And his hand, his eye, and mind it self, he can at once leave faithful at home, and carry faithful abroad.

broad. With this Ordinance was the wife Cate fo much taken as he did not stick to maintain, that it was more honour to be a good

husband than a great Senator.

Pardon methat I am thus long, and free; my true respects to you both, hath made me thus busie in wishing: If you like it I have said enough, if you do not, too much. Though I am consident it cannot much displease, seeing I am not capable of having any other aim in it, than a future happiness to you both. Therefore when you have remembred my best wishes to her; I have only this to say more, If you go on you hold me for ever in bonds, if not, I will still be held so: For I am resolved not to rest upon any terms without being

Your most faithful friend to serve you.

## To Oliva.

Ince Men (as Balfas tells us) did ever pay a Reverence to Vertue, though they found it but in a Romance, or long fince carryed into another World. You are no whit beholding to me for the Admiration that I pay you, as a living example of that Judgment and Goodness which oft is seign'd in story. Who falls in love with the Picture only, prostrates all that he is Master of, when the substance once appears. Besides, so much you have engaged me by your favours, that I hold it necessary for me to become like some Mountains after Winter, that are covered with huge snows; who when they cannot pour down all their moisture at once, distill daily in a grateful watering of their Neighbour-plains. I shall endeavour not to imitate, but exceed the best patterns, and shall never esteem my self once dutiful, unless I be alwaies

Your moft obedient Son.

## III. To Meliodorus.

Hat ever part of the World I rest in, it seems I am destin'd to be your disturber. Merit is a Load stone that operates at a Region distance, and this makes me now not only to intreat your favour, in presenting these to the better part of my self. Where I have treasur'd up all the selicity I expect in this World: but also that you will accept of my thanks for those large Testimonials of friendship and affection, which from the very Infancy of my acquaintance with you, you have heaped on me; for which assuredly I should quarrel my own disposition, did I not find them entirely prevailing to Constitute me,

Absolutely and for ever yours.

IV. To

## To Clariffa.

Plagues of Love? Since I find so many Solaces in the assurance of your affection, that like the Swan I could be singing in the midst of waves. Certainly, the invention of those pleasant shades below, sprung from the Genius of a Lovers brest. Whether it be your own excelling sweetness, that charmes me to be alwayes with you, even at this distance: Or whether it be the clearness of my own Passions, aiming at nothing but Honour and your Felicity, I dispute not: but sure I am, the Zeal I bear, not all the Phrensies this Nation is now giddy with, can alter. And though it be debar'd the present Happiness of your Conversation; yet upon your least command is it ever ready to take wing and slie unto your bosom. A Sancaury which being once attain'd. I shall disclaim the thought of being any thing but, Dear,

Your faithful Servant.

## V. To Meliodorus.

Have tyr'd you, Sir, so often with my trivial Letters, that I fear you may reckon me as one of your scourges, among the common Calamities of these times. But indeed I differ from either Faction, in that I have no design, but to approve my self your Servant. Can the Sun shine, and the dew fall, and not the Earth return her Germinations? and you may not be displeased then, that my thanks for all your favours are not withering, but rather of the Nature of those Plants, that even with Snow upon their tops retain perpetual greenness. For surely such you shall ever find the endeavours of him, who begs your assistance in presenting these inclosed, and then that you will believe, I am ever and every where, as well as in this paper, Sir,

Your most affectionate Servant.

### V I. To Clarissa.

Cottage beautiful) I find every room a Cell, and my felf rurning Hermite; who (wanting you) can like of nought but melancholly.

But as the Angels (besides their obedience to their Makers Commands) in their dispatches, can endure Earth a little season, out of their apprehensions that they shall speedily again return to Heaven: So all my Comfort is, that the time of my privation is but short, and in my ever busie thoughts, I at this distance dwell with you, to whom nothing in my absence will (I hope) presume to bring the least of trouble. To this end you ought for my interest sake, now to be kind to your own Goodness, and to suffer nothing that is not calm and mild as it, to come near it. Dear, fail not to present my humble duty to my honoured Father, and best Mother, nor to make much of your self, as you tender the Happiness and Contentment of him, who is for ever

All and only yours.

#### VII. To Oliva.

Hat is it that (in appearance) a little Rill can Contribute to the Sea? Though all the acknowledgments I can make, can never be suitable to the Obligations that I owe you: yet I should hold it a very ill Argument, that because I cannot pay what I would, I therefore should not pay what I can. Is he worthy of a favour, that because he cannot be thankful as he should, resolves to be totally dumb? Such Divinity would quickly turn the whole World Atheift, extinguish all Morality, and truly, would leave me in a habitation darkned with perpetual blushes: Nay, if I had been frighted with merit in others, or want of defert in my felf, I had never arriv'd to that happiness, which (through your Conduct) by the fruition of your Daughters Conversation, I now enjoy without envying, even all those Pleasures that a bounteous Spring can give. Like spiritual Bleffings I find them more in Possession than Expectation. So that I verily believe to Cure all the herefies and prejudices that have been taken up against Marriage, there needs but to propose my felf, that I might convince the World of the Felicities that are in it. Nay, I am confidently of opinion, if all menthat have marryed had been as happy as I believe my felf, even in the Romish Church, there never had been Erection of Monastery or Nunnery: were the wives in Spain of luch dispositions, the State might save their Matrimonial priviledges, wherewith now they are glad to encourage men to Martyrdom, lest their Country prove unpeopled. But dear Mother though this be truth; yet I pray print it not; though I hug my own opinion, I am not bound to impose it on the World, wherein none lives more in health than your Daughter, I think without any ill opinion of Me or my Country: if there be any Infelicity attends us, 'ris that we are depriv'd the Honour of your Company, which wherefoere it bestows it self, can both Civilize and Sanctifie:

So is Prerogativ'd at once to Create both a City and Church. And to whom I had fooner presented my ever thankful duty, had there not been a supply from that hand, which was content to give a heart to

Your ever most obedient Son.

#### VIII.

To a Gentleman, that having a fair and vertuous Wife of his own, yes would needs take a fancy to Kitchin-wenches and Drudges.

Nd prethee, Roger, why this dirty fancy, That when a Veniceglass is set before thee, thou long'st to drink only out of Black-Jacks and the Bedlams Horn? What a mad thirst hast thou got, that nothing can quench it but puddle water? Like the Duck that swims in the clear stream, yet feeds on Frogs among the weeds, the slime and mud: And when thou hast a gallant Herifordshire way to travel in, nothing will content thee, but thou must leap hedges to ride in Moors, in Suffolk Lanes, and Effex Hundreds. Wouldst thou not thy felf pull off the head of that Hawk, that having Partridge upon wing, will continually turn tail, yea, go out at Crows and quarry there? What a Dog-trick is this now come upon thee, that thou leavest thy own clean straw and pleasant green Sweard, to tumble up and down in Carrion? Dost thou think Nature is not something mistaken in thee, and would make thee believe, that Kitchinstuff has the smell of Musk? or art thou sure thou art truly bred, for I durst be hang'd if any right Spaniel would ever be brought to touch these Fowles, though cook'd up and sauc'd handfomly? Will not at all the world take thee for one of the worst fort of worms, that thus affect'st corruption, delighting to feed and craule there? Surely that hand exposes it self to even unpitied hazard, that will needs lay by its own fair Glove, and eagerly pull on that polluted one it finds upon a Dunghill. Who would not nauseate to dip but his finger in that dish of water, where the Male and Female Scullions have lately rins'd off their mingled footy (weat and greafe? To have for thy disease a wholesome remedy of thy own at hand, and yet to feek out nasty and forbidden Cures, is a Phrensie that would deserve more than a chain and a dark room. Is not thy own Venus the greater part of all the excellency in woman? what has the whole Sex more than one alone that is handfom?

Faith Roger, shall I tell thee, for a married man at all to range after forreign game, is but buying of a stock at Gleek; he layes out, and bids high, in hope to find a Tib there, and when all is done, he hath for the most part better Cards in his own hand. How wouldst thou blush through all the darkness that thou sinn'st in, to be discovered

trafficking with fuch night and oyl?

What

What would solomou have censur'd of this humor of thine, when even of the trick'd-up Curtezan he fayes, Among the young men he (aw a Fool that was taken with her beauty; as if he would tell us, that to make up one Incontinent there goesa twofold weakness, Youth and Folly. A Whore is a deep Ditch, and he whom God is angry with, shall fall therein. Is not this enough, but thou resolvest to have

it foul too, - to go to the Devil in a Slough?

Slid, like the Great Turk, I would sooner have a Trade, and make Horn-rings, than humour the leifure of fuch a fordid Capid; for buliness (by being diversion) is a preservative. And for a man to be a flave to fuch a passion, as shall throw off that Reputation and Gallantry, which is bred in him as a Gentleman and a Man; is to degrade his Creation into the scale of that with Beasts, who are hurried only by their brutish sense and appetite, with exclusion both of

judgment and reason.

I remember three wayes the Ancients had to Antidote themselves against the Syrens: The first was to stop their ears, and surely though this was prescribed to the Vulgar whose dull spirits have not fortitude to see and forbear; yet the prescription is good, because a pleasurable Vice is too prevalent upon Humanity: and the bravest constitution in a Gentleman differs from a Clown, but as a Garden from the common Field, who being of the same earth, would be overgrown with the same Weeds and Bushes, were he not daily kept clean by dreffing, pruning, and with industry.

A fecond was, with Ulaffes, to tye themselves to the Mast: and this was for the nobler fort, yet morally wife and politick; who by the strength of their own resolution could hear, and stand bound by their

constancy from yielding to their pleasing charms.

But the third and most sublime was that of orphew, who by his Celestial Musick and his songs of the gods, drowned the very sound of their loudest and most enticing Notes. And certainly the contemplation of Religion, the Deity, and those incorruptible Essences, that so purely mount upon the pinions of the wings of Reason, will bear up the exalted Soul out of the air, and reach, of these low and fubterraneous passions, though appropriated to such shapes as most do take the fenses: and will in the end by degrees inthrone the mind in fuch a delight in them, as the shall therein truly find more folid and more ravishing solaces, than in all those momentaneous blandishments that the flesh can bubble up. But if thou beest not hardned in this, think but how thou couldst digest a Grooms admission by thy wife, and do but call to mind the folemn Ingagement that thou mad'st at Marriage, against which Incontinence is not the least offence, since God, his Church, the Congregation, and R ecord, will be ever ready as witnesses to sentence and condemn thy perjury. Which in those that are wedded is so great, that the loosness (though highly criminal) is loft in the very name of the fault: It being flyled alone Adventry, as contrary to that facred Vow attested by fuch Evidence. Laftly.

Lastly, remember but how thou likest thy self when thou com'th off, and then if thou wilt continue Indian and worship these Damons still, I know nothing that can sooner cool this Devotion; than a deeper place in the Pool than either Huntsmen or Falkoners sound; and though it would be some trouble to see my friend there, yet it would be better than the Guelding-block, or wasting like a Dier after Rutting time, which is much seared by

Thy Friend, PHILANDER.

#### IX.

With some of his Poems, and the Character of the Low Countries.

MADAM.

Cannot so forseit Judgement as to make you Patroness to these light Trisles, they are wealthier Fancies that would be dignissed by your Name. When I have lookt on things of this nature, I have never done it without something of Severe in my Thoughts, having ever held of Poetry as the Cynick did of Love, that 'tis but the idle Man's business: And such short composures as are these at best, are but as Fire-works at Tryumphs. They crackle, shine and offer at Heaven it self, but in a moment they fall and are extinct unprofitably. As I now present them you are at liberty to censure without Obligation of desence; and if you please to take me favourably, I have only presumed to obey: Which sin my Conscience will perswade me to be more Venial, if your Ladyship, with your pardon permit me to injoy the much coveted Honour of remaining (Madam)

Your most obedient Servant.

#### X.

## To a Doctor of Physick.

Faith Doctor,

Since the weather is like to freeze your Physick, I may presume to find you at home at leisure to read this running Letter, which purposely hasts to tell you, that by this weeks Carrier you shall receive the Module of the World in a Box.

For fince the great business of Kingdoms and Common-wealths (if clearly viewed) according to the observation of Sixtum Quintum, are often managed by the same weak grounds, and easie deceipts that Children guide their play with: Why may they not be represented by what I now have sent you.

And therefore if at first you take them for the Pope and his Conclave, it cannot be much out of the way, since the Learned play of Goose was gravely there invented. And though by their posture and pecking toward that great noddle, you would swear them to be a House of Commons and their Speaker; Yet considering how silently and closely they carry things, you will incline rather to believe them a Councel of State and the President. Especially when reason tells you, the Goose cannot keep sweet in the place above a month at most.

Well, when I see their Ruffs and gravity, methinks the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen are before me, unless you will take in the Common-Councel too, for the more wisely ordering

their Militia and their Priviledges.

But by the Lark being there, who fings and foars high, as if the meant to thow us Heaven and Reformation it thould be the late Affembly of Divines and their Prolocutor. For if you observe when the is mounted to her highest pitch, the falls at once and beds in the

earth the basest of the Elements.

Because she is a water-fowl, some perhaps may take them for the Admiral and his Mariners. But surely he was nearer truth that cry'd them up for a Committee and the Chair-man. They sit as close as if all were withdrawn and they at their Vote, and this doubt-less had been the right meaning, but that there is never a Rook or Bird of prey among them.

If you remember how you have seen the salacious and devouring Sparrow bear out the harmless Marten from his nest, that he may Chirp it where he never built, You will be positive, they are Coun-

cry-Sequestrators, if not Haberdashers-Hall.

By their order and attention, who would not take them for an independent and his Congregation, yet I confels the crecking of their Bills looks so like hands lifted up at the Covenant, that it could not but mind me of the short-liv'd Presbytery; But then observing the Plover there, who like the Hypocrite uses to cry here 'tis, here 'tis, as if it would show us some new light; though the design is only to fool you further off from her own haunt. I never doubt but 'tis a Conventicle, and some Lay-brother teaching them.

Oh! But beholding the long-Bills, I durst do no other but allow it for an Army and their General, and espying a Diver with a black head-piece among them, I was the more confirm'd in't, he was so

like a fesuita,

By the Partridge lagging behind, methought it appear'd like a Country-Sessions with both the Juries about it listning to the Charge, where undignish'd birds perch it on the Bench, while the Gentry (if any at all) are sain to sneek but in the train or taile.

When the writing quality of the Goofe comes to mind, I straight

think of the University and her Chancellour.

But indeed after all, when I look upon them with their heads off, am resolved they were of the Royal party; so must be either the Bishop and his Diocese, or the late House of Lords with their Keeper.

Thu

Thus you fee they may fit all Societies you shall please to apply them to, even from the Emperour and his Nobles to the meanest Master and his Family; and you will believe this the truer, when you know that in a Pye as part of my thanks, there is an inthron'd Goose, attended with Woodcoks, Plovers, Wild-sowle, Partridge, Larks and Sparrows. Venison is so wild, as 'tis run out of our Country. Being a Princely dish, it was necessary it should fall with its Master. This, though a dead commodity, hopes to be made welcome in London. Citizens are ever kind to their kindred, and for this reason perhaps neither you nor they will be angry with me, who it may be am the greatest sool of all for writing thus, though in earnest Your affectionate Servant.

XI.

To the Lord C. J. R.

My LORD,

DEing put upon a Tryal for vindicating the right of the Antient Inheritance of my Family, gained from me by a Verdict last Assizes, by what means I shall forbear to speak: I cannot but think my self very happy to have it heard before your Lordship, whose knowledge in the Laws and unalterable Integrity are so Conspicuously eminent, that as the unjust cannot hope, so the just can never fear a partiality. God knows I am so far from taking away anothers right, as I would not do revenge to preserve my own. I shall therefore say nothing at all of the Cause, but submit it wholly and freely to your Lordships upright Judgment, as upon a sull hearing it shall appear before you. Only I though it might very well become me (for the just same of your Merit in this Common-wealth,) to manifest not only this, but the desire I have to be esteemed

Your Lordships affectionate Servant.

XII.

To Remilia.

It is you alone Madam,

Ho I think have that gracious Prerogative of Convincing Ignorance with delight. For you have made so much of me,
and afforded me so much excellency of Conversation by your goodness and Friendship, that I do consess (besides the infinite Obligation that lies on me by your Favours) I find my self deceived even
beyond my own expectation. For I thought I had known you so
long, that I had been thoroughly acquainted with those excellent
endowments, which even from your youth have grown up with you.
But I see vertue is a perpetual Spring, ever budding forth some fresh

beauty or other to take the apprehension of the beholder. Thus the longer I know, the more I admire; as if you had a faculty beyond the condition of your own frail Sex, to honour your years with the lustre of new graces. Like some rare Plants that content not themselves with one single Flower, though excellent : but glory still in the succession of varieties, through which you have the advantage of the ordinary fort of Ladies; who while in a short time their whole stock of goodness may be easily found, yours bordering on Heaven does thereby grow eternal: So Jewels of transcendent value scarce ever come to be terminated by the eye, but the more we gaze the greater Radiance do we find; and when we think we have viewed all, some new Ray is darted which still keeps up our wonder. Certainly, had the World of Women been thus qualified, Man would have thought he had been still in Paradise, or at least that he had met with this life but as an earnest of the happier to come. you hold me still with you in my thoughts, and they cannot but owe you my best thanks and my best prayers too, That you may continue to be happy till you arrive at that wherein you shall continue ever, and I hope be attended by (Madam)

Your ever faithfully devoted Servant.

### XIII.

### To a Person of Honour.

My Lord,

Is certain that every day was St. Smithens, till your Letter like the Dove shewed the abatement of the Waters, and dry'd up those should that dwelt in our eyes: So welcome was the news of your own wished health and the Generals high civility. Certainly, your Family must erect some Statue to his Name, for you are as much obliged to his Courtesse as the Nation to his Courage and Conduct, which show Victorious he can be without his Arms. And that there are other waies to clear the Complexion, besides those of blows and bloud letting; since by such soft waies of Peace he can cast such everlasting chains upon others. And however his favours may lead to a prosperous success in your affairs, yet I am consident they will retain no diminution of their Lustre by any the least Injustice in your friends proceedings.

In that of the Lady W. I have drawn up what is to be confidered, and what to be urged; which may show the grounds that those with you are to Limbe the piece upon, and will be much better from the living voice, than the dead Paper. Of your friends in C. I hear no sound at all. If I shall shortly get to London, I shall then enquire, and presently transmit the account thereof to your Lordship, since in any business that relates to your concernments I shall find the content of

declaring my felf

Your Lordships most bumble Servant.

XIV To

### XIV. To Mr. S. T.

SIR. Eing last week at D. where I met your affectionate Letter, I have been forced to let the answering of it lye upon my score till now; though even the Horses and the Groom now sent, be it self an answer to part of what you advised. Your Intelligence was well received at D. which though it hath recourse to London, yet is so between the Academies, as 'tis rather the centre of both than partaker of either. I shall not delire to give you the trouble of relating in writing the Excommunication of the two Women at Exeter, but if you please to let Mr. W. know of it, I shall hear it from him. D. Heylins book Responder perrus I have ; 'tis a Pen from which every thing does usually drop readily and handsomly, and I am confident in an Age capable of enduring Truth, it shall merit much commendation. But 'tis a hard matter for a particular Truth to combate against a general Errour, or to bear up against Arguments and Assertions back'd with edges; especially when they have been so long inseminated in a loomy and tenacious Earth, that they can hardly be weeded up, without pulling up the roots and earth together. The Papal Presbyterian is as unconfutable as his Holiness in his Chair; who must never admit to be in any one Errour, lest thereby it be concluded that he may be guilty of more. They put me in mind of what Pliny faid of him that first invented to faw stones, Fuit quidam importunt ingenit; who though they would make us believe that it were the sharpness of their Engine; yet if ever they cut thorough anything, 'tis not fo much it, as the tumbling to and fro of the Sand, that by a perpetual grating dispatches their work for them. For the other book you write of, Hell-Fire quenched, I have heard of it, but have not yet feen it; it is to be had; I shall take it for a favour to receive it from you by Mr. W. who will pay for it. I would see what Arguments can be used for the prodigious debasing of man, and destroying not only Christian, but all Religions else: How he can out-go the honest Heathen, whose Reason sound a future compensation after this life,

to be necessary for vindicating the Justice of their gods. From London we hear for certain, the Lady E. C. hath undone the Cavalier party by dying on Friday last; perhaps by Providence sentenced thereto for Felony, the by her civility having stoln the peoples love from all the rest of her Tribe. A Lady so well cut out by Nature, that the might have pass'd for a Jewel of the larger-fiz'd efreem, had she not been set in a Medal, that never could endure the

Touch.

couries, a history your grave and fertier a re-To XV. To

XV.

To Sir C. F.

You have Sir,

So feason'd me with your freedom and favours, that I must take time to wear my self from those contents I had in your company: Thus wooden Vessels fill'd with precious liquor, retain a long time after both their scent and fragrancy. Wheresoever I am, G. and Sir F. are still in my thought: and I can do any thing sooner than not remember them. So you need not wonder that I give you this trouble, fince indeed I am acted by a Genius that compells me to't; unless I would take up a war with my felf, and attempt to smother those inclinations within me, which are at once both plea-There wants yet one thing to make up my Obligati fing and just. on full, and I shall not be setled to my liking till you please to grant it me; That if you have it not already (as I hope you may) you will discover some way whereby I may declare, that there is neither pains, nor any faculty I am a Master of, or can aspire unto, but it is wholly destin'd to your service. Seriously Sir, I am so charmed by your goodness, your flowing freeness, your readiness to affist me, the pertinency and gratefulness of your discourse, that I do not know I ever yet left any company with more unwillingness, or injoy'd it with more content. And if after this Fit I be less in love with the futurity of my own life, I must blame my own Province that hath afforded me to little of fo delightful a conversation. I am now getting a while to Lond. which appears to this Region as the heart to the body, through which its business as the stirring bloud hath all his circulation, if you have not in the Countrey, you may have fomething to do there. While Istay you cannot want an Agent that will glory in your imployment, and with much earnestness begthat you will accept of all the thanks I am capable of giving, for all those noble expreffions of friendship, that at my being with you, you were pleafed to confer upon

Your faithful and humble Servant.

### XVI.

To his much respected Loving Friend, Mr. Owen Felltham Gent. Author of the Resolves, be these delivered at London.

Pax Christi & vera fides, &c.

TOrthy Gentleman, your witty, grave and sententious Book, the gift of a Friend, I read greedily, taking delight in your pithy discourses, admiring your grave and sententious conceits; until I came to the 16. Resolve, of the choice of Religion; where I find

it to be true that which you grant in your Preface, That you do not profess your self a Schollar: at least here you shew your self no Di vine, blotting the perfection of your former discourse, with the black fpot of errour and ignorance in true Divinity. Remember you fay, That this not knowing, makes us not able to judge; why then do you prefume to judge and condemn to rathly the Roman Church and Religion, which you know not, and whose grounds and Doctrine you understand not? But I wonder not. You confess, That before you could discern the true Religion, you were brought up in Herefie, sucking Hereste with your milk; and that even at mans age you did not examine the foundness of it, but retained it as the Faith of your Parents. What marvell then that you condemn the true Roman Faith, whose Solidity and Truth you never examined, being brought up in errour, with an aversion of it? But alas! why do you neglect that upon which depends an Eternity of Torments or Joyes? Is it fit that fuch a worthy wit, as yours is, should build your salvation upon the weak and falle Opinion of weak and unlearned Ministers, despising the infallible Authority of the Catholique Church? I appeal to your felf in this point, you shall be Judge. You say, The Religion of the Church of England is the best : your reason is, That it makes most for Gods glory and mans quiet. But here you are deceived and deceive: Is it glorie to God to deprive his Church of five Sacraments, as Protestan's do? Doth it make for Gods glory to deny his Love, Wildom and Power, as Protestants do, denying his real presence in the Eucharift or bleffed Sacrament of our Lords Supper? Do not Prote stants derogate from Gods glory, making him the Author of sin, and that he predestinates men to eternal death by his only Will without any fault ? Is it not against Gods glory to teach Doctrine expresly against the Scripture, and to make Apocryphal and deny divine Authority to the two Books of Maccabees, Toby, Efther, Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom, &c. as Protestants do, and the book I send you will demonstrate? Is it not against Gods glory to deny the honour of an Intercessour to his Mother the blessed Virgin, and to the rest of his Saints, as Protestants do? Is it not against Gods glory to diso bey his Church, persecuting her, and perverting her by teaching Herefies, as Protestants do ? Finally, what glory is it to God, to deny him the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and for sake the ancient Roman 3.cap. 21. Sect Religion, the Apostles preached to the world, and God hath prefer ved inviolable from error ? And what Quiet to man, that holds that his Church may erre, and hath no infallible Authority nor power to unburthen his Conscience, nor absolve him from his sin, as Protestants hold? Wherefore Protestant Religion cannot be the true Faith, which denieth the glory to God, and peace to men; which the Roman Church and Religion grants. Yea, but say you, The Papists detract from God, painting him as an old man, and by this means dis-deifie him: Oh, how doth passion wrap your great wir in the wil of ignorance! Sir, we detract not from God, to whom we give all Honour,

Calvis lik 1. in titut. cap. & Sect. 4. lib. . c. & cap. 3. Scat. 1.

Honour, Glory and Praise; acknowledging his Deity and Trinity, one Deity and Nature in three Persons, yet not three but one God. It is true, we paint him as an old man, not representing by that Picture the Divine Essence it self; for seeing God is invisible, incomprehensible, without members great, without colours fair, without parts measurable; no lineaments of body, no lustre of Art, no proportion of shape can fashion or describe him: The resemblances of God the Father in the form of an old Man, of the Holy Ghost in the form of a Dove, are but Explications of the Histories recorded in Scripture, or remembrances of the shape in which they appeared. And why may not God be expressed without detracting from his Deity, in the same form and manner wherein he hath manifested himself to mortal eyes? as to the Prophet Isaiah, chap. 6. and to Daniel, shap. 7. ver. 9. So that you calumniate the Church, when you

affirm us by Images to dif-deifie Almighty God.

Neither do we derogate from his Royalty and Glory, interpoling our Merits as you fallely impute. For as St. Fohn faith, Christ is the Vine, we are Branches. Now as it no ways detracteth from the Glory of the Vine, that the Branches be fruitful; but rather augmenteth the same: So doth it neither diminish the Glory of Christ, but rather addeth thereunto; if his Servants through Faith, Charity and other Vertues inspired and given by him, do produce such works as are truly Just and Meritorious. Neither are the Merits of Man requifite for any infufficiency of the Merits of Christ, but rather for proof of their great vertue and efficacy. For the works of Christ, not only merited with God our Eternal Salvation, but also that we might obtain the same through his Grace and Merits by our own Merits. To give light to the World by the Sun, or to give heat thereto by fire doth not derogate from the power of God, but rather more proveth his Omnipotency, whereby he could work those things not only Himfelf, but likewife could give to his Creatures the power of working. This is the Doctrine of the Catholick Church, and it is infolent Madness, and intolerable Pride, not to believe her being directed and governed by the Holy Ghoft.

John 16.

You further yet charge us with abfurd and wicked Tenets, as to hate our enemies to death, to judge it no fin to revenge injuries. To think it Meritorious to kill an Heretick. That no faith or fidelity is to be kept with him. Is it possible that such a Worthy Judicious Gentleman as your self, should be so far over-whelm'd with hatred to our Religion, that you could harbour in your Judgement such a wicked opinion of the Catholick Church, where Wisdom, Learning and Sanctity flourisheth in the highest degree? Pardon me Sir, you were much too blame, and amongst Catholicks lost a great deal of Credit by publishing to the World such absurd Doctrine for ours, which we detest and hate as much as you your self. What you were ignorant of you should Reverently admire, and not Calumniate, nor set for our Tenets, the errours our Adversaries im-

pole

pose upon us. What satisfaction can you give for the injury done to Gods Church, unless by a Recantation and Correction of your Books? What account will you give to Christ, when you are summoned at his Tribunal seat for the Calumniations you laid upon his Church, by which many souls were deceived and withheld from

embracing the true Antient Roman Religion?

What Ransome can you give for those deceived souls which giving Credit to your Book, persisted till death in the Protestant Religion, and were damned for their Herefie? What Recompence for the Bloud of Christ Fesus spilled and lost in their damnation which will cry louder than the bloud of Abel for Revenge against you? If you defire therefore to give a good account and fave your foul, read this book, follow the Doctrine it teacheth you. once a good Resolution to live and die a Romane Catholick, then do Penance for your fins. Recall and correct the errours of your Book by the help of some Catholick Divine: There are others that must be corrected in your Resolve of the choice of Religion. Councell the Roman Faith which stands more for Gods Glory, and the quiet and Eternal good of the foul; and without this there is no hope of Salvation. Believe me Sir, I love your person, but hate your errours, and the zeal of your Salvation moved my Pen far inferior to yours in Eloquence to write these rude lines. If my counsell take effect, I shall think my felf happy; if not, I shall justifie Gods Cause, do my duty to which my estate, & Charitas Christi urges nos I befeech Almighty God of his mercy, to give you light that you may fee the errors of your new Religion, the Truth of ours; That entring here into the Militant Roman Church, you may deserve hereafter to be a Member of the Triumphant in Heaven: So expecting your answer, I rest, committing you to the Protection of sweet Jesus,

From Cadiz and the Colledge of the Society of Jesus the 23. Decemb.

1637.

Your affured Friend and Servant in Christ, WILLIAM JOHNSON.

#### XVII.

For Mr. William Johnson of the Colledge of the Society of lesus in Cadiz these.

To my Wonder (Sir,)

Bout August last I received your Letter, where I find you admire my Wit, and taxe my Honesty: and truly I think are deceived in both. For as I may not allow your Praise of the one, so I must not endure the Condemnation of the other; Since Flattery and Dispraise (though their looks be contrary) are so near ally'd, as they

Heb. II.

both agree in men ingenuous to raise the rebuking blush. And had your Letter been as full of Truth as it pretends Charity, I should have met that Candor in it, which now I must complain it wants. Nor is it the property of Love (which you feem to profess) to take a worse sense where a better is more probable, as even in the beginning you are pleas'd to fall upon. That I say I do not profess my self a Scholar, you object as matter of Ignorance, forgetting that to any unpartial understanding, it will be conceived a Scholars life is not my profession. For I have liv'd in such a course, as my books have been my delight and recreation, but not my Trade: though perhaps I could wish they had. The next you bid me remember that I say, This not knowing makes us not able to Judge: And 'tis true I fay fo. and am still of that opinion. I tell you Religions are in some things fer in heights beyond our reasons reach. What think you of faith? St. Pand will tell you 'tis the evidence of things unfeen, and fo unknown. Let me a little bold to ask you, if your reason can track the Miraculous Conception of our bleffed Saviour? Can your reason satis fie you in the Hypostatical Union of his Divine and Humane Nature, or in the Mystery of the Trinity, the Resurrection and Immortality of the Soul? In these and many others I do confess my weakness, but does this therefore conclude that I know not the Roman Church nor Religion? How come you to know that I know it not? I'm sure I never told you so. Next you say I confess that before I could discern the true Religion, I was brought up in Heresie, sucking in Herefie with my milk; and that even at Mans Age I did not examine the foundness of it, but retained it as the Faith of my Parents.

Certainly, if I did this I scarce deserv'd your Charity. 'Tis a degree of impiety I have not heard of, that any did continue to live in that Religion which his own Conscience did tell him was false, and he so told the World. When you think what an unpardonable fin you accuse me of, I am consident you will repent your Charge. For to my apprehension, it may be the sin against the Holy Ghost; if there be but Malice (which you cannot see) and I wish all Christians free from.

But (Sir) can you or any man justly from my writings infer this? Go again to your own brest and see whether I speak as ex Confess of my self, or as a complaint, that it is a misery to which mankind is incident; and therefore the very next words are, What a lamentable weakness is this in Man? Accompanied with so many complaints against it, as I think it is not possible any thing of reason can conclude, I mean my self. What think you of this in St. Angustine?—Simplices & IndoctiRegnum Calarum rapiunt, & nos cum literis nostris ad Insernum descendimus: The simple and unlearned get up to Heaven, while we with our knowledge sink down into Hell. As I take it the manner of speech is the same: yet, I hope you will not out of this conclude that St. Angustine confesses himself to be damned. If

ta Mat. 11.

vou

you would have writ, you should have offer'd Grain, nor Chaffithis

shames your Pen.

After this you charge the Protestants of being prejudicial to Gods glory by robbing his Church of five Sacraments, I deny not but some of those may in some sense be so called; and are so termed by fome of the Fathers. But we have not like Authority from Scripture or Primitive practife, as we have for the other two. Nor do any of the Ancient Fathers certainly define the number seven. Nor do they all so much as in words acknowledge all. In our two all agree and ever have agreed. For them we have warrant from our Saviour,

Ite Baptizate, &c. Hoc facise, &c. Go and Baptize, &c. Dothis, &c. For the real presence (as you hold it) I take it for the Monster of your Church In Religion there may be things above reason: but croffing and overthrowing plainly the Fundamentals of Nature and Reafon, I believe there are not. Whether you grant your Transubstantiation by conversion as the Dominicians, or by succession as the Francescans yet in the Main you acknowledge a Miracle, else 'tis not Transubstantiate. Now if in any Author Divine or Humane you can tell me of a Miracle wrought, and yet no Miracle appear, as 'tis in this where you will have Flesh and Bloud under the Species of Bread and Wine, then I have done and shall recant my error. When Ghrist turned the water into Wine, it appear'd Wine, When he told the people Mark 5. 39. Fairus daughter was not dead but asleep, they laughed him to scorn, 40, &c. because to their sense they saw it otherwise. And if he had brought her out still dead, and told them she was alive, would they have believ'd him, or would they not have laughed much more? If the had not appear'd alive, where had been his Miracle, or their belief? Reason, Nature, and Sense cannot in this kind be deluded with either words or fallacies. But for me to believe that to be Flesh, which I fee and tafte Bread, isto turn Mad man, and for an unwarrantable Faith forfeit both my Reason and Sense:

For Predestination you urge Calvin. But (Sir) the Church of England is not bound to his Tenets, nor do I hold my Faith from him, but from my bleffed Saviour and his Apostles. Let it suffice, I hold man faln to be the subject of Predestination. I believe no man faved but by Gods Mercy: No man damned but by his own de-

The books which are Canonical, I hold to be those which were so held by the Fews, cited and owned by Christ and his Apostles, and the Primitive Church. And this I take for good Authority, further I dare not go unless I could see better grounds.

Nor do I deny the Intercession of the blessed Virgin and the rest of the Saints, by praying for the Church in general. But Invocation is out of my Rode, I use to pray to nothing that I do not see, but what I know Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Ubiquitary.

Gods Church though it be not Roman, I obey without teaching Herefies.

Mit.28.19. I Cor, 11.24.

In the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, we do not wholly deny a Sacrifice. But a proper propitiatory Sacrifice as you hold, we deny justly. If it be proper, shew us the Body and the Immolation ? if that be Invisible, how is it proper?

Surely, the true Ancient Roman Religion, which Christ and his Apostles taught, we hold, and you do not: having super-structed so many Additions and Deviations, that the right old Roman Religion

and the now professed Roman are two Religions.

And certainly, if the Judges may be indifferent, we have much the advantage of you: For we have the facred Scriptures, our blefsed Saviour, his Apostles, and the purer Primitive Times, and the late Reformation, or Revivement rather, all on our fide: And you have only the intervention of 800, years, for somethings it may be more, and for others much less; and these either groundless or a-

gainst grounds.

As for Gods Church, we believe that it agreeing with Scripture cannot erre, I believe before the Scriptures were written, the Churches power was absolute and Arbitrary, guided by the Spirit of God: But they being written by Divine Inspiration, and she accepting them from her Rule, became tyed to them, which she did confirm, not make. If you urge things warrantable by these, or not against them, we obey; if croffing these, the Answer is with the Apostles, Whether is is better to obey God or Man, judge you.

Every man has liberty allowed him by our Church to disburthen his own Conscience, to which (though not compelled) he is exhorted; and if he does, the Priest has Authority to absolve him, And this in these things I understand for the Doctrine of our Church: which are so well vindicated by men so infinitely above my abilities, as in my reason I am so well satisfied, as I desire not to be fur-

ther Controversial.

I deny not but some private men, by the too much liberty of the Prefs, (which I acknowledge a fault ) may perhaps have publish'd some things not so Orthodox; but what are these to me, while they wander from Foundations? I am neither Zuinglian, nor Lutheran , nor Calvinift, nor Papift, but Christian ; for I build not on men, but on God and his Church agreeing. His Church I believe may erre, I mean a particular Church, which yet may be a true Church, and fohis: But this of his universal Church lawfully congregated and free, in matters of Faith, I averre, nor.

Well, you are now come to charge me with imposing Tenets on your Church, which you fay the holds not. But in this Charge you charge me with more than over I put upon you, as To hate your Enemies to death, To judge it no fin to revenge Injuries; these, if you read again, you will find I charge on the Jows, not you; to clear which you have it, -That be deferves not the name of a Rabbi, that bates not his enemies to death. I confess they are put promiscuously, but so as any that would not willingly mistake, may distinguish them. And

you

Acts. 4. 19.

you may as well fay, I charge you with Turcisme as with these Juda is mes for all are spoken alike.

No (Sir) they are only four things I charge you with: Two, I suppose you will not deny; and the other two, I think, I may

prove. The First is that you derogate from God the Father by pourtraying him as an old man; and this I cannot believe but you do. You fay, they are but Explications in Isaiah and Daniel; in Isaiah I find him not described after this manner, but Sitting on a Throne with such a glory, as filled the whole Earth; and at the brightness of whose presence even the Angels (as not able to endure it) covered their faces with their celestial wings. If you could paint such a Glory, I could say fomething in excuse: Surely 'tis a vain attempt in man, when in the most elevated speculations of his mind he cannot comprehend a Deity, that he will yet presume by a Painters dull hand and deader colours to decipher him. In Daniel I find him called the Ancient of dayes, and his hair as pure Wool: But what Authority is this to shape all his parts like man? In either Vision there is something not delineable; in Isaiah the Lintels of the door moved at the Voice, and in Daniel-the Books were opened: Or if he did thus out of special favour to his beloved Prophets, assume a shape to comply with their Capacities, who yet knew to them he was not in himself contemplable; shall we dare to obtrude him flatted by a Pencil, to the gaze of fuch as judge but what they fee ? If we were to paint Man, we could not give him less; and shall we so limn God, as not to give him more? These were Visions extraordinary, which we have not warrant to draw into ordinary practice. Gods Commandments are to be followed by us, but all his actions draw not into example; efpecially fuch as these whereof we find no encouragement, but in several places absolute prohibitions, as - All Nations are to him as no- 161 40. 17, 18 thing, less than nothing and vanity; to whom then will ye liken God? or what similitude will ye fet up unto bim? and this repeated in the 25. Verse. And a little after God sayes, He will not give his praise to Chap 42. 8. Images. Yea, and in Deut. Moses delivers it with a -- Cavete valde; Cap. 4.15. for ye faw no similitude in the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb, out of the midst of the fire. Methinks for this you might take Gods own word to Moses, - Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man Exid 33 20. fee me and live -. How then can we represent that which yet we never could, and God himself sayes we cannot see? By his glorious Attributes God is known, but no corporeal shape could ever yet express him. What dimensions will you give to him that has none? He that will paint himself a God, guesses out an Idol; and even his Back-parts (as they are called) were so bright, as by Moses they were undescribable: His conversation with God in the Mount Ricking fuch a glory upon him, as the People were not able to look on. How detestable it was to the Fews I need not tell; nor do I believe in the primitive Times that you can find a Father pleading for't:

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Can. 36.	The Council of Eliberis sayes, — Placuit picturas in Ecclesia esse non debere, ne quod colitur, aut adoratur, in parietibus depingatur: We con-
	ceive there ought to be no pictures in the Church, lest that which ought to be adored and worshipped, be painted upon the walls.
In Pfal. 118.	Saint Ambrose was not of your opinion when he laid, - Invisibilis Dei Imago non in eo est quod widetur, sed in eo utiq; quod non videtur,
	The invisible Image of God is not in that which is to be icen, but
Lib. 1. Super Luc.	in that which is not seen. And again,—Neccorporalibm oculis Dem quaritur, nec circumscribitur visu, nec tactu tenetur: God is not to be sought with coporal eyes, neither is he circumscrib'd by sight, nor
	can he be retain'd by any corporal feeling. How then can luch be
Lib.4.cap.15.	fet in Figure? Insipientia summa est, & impietatis, figurare quod divinum est. It is the highest folly and the greatest Impiety, to make any draught of that which is Divine. Saith Damascene, to which also
	Durand does accord, - Fatunm est imagines facere ad representan
Lib.3.dist.9	dum Deum: It is a fortish thing to make any Image wherewith God may be represented. And your Aquina, 500. years after him,
Pars 3. quest.	has it positively thus, - Ipsi autem vero Deo cum sit incorporeus, nul-
	la Imago corporalis posest poni: For the true God, since he is incorporeal, there ought no corporal Image to be made. Saint Augustine
aug super Jo-	comes home to your own phrase of Explication, Nescio quid in nobus spiritualiter & corporaliter facit Dem: quod nec sonus sit qui percutiat,
	nec color qui oculis discernatur, nec odor qui naribus capiatur, nec sapor qui faucibus indicetur, nec durum & molle quod tangendo sentiatur:
	not how it is, that both spiritually and corporally God still worketh
	in us; fince he is neither a found that is audible, nor any colour dif- cernable by fight, nor any scent that is taken by the Nostrils nor, any
	taste that is gustable by the Palate; he is neither hard nor soft, nor to be perceived by feeling: and yet he is something to discern, but not
Miaut. Fæ'ix.	possibly unfold or explicate. Yea, even before the Gospel it leems it
	mam Dei veri negat videri polle, & ideo quari non oportere Quem
	colimus Deum, nec ostendimus nec videmus; imò ex hoc Deum credi- mus, quod cum sentire possumus, videre non possumus: Zenophon de-
	nied that ever the form of the true God could be seen, and therefore we ought never to be in quest of it. — The God that we worship we
	neither show nor can see; and even from this we know him to be
	God, That though we can perceive him, yet with corporal eyes we never can behold him, Sayes the eloquent Lawyer.
	If there were no more but the evil consequence, it were enough to deter all Christians from it. For, however your more learned
	know he is not pourtraved, yet the poor and uncapacious Vulgar
Pfal. 53. 21.	Psalme falls upon them, Thou thoughtest I was even such as thy self, but I will reprove thee, cro. And sure in so many Fathers of Trent, it
	may appear a kind of Soloecisme in judgment, that they would teach one

one thing by Example, and yet give the contrary in precept; as to allow the illustration of the Divinity by Figures, and yet teach the people that the Divinity cannot be figured. Besides all this that it does among the ruder Christians, it infinitely scandals our Religion and God among strangers: If the ignorant Indian or remote American shall find the Christians God an old man, and sometimes with three faces to one body, as I have seen the lewd Idol of the Trinity; and sometimes two bodies and a Dove; or an old Man, a Lamb and a Pigeon: They have no reason but to think as well of their own proper Idols; and of the two, Heathen Jupiter may as well be lik'd; for he was figur'd as man in his strength, naked, and with Lightning in his hand: But yours is in decrepit age, weaponless, and wrap'd in Furs, as if he needed warmth. And for the other, the old Roman Trivia may as well be reckon'd on.

These are not only guilty of dis-deifying him, but they turn God into a prodigy, and confirm such as are yet no Christians more strongly in their own Idolatry, — Sic á cælo deorsum gravant; & á Deo vero ad materias avocant: Thus grossy they sink down from Heaven, and from the true God unto dull materials lead their Proselytes. Thus from being a most pure, omnipotent and incomprehensible spiritual Essence (and by being so conceived, aweth the inquisitive and revolutive Soul of man) he is hereby degraded, and thrust down into the scale of the sinful, weak, corruptible creature, which needs

must load him with contempt.

To my apprehension the Apostles is even a home Tax to this, —When they professed themselves to be wise they became fools: For they turned the glory of the incorruptible God to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible Man. Questionless it was to avoid this; that God in all his Colloquies and Appearances to man, did ever come in something that was shadow; as if he would be so inveloped as man should not know how to pencil him; such was the Burning Bush, the Pillar of fire, the Cloud, the thick Darkness, the Whirlwind, the small still Voice, and the like.

And even to this may be added that which Saint Ambrofe fayes, after he had wholly condemned the describing God in a bodily shape, when God shewed himself in any outward Figure, Non Pater intelligitur, sed Filius: The Son, and not the Father, is under-

flood.

For the figuring of the Holy Ghost by a Dove, it may be pleaded that the appearance was more open, as being sub die, in the clear day, and witnessed by many; whereas the other were Visions, and not perspicable with corporal but mental eyes. Of this I find two Opinions; one that it was a real Dove that appeared, thus Tertullian, Saint Angustine, and your Maldonate: If this be true, how must the Holy Ghost be alwaies put in this form? You may with the same reason for the Devil paint a Herd of Swine, because with our Saviours leave he entred and precipitated them into the Sea. The other

Sessio 9. de In vocat. Sanctoum, &c.

11 Missale secundum usum eccles. Sarum, Impr. 1520.

Minut. Fglix.

Rom. 1.22,23

Maldonat. in Mat. 3.

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other opinion is, that it was an affumed shape; not that it was a Dove indeed, but appeared so to the Beholders: and this seems to sute with the words of the Text, which sayes it was quasi Columba, as if it had been a Dove: And it it were but like, it could not be the thing really, so not the shape of the Holy Ghost upon every occasion to be put upon it, since at other times it varied. So that though perhaps the historical use restrained to that story only, may not be totally unlawful; yet in regard no hurt can come by omitting it, and there may be harm by the representation, (for which we have no Authority from Scripture) I think it were better forborn. And because the Canon forbids the expressing Christ by the form of a Lamb, Caranza from the same reason concludes, — Prohibuerunt Spiritum Sanctum sub Columba sigurari: They forbad the Holy Ghosts being represented in the form of a Dove.

6 Concil, Constantinopolitan. can. 82.

De Just. lib. 5.

1,2. quest 114. disp. 222. c.3.

Sef. 6. cap. 16.

Aug. Epift. 29.

I Cor. 13.

The fecond is that I charge you with interpoling of Merits; 'tis confess'd I do so; and I perswade my self most justly: You will not deny but your works through grace are meritorious; Thus Bellarmine, Operabona justorum absolute esse meritoria vita aterna ex condigno: The good works of just men absolutely, and out of condignity do deserve eternal life. And Valques plainly in a manner excludes the merits of Christ; he hath it thus, -- Cum opera justicondigne mereantur vitam aternam, tanquam aqualem mercedem & pramium, non opus est interventu alterius meriti condigni, quale est meritum Christi, ut iis reddatur vita aterna: Since the works of the just do worthily merit eternal life as an equivalent reward and recompence, there is no need of the intervention of any others merit of condignity (as is the merit of Christ) whereby eternal life may be obtained. And the Council of Trent blusters out Anathema, Accursed, to those who do not hold it. 'Tis true, in a regenerate man I believe the efsence of the work is good, because Grace is the primus motor, First mover: but in all men these works are stained both privatively and politively: Privatively, by want of perfect Charity, charitas est in nemine, illud autim quod minus est quam esse debet, ex vitio eft; ex que vitio non est justus in terra: Perfect charity is not in any body, and that which is less than it ought to be, is from defect and fin; and by this means there is not any man just in this world. Can you think your charity, while you have your flesh about you, can bear that noble flame it ought? Can you love God as you ought, and that without distraction? Can you heighten it to that clear brightness which the Apostle gives it? Certainly, if I should think fo, though my Faith were very strong, I should have cause to doubt my own salvation: Nay, the stronger it were, the more I were in danger; because at last I should find it misplaced, and my Faith would be in works, and not in Christ that saveth.

Secondly, There is in all mans works a positive ille and this is Concupiscence. Surely you will not deny but that Saint Paul was a regenerate man when he wrote his Epistle to the Romans, yet he is plain

plain in this case and layes, That when he would do good, he is thus yoked, that evil is present with him. And after he has found a deliverance from this by Christ, lest he might in himself be thought without fin, he concludes thus, Then I my felf in mind ferve the Law of God, but in my flesh the Law of sin. David of himself will not own Pfal 4 1. any such perfection, but makes God the God of his righteousness. The forenamed Apostle held on in the same steps, and sayes, By the grace of God I am that I am: and lest this speech might be taken of his Vocation, in the same Verse he speaks the same of his works, I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which is in me.

1 Cor. 15. 10.

Job, of all we read, was the most consident of his own Integri ty, (which indeed was rare and gloriable:) To men he boafted loud, and thought it fuch, that he began to brave the Almighty: But alas! when God came to argue, - Who is this that darkens connfel by words without knowledge? - Then Fob flags, and falls, and cries out, he is vile; will in humble silence with his own hand close his mouth, and at last abhor himself, and repent in dust and ashes. Merit in your fense! why fure a Subject, though he spend his Estate, his Life, his Fame, and all he has, for the service of his natural Prince; yet he cannot call that service Merit: For all ( if need require) by the Laws of God and Man is in duty owing to him. And will you yet believe you can deserve from God, from whom that you had at all a being, or that Christ was ever sent, was meerly mercy?-We are justified freely by Grace, and (which must needs be after Rom. 3. 28. it in time) - Eternal life is the gift of God.

lob 38. 2. 42 36.

And even in that Commandment, which is so oft left out among you, (the Second) in the end God fayes, - He will shew mercy unto thousands of them that keep his Commandments. If he calls that Mercy which he shews to those that do observe them, who shall dare to style it Merit, exacting reward meerly for the works fake? Oh vain and empty boasting! That Man, who cannot but be daily conscious to himself of his own Imperfections, should yet dare to contest with God, and challenge Heaven as debt for the worth of the work he hath wrought?

It cannot be called Merit in your acceptation, without fuch a ballance of worth as to over-weigh, or at least fully to counterpoile, the thing that it obtains. And in this way towards merit Man cannot go higher than in Martyrdom; but how much inferior all the works; all the Perpeffions of Man are (of which God has no need) in comparison of Eternal Life, and the unchangeable felicity of the Saints, be you but judge; or do but remember how the Apostle sleights them with a - Reor minine pares, &c. I think them not fit to be compared.

Further, it is not in the power of any Creature, by it self to raise it felf to a higher perfection, than in its first creation it was set in: Now the height of mans perfection was a --- Poffe non percart, That he

might not have finned; and there he might have stood: But now in his glorification he attains to a — Non posse peccare. That he cannot sin; to which by himself or his own nature he could never rise, but as he is carried by his merits that was more than man. 'T is Christs Magnetick force which draws the faithful after him; who touch'd by him, though they have the adhering quality, ye like Needles as they hang they quiver, when all the attraction is in the Load-

stone only.

You may please to consider besides, That whatsoever is Gods own peculiarly, the creature cannot have an Interest in, but by his free donation. Joyes unspeakable and glorious are Gods alone: their fountain is in him. Man may do good works, actions brave and splendid; and God may bestow those in recompense of these: yet had they all the perfections Humanity can be capable of, I fee not how they can merit that from God, which but meerly by his mercy he is not bound to part withall. Let a Subject do his Prince never fo great, never fo goodly fervice; 'tis true, I believe the Prince both may and will reward him (as is usual) with one or other Tirle of Honour: But though he does, even that which we do call reward, is in him an act of bounty, which if he did not do he did no wrong, because the root of Honour is in himself, and freely 'tis in his own choice, whether he will impart it or no. Good works to be rewardable we acknowledge as well as you; nay more, we believe God has bound himself to reward them, but 'tis by his meerly gracious mercy, and his free voluntary promile, and no way for the value of the work done.

And it seems to me, that the Princes of this world, as led by the same instinct, and jealous of their own Prerogatives; though they have highly rewarded their Favourites with Honours, yet they have cared for the most part to have those rewards expressed as the acts of their own free grace and bounty. Thus Philip le Beau of France, creating John the second Duke of Brittaign into the title of a Peer of the Realm, after enumeration of many Services; the Patent runs thus, — Ipsum de gratia nostra promovemus in Parem &c. Of our fa-

vour we advance him to the degree of a Peer, &c.

Anno 1433, the Successor of the said Duke made Jean de Beaumanoire Lord of Bois, &c. and the Patent hath it thus,—Pour parte de remuneration de nostre grace,—avons donne, &c. In part of recompence of our grace and savour we have given, &c. And Spanish Patents I have seen having it, — Esatisfaction delos dichos servicios de mi proprio motu, &c. In satisfaction of the said services of my proper motion, &c. In England anciently, they said, — Sciatis quod nos de gratia nostra speciali, & mero motu nostris,—concesserimus, &c. Know ye, That of our special grace and our free motion we have granted, &c. In the Bull of Pius the sisth, whereby he created Cosmo di Medicis, Magnum Etruria Ducem, Great Duke of Tuscany or Florence; the words are these,—Motu proprio—& mera liberalitate nostris

--- creamus.

Anno 1297. Bertrand. d'Argent. Hift de Bret.lib. 5. cap. 32.

Aug. du Paz Hist de plusie marsous de Bret

Alonso Lapez. in Nobiliario part. 1.

P. Math. in Summ. Const. Coa. Pii. 5.

- creamus, Of our proper motion-and our meer bounty-we create, &c. And though sometimes perhaps they call'd those services Merits (as comparatively I deny not but they might) yet they never held them fuch as could exact reward, but as their bounties

prompted them.

It feems that the Fathers of former times had no fuch haughty conceits. The opinion of St. Gregory concerning merits, is of another strain, when he affirms - Omne virtutis nostra meritum effe vitium, omnem humanam Justitiam effe injustitiam, si destricte judicetur : If it come to be precifely judged of, all the Merit of our Vertue is Vice, all humane Justice is Injustice. For which he had Authority sufficient, Pfal. 143. 2 fob. 9. 20. Pfal. 130. 3. St. Bernard is as Orthodox where he faies, -Hoc totum hominis meritum, si totam spem suam ponat in eo qui totum salvum fecit. Sufficit ad meritum scire quod non babemus merita. All the merit of man is to put his whole trust in him that can wholly fave us. It fufficeth for our merit, to know that we have none. That of St. Chryfostome fuits with this Doctrine.- Etsi milles moriamur, eisi omnes virtutis animi expleamus, nihil dignum gerimus ad ea que ipsi a Deo percepimu: Should we dye 1000, deaths, should we complete all mental vertues; yet could we do nothing worthy of those things that God bestows upon us. And in one of his Homilies he is yet plainer - Si totum tempus vita hujus occupant obsequia, landes teneantur, gratiarum actiones insistant, non poteris penfare quod debet, Should our whole life time be spent in obedience in finging Praises and giving Thanks; yet could we never repay what we most justly owe. St. Ambrose cries out, -Unde mibi tantum meriti qui indulgentia pro corona est: How should I come by any thing of merit, when indulgence is the only Crown I have. In the Council of Aurange it is as rightly faid, - Debetur merces bonis operibus fi fiant, fed Gratia que non debetur precedit ut fiant. Neminem nist Des miferante Calvari -- er multa in homine bono frant, que non facit homo. Nulla verofacit homo bona que non Deus prastet ut faciat homo. There is a Reward due-to good Works when they are done, but grace that is not due precedes them that they may be done; without mercy from God there is not any man that can be faved-and there are many good things done by man which man does not do: But yet does man do nothing that is good, but what God first does work in him, that thereby he may be able to do it.

But fay you, Christ merited that we might obtain Salvation by our own merits. The plenitude of Christs merits we acknowledge, but any properly our own, unless Ex pacto--- By Covenant, by Gods free Mercy and Promise we deny: 'Tis true Christ merited for us, and by the application of his merits through Faith we are faved: But whe re are any our own from the dignity of works, but in the late writings of some of your side? I say some, for all are not of this opinion. But suppose your own position should be granted (which we do not ) yet fince you cannot merit but by vertue of Christs merit,

P. Math. in Summ. Chrift. Con. Pii. 5.

Mar. 9. cap. 1

Serm. 53. De Compunet. cordis.

Exhortate ad Virgines. Can. 18. & 20.

## LETTERS.

why will you rather call this your own merit than his? Since the effect must be ever in debt to the Cause. And even to come to your own instance, though the branches be fruitful, yet men do not attribute their fruitfulness to themselves, but to the Vine, without which they could not be at all. If they could be fruitful of themselves cut off from the Vine, it then were theirs peculiarly: But when they must owe it to another.—The Donor is dishonored, when the Donee is intitled to more than can be his due. It is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth Mercy. And he it is that worketh in us both the Will and the Deed even of his good pleasure.

For my part, for man to lean against the rotten wall of his own works, I hold to be presumption and a hazard. To plant all my expectation in my blessed Saviour can be neither; his merits are sufficient for me, and I cannot over-honour him by trusting: And surely your Cardinal saw as much, when he became so ingenious as to acknowledge his Tutissimum, &c. I am resolved to abandon my self, and am consident I shall fare the better with God because I depend upon him alone. Besides Sir, I dare not venture to live in that Faith, wherein those of your side dare not adventure to dye. I believe you can hardly tell me of any one understanding Papist that ever dy'd considing in his own merits for his Salvation. Then I'm sure they slye to Christ: So whosoever pleads most for humane merits in his life, his Death becomes a Retractation, and he is then glad to let go this Reed of Agypt, to catch at the Staff of Life indeed, Christ Fesus.

Thus your Champion Cardinal (whose Learning and Life you have not many to equal) in his last will bequeaths his Soul to God as a giver of mercies, not as a rewarder of merits. And here among us a most noble and meritorious Lord of the Roman Faith, who truly cannot be too much honoured for his parts and piety, is yet so far from this over-strained errour, that he gives it for his Motto to his Arms, En Grace affie. Nay, those of your side do not only, not dye in it, but they do not live in it. For however fome licentious pens have vented it of the Regenerate in general, I could never yet meet with any that would personally speak it of himself in particular. Which seems to me to argue, that either none of you are Regenerate; or else, that though it be voted in the gross, yet you do not believe that it will hold in special. If it be true, why do you not own it? If not true, why do you teach it?

It is as strange that those of your side should aver that the good works of those that are renate, should out of Condignity merit Heaven (which is far beyond all that this World can Administer) and yet give it under their own hands, that they are not worthy Governments Terrene and Finite, as you may find it in the Bull of Leo the X. that conferred the Title of Defensor Fidei, on our Henry the VIII. which is subscribed by himself and 27. Cardinals of that time, and speaks thus,—Ex superna Dispositionis Arbitrio, lices imparibus meritis Universalis Ecclesia Regimini presidentes, &c. We the President

Rom. 9. 16.

Phil. 2. 13.

Bellar.

Idem.

Laertius cher. de Nu sia. Bullar. Tom. 1.

for the Government of the Univertal Church by the Disposure of the Heavenly Will, though with merit no way answerable to the favour. Away, Away! If his Holiness and all his Conclave who pretend to the Treasury of the super-abundant merits of all the Saints, dare not challenge out of merit to be Bishop of Rome: Let no man ever hereafter have the front to think by his own defert to become an Heirto Heaven.

Alas! though man does fometimes fomething that is partly good, what a foil of ill adheres? Evil with his thoughts is mixt, as with corrupted air, Infection; and then how advantagious is that against goodness? It was observed of Themistocles, That after he denied Fortune a share in his Victories, attributing all to himself, he then became unprosperous; And surely since your Church has thus affumed Merit for the value of the work it felf, you shall find it has not flourish'd as it did before. He that does ascribe his goodness to himself, does render to the world even all his good suspected, by

usurping what is not his own.

Now, Sir, I am come to the other two; That it is meritorious to kill an Heretick, with whom no Faith is to be kep. Which (not to fwell a Letter too big) depending one upon another, I will link to-These you deny valiantly, and I should be glad you did it as justly: I know well enough some of your side are ashamed to own this Doctrine unvizorded, and therefore they feek to evade it with the Council of Constance, where this King killing is covertly condemned, but tacitly implied; for it fayes, It is not lawful and me- seffio 15. ritorious for every particular person to kill a Tyrant, but withall it adds, | Couc. Constan-No. expectata fententia vel mandato judicis cujuscunque: Without expecting the fentence or command of some Judge. So that for ought is there faid, if the Pope or any General of an Order, sentence him or command, it may be both lawful and meritorious.

I know also there is a pretended private condemnation of Mariana's book, De Rege & Regis Institutione, Of Kings and Kingly Institution: But if it be serious, why is it not publish'd? Or how comes it to pass, that when this book should have been suspended by his Holiness, he was pleased to miltake another of the same Authors, not pertinent to the business, and let this go unreprehended? But howsoever these shifts are offered to dazle weak inspections, the facts are so notorious to the world, and the approbation of those facts manifested in such capital letters, as I must needs think, either you have read very little of your own fide, or elfe that you carry fo much confidence about you, as is resolved not to blush at any thing

that can fall from your pen.

The first Fact I will speak of, is the murther of the Prince of orenge by Gerard, who at his Arraignment confessed he had imparted his intention of murther to Gery, Warden of the Fryers at Tourney, who encouraged him, gave him his bleffing, and promifed to pray for him: He confessed also that he had acquainted a Jesuite of Treves with

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Franciscus verona Constantinus. par. 2. cap. 2. the matter, and the Jesuite assured him, if he dy'd in the attempt, he should be reckoned in the number of Martyrs. And the Apologist for John Chastell sayes, the said Gerard did that deed—Pour le bien de la Vertue. But for this perhaps you may plead the King of Spains perscription, and his being a Subject; which how far he may be accounted so, that has Soveraign power, may be disputable: Howsoever I am sure 'tis far enough from Christian charity, at once (as much as in them lyes) to destroy both body and soul, by insidiating an unsumm'd life.

Idem.

The next is the murther of Henry the third of France, and the same Author commends this murther of James Clement, as being Contra hostem publicum & juridice condemnatum, Against a publick enemy, and one legally condemn'd. Nay, he goes so farr as in plain terms to justifie Regicide to the world in defiance of the forenamed Conciliary Decree, his words are these, -Non obstante Decreto supradicti Concilii Constantiensis, privatis & singulis licitum fit Reges & Principes Harefeos & Tyrannidis condemnatos occidere: Notwithstanding the Decree of the foresaid Council of Constance, it is lawful for a private person, or for any man to take away the lives of Heretical Princes, and such as are condemn'd of Tyranny. If this passnot with you, I hope you will give credit to his Holiness Sixtus Quintus, who in an Oration in full Confiftory at Rome, was not ashamed to assimilate the Assassination by this Clement, with the mysteries of the Incarnation and Refurrection, and the acts of Judeth and Eleazar; the King was flain the first of August, this speech was spoken the eleventh of September, and printed at Paris about two Moneths after.

Anno 1589.

The Third Fact is the attempt of John Chastell on Henry the Fourth of France, for whom the aforesaid Author Fran. Vero. Constant. has written a particular Apology; And at the Arraignment of the said John Chastell John Guignard was also arrested, and upon evidence under his own hand, That he approved of the murther of Henry the Third, and perswaded the murther of Henry the Fourth, he was also executed. And yet this Guignard with Mariana and his works is highly extolled by Clarus Bonarsius, or Carolus Scribanus which you please.

In Amphith.
Honoris. C. 13

A Fourth Factis the horrid Powder Treason Anno 1605, which Garnet consessed he knew and conceased, and withall said, Is was to be reckoned among those works, which were not to be commended till done. In desence of this Garnet, has Andreas Eudamon, Joannes Cydonius written largely, and consessed, That not long before the discovery of the Plot in his publick prayers—Mones omnes, qui ad solennem Ecclesia catum convenerant, ut obnixt orent Deum prosalici successed gravissima cujusdam rei, in causa Catholicorum sub initium Comitiorum: He admonishes all that came to the solemn Assembly of the Church, That they should earnestly pray to God for the happy success of a certain weighty matter concerning the Catholicks about the begin-

ning of the Parliament. And in feveral places it justifies this unheard-of practice in many other particulars, the work it felf being approv'd by the General of the Order of the Jefnits, and others of that Society. And no wonder, fince 'tis now by fo many pens dispersed, that Heretical Princes (and whosoever the Pope sayes is so, must so be taken how untrue soever it be) ought not to be tolerated : Thus Bellarmine, - Non licere Christian's sollerare Regem hereticum si ille conetur Subditos ad suam harefin pertrubere : It is not lawful for Christians to indure an Heretical King, if he endeavours to perswade his Subjects to his Herefie. The like sayes Parsons, and that he ought to be made away, - Idque ante prolatam Papa fententiam, Before the publication of the Popes sentence against him. Of the same sutable Opinion is Emanuel Sa in Aphorismi Confessar. in verbo Tyrannus. Suares de censuris disput. 15. fect. 6. Boucher de justa abdicatione Henrici Tertii lib. 3. and many others. Nay, this Garnes and his fellow oldcorne are by the faid Bellarmine for this gallant Enterprise styled by the name of Martyrs; yea, and for such, are put in the Jesuits Catalogue of Martyrs printed at Rome. glory we shall never envy you, to have your Martyrs multiplied by them we know for Traytors. Now I would demand, Whether or no the requiting Murtherers and Sicariots with the crown of Martyrdome, be not in your fense to make the act meritori-

And for the matter of not keeping Faith with them, I shall not need examples, the World is every where so full. How many Emperors, Kings, and Princes has the Papacy (nor only for that which you call Heresse, but even upon displeasure for slight matters and meer humane ends) deposed? absolving all their Subjects from their sworn obedience, giving their bodies as Slaves, and their goods as a prey to any that will take them. We need go no further than our own Henry the VIII. by the Bull of Paul the third, which yet wrought no other effect but heaping of scandal and scorn on the Sec of Rome.

Among many Vouchers of this Doctrine let the bold asseveration of Gretzer speak for all,—Tamtimidi & trepidi non sumus, ut assertere palam vereamur Romanum Pontificem, posse, si necessitas exigat, subditos Catholicos solvere Furamento Fidelstas in si Princeps Tyrannice illos tractet, we are not so timetous and cowardly as that we should fear publickly to assert, that the Bishop of Rome (if necessity put him upon it) may and can absolve any Catholick subjects from their Oath of Allegiance, if their Prince shall Tyrannically treat them: So that it will be true enough, if once a seutence brands them out for Hereticks, the sworn subjects, much less others, need not keep saith with them. Surely 'tis a rare gift his Holiness has in making Knaves and Subjects perjur'd; that even whole Kingdoms of saithfull subjects, he can against the Law of Nations, Nature and Religion, shake into Traytors and Rebells against their lawful Soveraigne:

De Pontif. Romano. 5. 7.

?bilopat.

Vespertitio Ha retico-politicus Rom, 13. 1.

Soveraigne: As if he would moralize Actions Fable, and turn the wild Hounds loose to rend and tear their Master; and prove against Saint Paul, That there are Powers not ordained of God.

Le Padagogue d'Aimes cap.4. Father Emond gives it us in right down words, and would make us believe, That no man, how potent soever he be, can contract with an Infidel, or one that bath revolted from his Conscience. And after this he perswades the Prince that has Heretick Subjects, to destroy them, even against his own Edicts which granted them liberty, saying, Though a man has committed one fault against his will, by the hardnesse of the Times, yet there is no reasen he should commit two.

Idem cap. 9.

Nay, I have reason to think this violation of Faith with such as you call Hereticks, to be the Tenet of your general Clergy. Did not the Council of Constance condemn John Hus and Jerome of Prague, contrary to that safe Conduct that was given them? And the like would the Ecclesiasticks have put in practice against Luther at Wormes, if the Emperour would have given way to it, and the Elector Palatine had not stoutly opposed it, saying, That it would be a thing that would brand the German Name, with the mark of perpetual Insamy: And expressing with disdain, That it was intollerable for the service of Priests, that Germany should draw upon it self the Insamy of Not keeping the publick Faith.

Hist. Councel of Treat l.b. 1.

> But it is no marvel the Members should be thus diseased, when even the Head is tainted. Paul the Fourth was sworne at his Election to the Papacy to make but four Cardinals, which Oath he presently broke, in open Consistory maintaining it as an Article of Faith, That the Pope cannot be bound, much less can bind himself; and to say otherwise was a manifest Heresie: to contradict which if any persisted, be would cause the Inquisition to proceed against them. A brave Merchant no doubt to deal with! In a Jugler, fast and loose is tolerable; but in a Prelate, sure to be abhorr'd. If to arme the Subject against the Prince, the Father against the Sonne, the Servant against the Master, and to violate Words, Promises, Oaths; voluntarily, deliberately, juridically taken,) which are the facred Sanctions of all mundane Commerce) be to pursue the benediction and Legacy of our bleffed Saviour, Peace; then Sir, is your Religion right, and I will think no more of taking it for Prophelie, Te take too much upon you ye Sons of Levi.

> But whence is this Power deriv'd? as I take it 'tis pretended all from Christ as being his Vicar on Earth. But assuredly Christ never owned either Murther or Deposition of lawful Monarks, or dispensation of oaths lawfully taken. Nay, he refused not only to be a King, but at all to be a secular Judge, and in plain and manifest terms tells us, his Kingdome is not of this World. I read that

Idem lib. 5.

he

he commanded St. Peter not to use his Sword; but never that he gave him any temporal one. That which he had he bids him put up, with a menace if he does use it, and a reason why he did not need it. If he had done but half as much as the Pope, the Iews had not been cozened, for he had then restor'd the Kingdom to Israel St. Peter indeed commands us, to be subject to every Ordinance of 1 Pet. 2, 13. Man for the Lords fake: but withall to Kings as Supreme. And even in reason, that which does include must needs be the major. Now For although the Church subsisteth in the Common-wealth. they be so nearly link'd, as for the most part they flourish and fall together; yet 'tis possible there may be a State without a Church, but not the face of a Church without a Civil State. Shall the Eternal Son of God acknowledge a Power from God, even in a Heathen Magistrate, and under that under one, submit himself to the Ignominious death of the Cross? And now a thing of frailty and of errors, which ne're had name in Sacred Scripture must infult it over Crowns and Monarchs, to which his Predecessors ( who had as much Priviledge as he) have been submissive and obedient. Shall the Papacy, which (had it not been for the bounty of Emperours and other Princes) had not at this day been Master of one foot of habitable Earth, now lift it felf to ruine those that rais'd the See? This is to play the Serpent in the Fable, to sting the bosom that gave it warmth and life. Remarkable is the acknowledgment of Rodulph Duke of Swevia, who instigated by Gregory the VII. (the first Author of this proud Usurpation over Kings) to take up Arms against Henry the IV. in a Battle against him received a wound on his right hand, whereof he dyed.

His complaint to his Friends was this. - You fee how my righthand is wounded. It is the Hand whereby I (wore to Henry my Lord and Master, that I would never anney bim. But the Popes Commands brought me to this, to break my Oath. Let them who have incited us so to do, consider in what manner they urged us, for

fear left we be brought to Eternal Damnation.

The Troop of unconfutable Writers against the Bastard Prerogative of the See of Rome over Kings, and the Absolution from Oaths folemnly taken before God and the World is fo great, and the Arguments against it so prevalent, that I will say no more, but conclude all with the words of a Bishop of Paris in a Case a-kin to this; Who when Boniface the VIII. had excommunicated Phillip the Fair, and challenged the Realm of France as a Benefice belonging to the Papacy, fayes justly, That though the impudence of the Pope was wonderful to do it, yet he thought them the Thus (Sir) you see I had reason enough to say what I did; I

do protest before God if I thought I had done your fide any wrong, I would most willingly recant it. For I have ever held

C1p. 29.

it a Nobleness beseeming the very best bravery of a Christian, rather to submit in a wrong even to publick acknowledgement, than by any Oratory, though never fo potent, to maintain it: But my Conscience and Reason tell me I have dealt fairly. And if you consider the many other Enormities of Rome, you must confess me modest, to touch you with so soft a hand. In part I will follow your Counfell, for with Gods Grace, I resolve to live and dye a true Christian Catholick. But a Roman Catholick I understand no more than you would me, if I should call a Council National, Occumenical, or General, particular. have writ this because I would be Civill, and sooner you should have had it, if I had been at leifure, and had not deferr'd it in expectation of your Book you mention to have fent me, which yet I never met with, nor with your Letter till the time before specified. The love which you profess my person I shall be ready to requite, which had taken me much more if the many mistakes wherewith you slander me, had not thrown stain and scandal on your Charity. For your Hatred to my Errours, 'tis neither in my power nor thoughts to help it: And fince you needs will call them fo, you must pardon me that I add another to them, which is to think them none.

If you have any other matter that may be Civil Commerce, I shall not be adverse to your Lines. But for my Religion, I believe my self to be upon too good grounds to be moved by your pen. And to argue more were fruitless, since even the means of Reconcilement your side has taken away. For you allow no Judge but the Pope, whom you cry up for infallible, and besides our denying that, we know by him we are already

prejug'd.

And does it not incline to partial, when you will admit no Judge but your own? Abate but that, and the Policy and Interests of either fide, the Cavils and the Niceties, the Obstinacy and Peevishness of men, their study on either side rather to maintain opinion and come of with Victory, than to find out and submit to Truth; and then that mans opinion will not look to horridly monstrous as some would have it deemed: That even a Pious, Discreet, Moderate, Learned Papist, and a Pious, Discreet, Moderate, Learned Protestant may be very near to be both of one Religion. I am fure they have both the same Foundation to build upon, and both will own Christ and the Gospels Heavenly Doctrine. So that the Frailties of both, I hope upon Repentance and begging forgiveness may receive a pardon, and they in the end meet together as well as at first together they began. I am not convinc'd but that both may be Gold, only one may have fomething more of Allay, and so be something courser than the Two Clocks may be made by one Workmans hand, and either of them sometimes may go falle; Yet I would not have them

broke because they disagree, each may be mended and go right at last; but their own spring and string it is must guide them.

I shall therefore take it for a favour, if you please to let me injoy my Religion in Peace: Then shall I so far go along with your wishes, as to pray for direction in the right; making it surther my Petition to God, that he will vouchsafe to build up his Church in Truth and Unity, and to make us both so Members of it here, as we may avoid the Errors which exclude from that above, where I shall not despair but that you may be met --- by

SIR,

Your Servant

OWEN FELLTHAM.

XVIII.

To S. H. C.

CIR.

Frer this Week you may take your Repose till after the Term; and you may rejoyce in't. When I come up, though you may have as much trouble, yet your Hand and Pen will have ease. 'Tis fad that the Noble Duke hath been forced to abandon this vile Nation and World: Since he could not die when his Prince and Kindsman was martyred, it feems he was resolved to vex Life with Sickness till he did dye; so that upon the matter he hath continued but a longer Mourner, and would not live to see the Ruine of those of the Kings Friends, who now are under pursuit. Every thing hath its end: And perhaps these Armatory Excursions, thus suddenly seconded by Oyer and Terminer, may make way for the Escape of our Friend in the Tower. Peccadillo's are drowned in Capitals: When the Covie is let flye at, then all the Currs pursue the larger Quarry: A fingle Bird may steal from out a Hedge unseen. Nor hath the State any cause to be angry, that thus they are Alarum'd to Armes: When an Infurrection is once quash'd, the Initiators ought to be rewarded, not punished; they enrich the Commander, and are a kind of Fermentation that conduces very much to the projection and Multiplication of Gold. And I commend your grave Citizens that are fo wife, as never to venture but where there is hope of gain. But I am confident if they had not taken their Religion ex Traduce, they scarce would ever have ventur'd at Christianity. They would have though it a kind of impolitick interest, to have ador'd a Crucify'd God. If their Deity be Pluto, they will not be disturbed at any fubterranean Region he shall chuse. The Pismire's never troubled at the Change of his Land-lord so he may keep but his Mole-hill still, and may hoard and breed in quiet. If the Tree give the Swine shade, they will manure the root on't, and like the Bore and Beast whet their rusks, and harden their attires at the stem on't, that they may therewith destroy his Enemies. But the best is, they have not the obstinacy to dye Martyrs, so they may change when they have a mind to't, and be as zealous to import, as they have been mad to export and expel. And then they will see that no condition is free from the Rotation of humanity, for I believe the Nation will be so good natur'd as they will not be wanting to commend and forgive. And though there can be nothing in me to incourage you to the first, yet I know you want not Charity to afford the latter to

Your ever Servant.

#### XIX.

To the Lady B. T.

May it please you Medam,

A S good Wits out of slender Events do sometimes Compile both Large and Excellent Stories; So (Madam) hath your Noble Opinion been pleas'd to deal with those weak and inconsiderable Propensions that I find in my self to your service; if they have been Capable of any Value, 'tis only by the Impression they have of your acceptance. Whereby (Madam) it will appear to the World, there can hardly be any Merit in others, but such as takes rise and being from the Lustre of your own Greation. To the humble acknowledgment whereof, I consess no man can be more obliged than my self to your Ladyship, which shall not only make it my endeavour faithfully to discharge whatever you shall think fit to impose; but to manifest that I hold your esteem and Considence of me to be an Honour of so great a Magnitude, that it must ever have a durance of gratitude in me equal with the well-being of (Madam)

Your most obedient and faithful Servant.

Quod

Quod in Sepulchrum volui.

Postquam vidisset rotantem Mundum,
Imáq; summis supernatantia,
Prosperum Tyrio scelus imbutum,
Dum Virtus sordida squallet in Aula,
Securiq; cervicem prabuit:
Injusta tamen Hominum
In justissima disponente Deo;
Dum Redux Cæsar Nubila pellit,
Gloriámq; Gentis tollit in altum:
Tandem evadens Terris,
Exuvias bic reliquit Felltham.

FIXIS.

